Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
June 29, 1940
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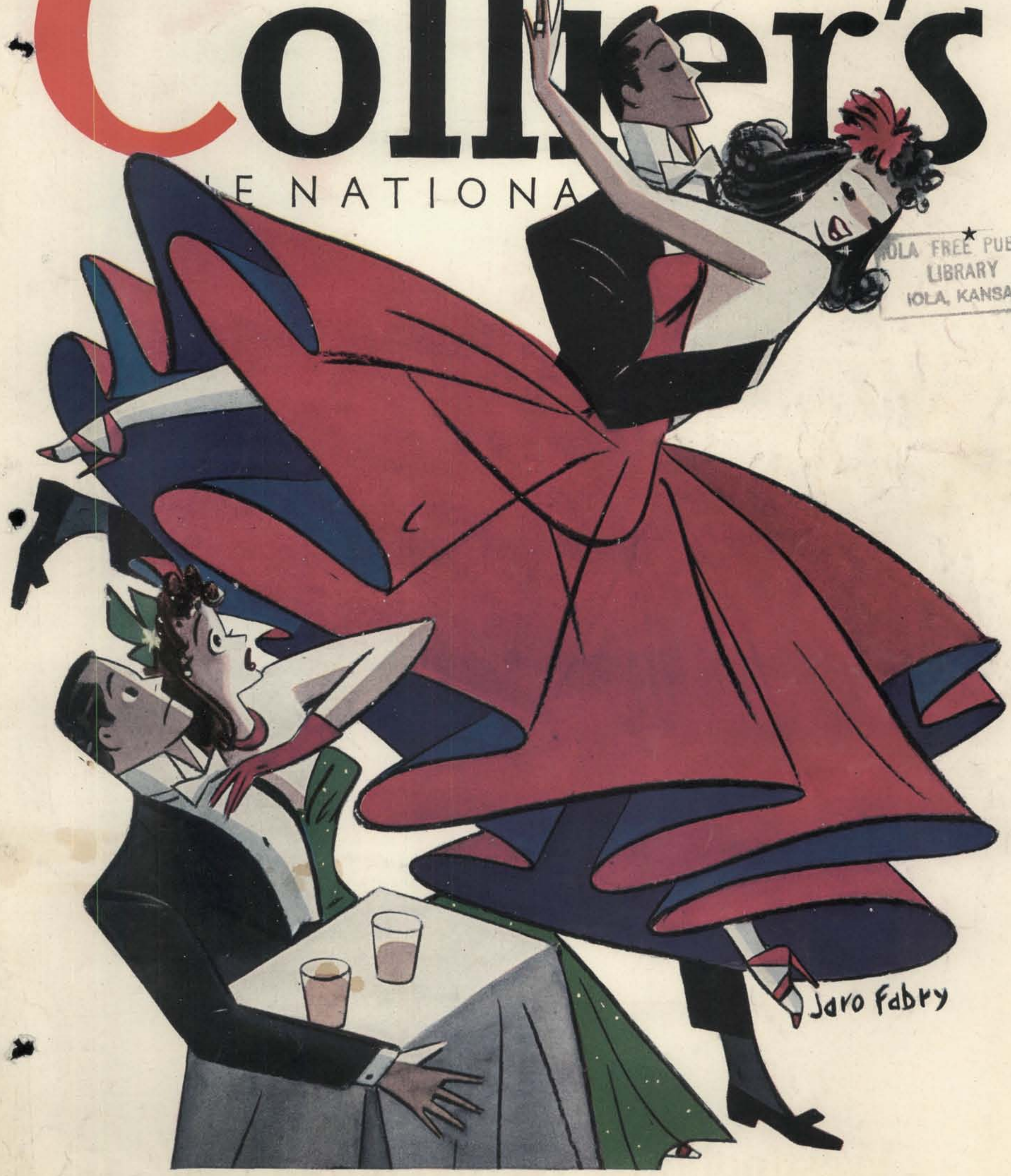

THESE OUR RULERS By JOHN T. FLYNN

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UNE 29, 1940

Every house needs Westinghouse

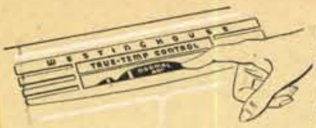
IRONERS
WASHERS
WATER HEATERS
DISHWASHERS
RANGES
TOASTERS
ROASTERS
WAFFLE BAKERS
IRONS
W

"-no 'jitterbug cold' you mean!"

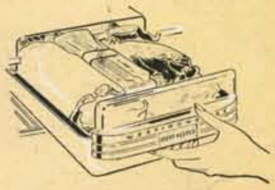
BETTY: *"O. K., Mr. Wisecracker, Gymnastics are 'out.' Temperature 'stays put' in this refrigerator."*

BUD: *"Well, if that's why your mother's groceries always taste so fresh, I'm for it."*

Temperature doesn't hop up and down in the food compartment with every passing heat wave if you own a Westinghouse Refrigerator. Tru-Zone Cold gives you surer, steadier protection in every one of the five food-keeping zones.


WESTINGHOUSE
TRUE-TEMP CONTROL

Set the True-Temp dial at "Normal-40°" and the main food compartment stays at 40° regardless of fluctuations in kitchen temperature. Westinghouse is the only refrigerator with True-Temp Cold Control.



In the beautiful new Window-front Meat-Keeper, Tru-Zone Cold, with correct humidity, keeps meat fresher, safer, more appetizing. The glass-top Humidrawer has exactly the right humidity, with "crisping cold" to keep fruits and vegetables market-fresh!

Your dealer will be glad to show you this wonderful, new Westinghouse—and tell you about the low cost operation of the Economizer sealed-in mechanism. You'll find his name in your classified phone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Dept. 48, Mansfield, Ohio.

TRU·ZONE COLD

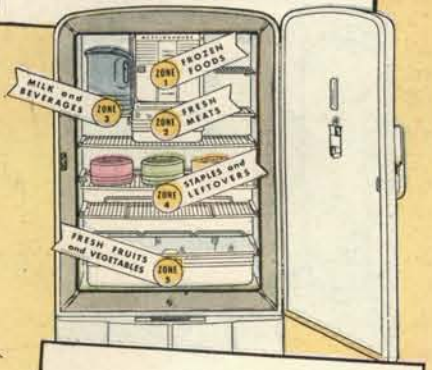
...for SURER, STEADIER, food protection

WHAT IT IS... a definite temperature in each zone for each True-Temp control setting.

HOW IT WORKS... *True-Temp Control* lets you dial main food compartment temperature; holds temperatures true regardless of changes in kitchen temperature.

FIBERGLAS INSULATION improves cold-keeping efficiency 10%; keeps its original efficiency for life.

HUMIDITY for meat in the Meat-Keeper, for fruits and vegetables in the Humidrawer—keeps fresh foods fresh.


ZONE 1 FROZEN FOODS
MILK and BEVERAGES ZONE 3
ZONE 2 FRESH MEATS
ZONE 4 STAPLES and LEFTOVERS
FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES ZONE 5

5 ZONES OF COLD are

Zone 1—below freezing, for storage of ice cubes, frosted foods, desserts; **Zone 2**—humidified, extra cold but not freezing; for meat; **Zone 3**—extra cold but not freezing; for milk and beverages; **Zone 4**—standard cold for staples and leftovers; **Zone 5**—crisping cold, with correct humidity, for fruits and vegetables.

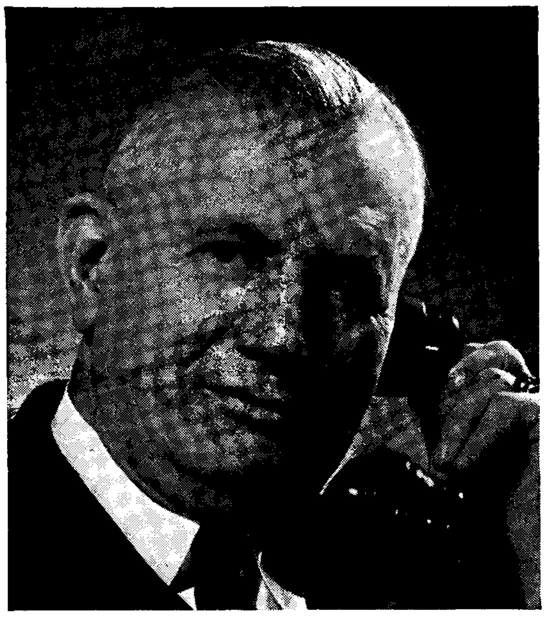
SEE

Westinghouse Refrigerators

Tune in "Musical Americana," every Thursday Evening, N. B. C. Blue Network

Why this man has one of the largest families in the world

...and why more than a *million* CAR-DRIVERS are Grateful...



A statement by George J. Mecherle explaining why 18 years ago he began to pioneer ways to make automobile insurance available at actual cost . . . and how this welcome service has built one of the largest automobile insurance companies.

"There were just a few of us who believed in my idea back in 1922.

"By improving on certain costly practices I felt sure automobile insurance could be made available at a substantially lower rate.

"To achieve that aim, State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company was founded. And because our plan was soundly conceived, with mutual benefits to all, our company has prospered.

Now 7,000 Representatives

"Today State Farm offers the opportunity to buy complete automobile coverage at actual cost to motorists in 39 states, the District of Columbia, and in Canada.

"More than 1,000,000 car drivers have been protected by our actual cost policies. In 18 years we figure we have saved our friends more than $40,000,000 in the cost of insurance.

What We Mean by Actual Cost Insurance

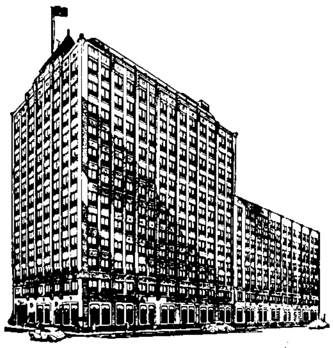
"State Farm has pioneered many economies in our basic plan. For instance . . .

1. Rates are based on actual cost experience including adequate reserves and surplus—the very lowest figure that is compatible with sound operation.
2. Six-month policies were introduced so car owners need not pay a full year's premium in advance.
3. A system was inaugurated whereby acquisition cost is paid only once. Premiums in subsequent years are lower than required by most companies.

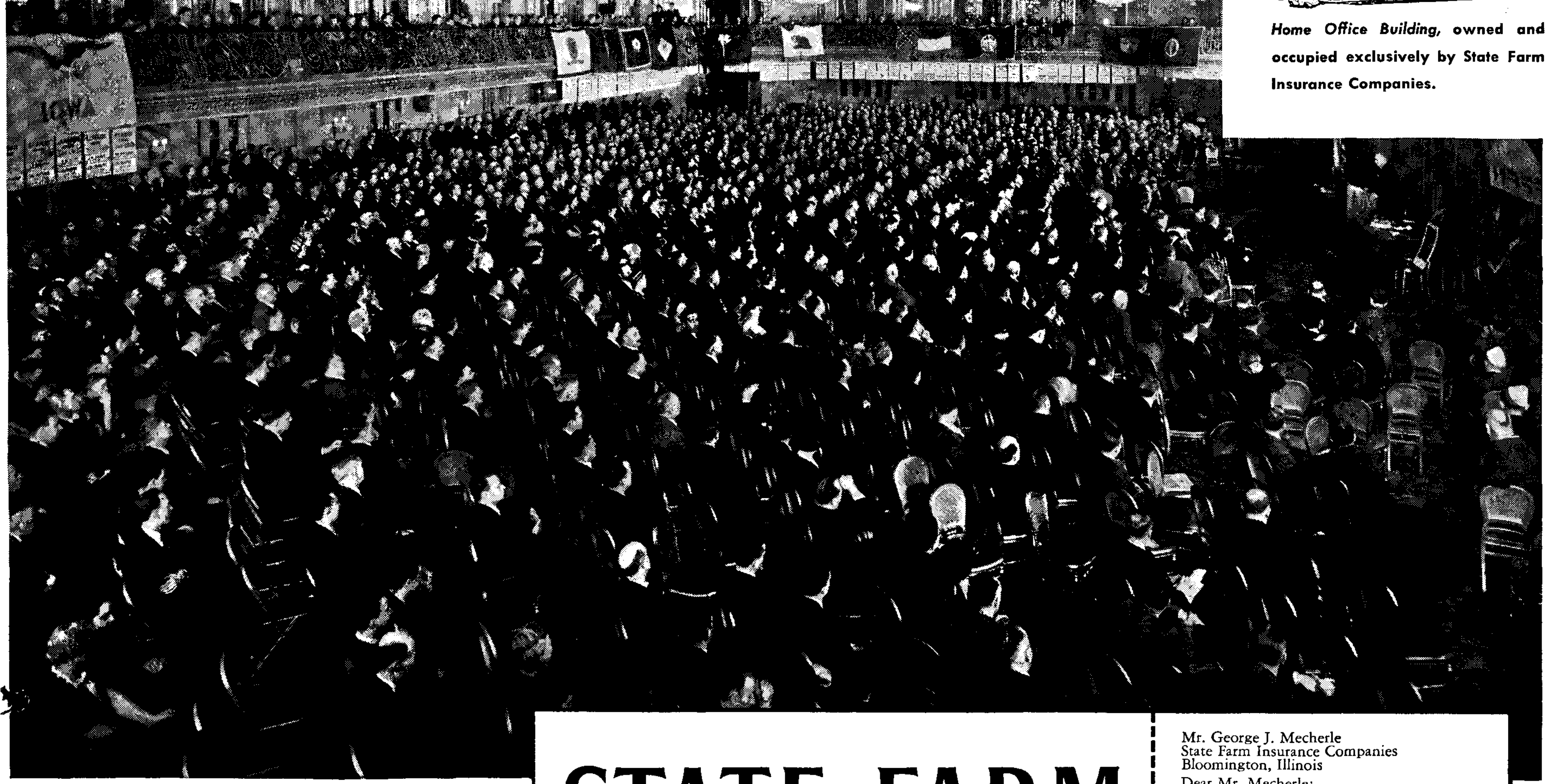
"The success of our methods has given us a tremendous financial strength. Hence, car owners get the advantages of a mutual company and still own a policy that is absolutely *nonassessable.*"

Mail Coupon for Complete Information. The coupon below is for your convenience in requesting a new booklet which tells about the State Farm way of buying automobile insurance.

Nation-wide Service. George J. Mecherle (*above*) says, "We feel you have a right to demand prompt, satisfactory service of your insurance company. That is why we have 7,000 representatives strategically located across the nation to serve you, whether you are thousands of miles from your home or in your own driveway."



***Home Office Building,* owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.**



Every Year State Farm representatives from every section of the country gather for the purpose of gaining a better understanding of your insurance problems. In this picture you see more than 2,000 of our 7,000 representatives . . . in one of the meetings held February 19-20, Stevens Hotel, Chicago.

STATE FARM
Insurance *Companies*
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Mr. George J. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Dear Mr. Mecherle:

Please send me your new booklet, *The State Farm Common Sense Way of Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost.* This request, I understand, will place me under no obligation.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. *State*. . . . .

C-60

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THIS WEEK

JUNE 29, 1940

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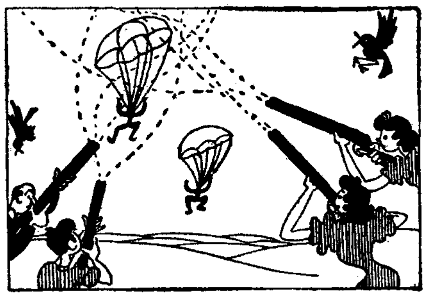
COVER JARO FABRY

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE just heard from Mr. Hotheels Dugan, who was generally admitted to be the second worst soldier in the A.E.F., a body of noisy crusaders now long forgotten. We also know the name of the first worst soldier in that band of marauders but withhold it as irrelevant. Mr. Dugan, a resident of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is trying to enlist us in a purely domestic but patriotic enterprise which would function desperately, if not too efficiently, were our country to be invaded from the skies. He calls it, without imagination, The Parashooters of America, the principal aim thereof to be to assist parachute troops to commit suicide. Caught up in the current bloodthirst of the world we find ourselves rather enjoying the idea. In every community in the United States, Mr. Dugan would organize Parashooters who, in the event of an invasion, would arm themselves with buck-shooted double-barreled guns and ruin parachute troops as they filter slowly downward. Among the numerous happy features of Mr. Dugan's idea is that women and children may take an equally active part with the men. To put it as briefly as we know how, the local populaces would form large armed circles—say two miles in diameter—and at the first sign of the down-coming enemy blaze away. "The sharpshooters," says Mr. Dugan, "will have no trouble knocking off the invaders themselves, skeet-club members being particularly useful here. Others may simply blast holes in the parachutes. The natural law of gravitation will take care of the rest. All you need to become a Parashooter is a shotgun. Local merchants can be smacked for the shells."

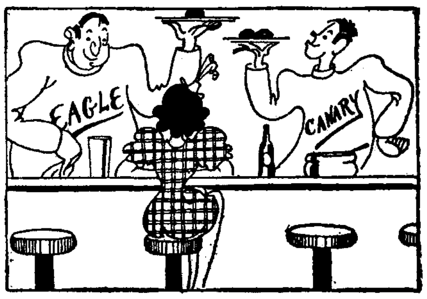


FROM another active mind—that of Mr. Nils Q. Thernborg of Seattle, Washington, comes a rather more utilitarian idea that should appeal to those to whom Mr. Dugan's seems a trifle gory. Mr. Thernborg says that he "knows for a fact" that in the most recent conversations between the Prime Minister of Canada and the President of the United States the former told the latter that Canada would not object to letting us build that much envisioned Alaska Highway—the Great North Road—from the border to Alaska. "There are," says Mr. Thernborg, "thousands of fifth columnists and similar vermin in the United States. Congressman Dies and the FBI say so. Let's round them up—Bunders, Communists, Nazis, Fascists and other left-footers—and start building the road. Ten hours a day for meals and bunks at a cent an hour just so we can't be accused of reviving slavery. As overseers and guards let's appoint veterans of the first World War—guys who helped save this country for the Bunders, etc., to enjoy the freedom of scuttling us in."

BUT there are always domestic problems screaming for solution. We know a lady and a gentleman, the latter a doctor, who have a new maid who succeeds one that they'd had for twenty years. The new maid, a motherly, middle-aged woman, lost no time in becoming a member of the family. To her employers she is "Mrs. Abbycott," but to her, her mistress is "Dearie" and he is "Doc." But the doctor is a serious fellow whom nobody has ever before called Doc and he objects to the abbreviation. Therefore his wife took the matter up with the new maid. "Mrs. Abbycott," said she, "please don't think that we're snobs, but we'd much rather you called me Mary and the doctor Marvin. Won't you?" Mrs. Abbycott looked shocked. "Oh, I wouldn't think of it, Dearie," she cried. "I couldn't be that familiar with my employers."

IN SPITE of everything, Florida has gone nonchalantly along and nominated several patriots for Congress and local office. In the excitement we seem to have missed it. What happened is something you'll have to find out for yourself if you're interested. Mr. George Parke of Tampa, Florida, advises us, however, that after standing in the industrious sun for hours one Florida lady refused to vote at all because she could not find Mr. Roosevelt's name on any of the lists. "And there was the determined female," writes Mr. Parke, "who had come out to vote for a handsome fellow she didn't know who was running for a lowly office in a small precinct. At her polling place in Precinct 29 they told her that his name appeared on the machines only in Precinct 23. So she drove down to that precinct only to be told that she could vote only where she was registered, in Precinct 29. "The hell with him," she sighed. "He probably ain't as handsome as his pictures anyway."

AND IN Laguna Beach, California, there is the White House Café. The owner is a party named Bird. The establishment's slogan is Let the Birds Feed You. A slightly tipsy young woman entered, took a stool at the counter and demanded to be fed by a sparrow. Being told that this service had not been provided for, she said: "All right, I'd just as leave be fed by a raven." That failing, she departed foodless and sorrowful, leaving Mr. Bird too downcast. When our agent called, Mr. Bird was ordering name plates for his assistants—Canary, Pigeon, Gull, Eagle and Chick. He had ordered Cuckoo for himself.



APPARENTLY Mrs. T. L. Adams of Auburn, Kentucky, who has kept a file of this magazine for years, was surprised by what she recently saw in Collier's for January 2, 1928. Every now and then when things threaten to get out of hand, Mrs. Adams reads back issues with tonic effect. She admits that she was picked up at once upon finding a story—Off Skagerrak—in that issue. But that was nothing to her feelings upon seeing an advertisement starting "Confucius Say." Feeling much better she hastily wrote us: "When a weekly is ten years ahead of time like that, what's the use?"

BY THIS time Mrs. Julia Kringle of Peoria, Illinois, has probably seen the New York World's Fair and has, we hope, emerged unscathed. Before starting East she wrote to several friends in New York asking them whether the situation there was as bad as she'd heard and whether, for example, there was imminent danger of a German air raid upon the metropolis. All except one of her correspondents assured her that New York was so peaceful as to be actually dull. But the other wrote: "Come on. Dewey has fixed things so that racketeers go miles out of their way to avoid this town. The only thing we're afraid of here is Dewey, and he's so busy running for President that he'll probably pay no attention to you."

WE ARE advised that the proceedings of the President-nominating conventions will be broadcast by short wave to Europe. We're sure that Europe can hardly wait. And yet the result may be gratifying. Mr. Ed Bergen of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, visualizes Germany and the Allies calling an armistice that both sides might listen to the oratory that will flow from these two apparently indispensable gatherings. "Having heard what Mr. Dewey, Mr. Taft, Mr. Willkie and this dark horse, Roosevelt and the Democrats are talking about, they may get together to save Europe from another American peace."

IF THERE'S any war left. . . . W. D.

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How innocent is a "Stomach-Ache"?

A "STOMACH-ACHE" means *something's* wrong.

True, it may be nothing dangerous. But because it *can* be very serious, no one should treat such a warning signal lightly.

▶ All too frequently a severe so-called "stomach-ache" means an acute attack of appendicitis—one of the more important causes of death among children, adolescents, and young adults. Yearly it takes some 15,000 lives in this country.

▶ Many of these lives are lost as a result of "self-treatment." Many could be saved if the following three-point safety rule were observed whenever intense abdominal pain persists for more than an hour or two:

1. **Call a doctor.**
2. **Apply an ice bag and remain quiet.**
3. **Do *not* take a laxative, food, or medicine.**

The importance of prompt medical attention is clearly indicated in a recent survey of appendicitis cases made by medical authorities. It reveals that the death toll, among those who delayed going to the hospital from two to three days, was from *three to four times greater* than among patients admitted to a hospital within the first 24 hours. The survey further shows that fatalities, among those who had taken a laxative after pain developed, were more than *three times greater* than among those who had taken none.

▶ Even if a persistent "stomach-ache" is not appendicitis, it cannot safely be considered innocent. It may mean one of a number of other serious diseases.

▶ When in any doubt whatsoever about abdominal pain, call your physician for *safe* guidance—and call him in *time*. Then if serious disease is indicated, an early diagnosis and treatment may speed recovery, reduce the cost of illness, and decrease the possibility of dangerous complications.

Send for Metropolitan's helpful, free booklet, "Appendicitis."

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, Dept. 740-C

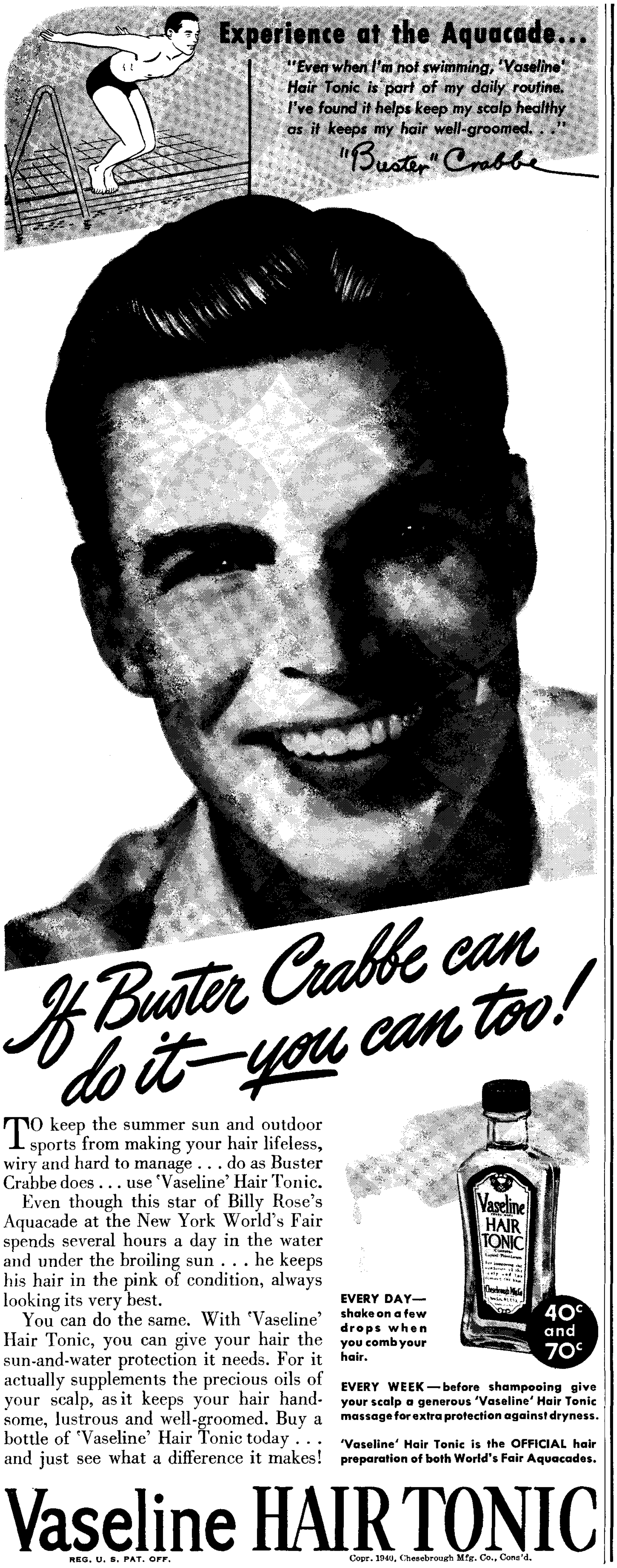
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Appendicitis."

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________State________

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco***



Experience at the Aquacade...

"Even when I'm not swimming, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is part of my daily routine. I've found it helps keep my scalp healthy as it keeps my hair well-groomed. . ."

"Buster" Crabbe

If Buster Crabbe can do it—you can too!

TO keep the summer sun and outdoor sports from making your hair lifeless, wiry and hard to manage . . . do as Buster Crabbe does . . . use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Even though this star of Billy Rose's Aquacade at the New York World's Fair spends several hours a day in the water and under the broiling sun . . . he keeps his hair in the pink of condition, always looking its very best.

You can do the same. With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, you can give your hair the sun-and-water protection it needs. For it actually supplements the precious oils of your scalp, as it keeps your hair handsome, lustrous and well-groomed. Buy a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . and just see what a difference it makes!

EVERY DAY—shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

40¢ and 70¢

EVERY WEEK—before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the OFFICIAL hair preparation of both World's Fair Aquacades.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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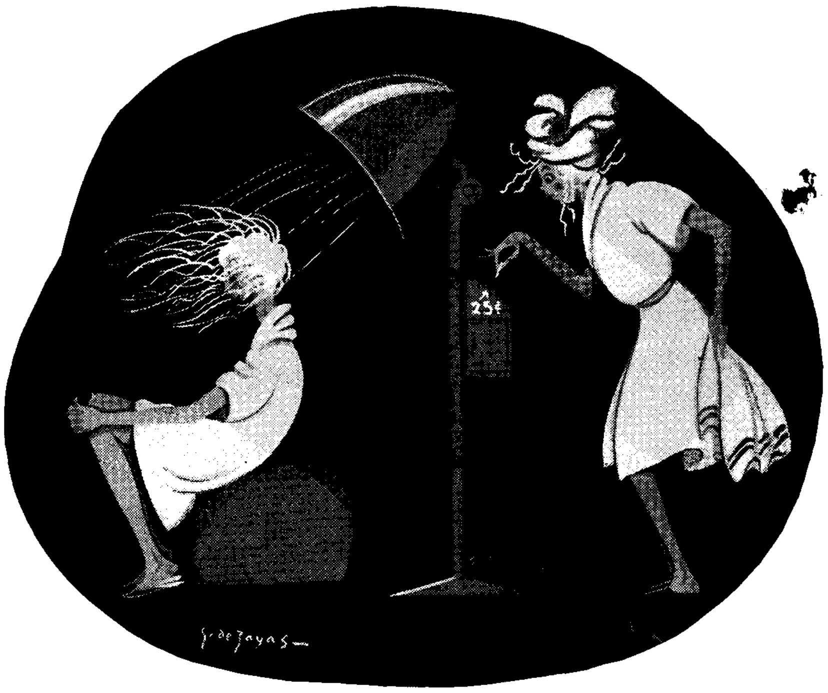

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A manufacturer of hair dryers for beauty shops sells them on a new installment plan. A meter attached to the pedestal permits the machine to be operated for twenty-four hours for a twenty-five cent deposit. This money is collected at regular intervals and, when the total sum has been deposited, the meter is removed.—*By Joye Muldoon, Darlington, Wisconsin.*

Various parts of the human body have different normal temperatures, and the body as a whole changes in weight from minute to minute.

On some festive occasions in Sing Sing Prison, such as the annual Christmas show, the inmates who participate are allowed to wear their Tuxedos.

Petroleum and petroleum products normally constitute about one third of the total annual tonnage of the American merchant marine.

A hotel orchestra in New York City plays only "astrologically attuned" music, or music of composers whose horoscopes show that they are in harmony, during the week, with the stars in the sky.—*By Sam Blake, New York, New York.*

In six-day bicycle races, which are held in about twenty of the nation's largest cities, no prizes are awarded to the winners as in most other kinds of races. The contestants ride for a stipulated salary, based on their popularity, and that is all they get—win, lose or draw—except some small premiums that are offered by local politicians, merchants and fans.

Because photographic film is likely to be damaged by the presence of certain chemicals, employees engaged in making and packaging it are not permitted to use some kinds of hair tonic, shampoos, hand lotions, nail polishes and skin disinfectants.—*By Bruce Cole, Clarinda, Iowa.*

Keeping an ocean liner such as the Queen Elizabeth tied up in New York City costs approximately $15,000 a week, which includes police protection, pier rent, fuel and maintenance of a skeleton crew.—*By Robert N. Campbell, Plattsburg, Ohio.*

Six Americans, several of whom are not Catholics, are among the seventy life members of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, an honorary body of the Roman Catholic Church, whose invitation to membership is papal recognition of scientific achievement.

A number of Christian churches in this country, notably several in the Kentucky and Tennessee hills, still practice foot washing as an act of literalistic obedience to the suggestion of Jesus, given in the Book of St. John 13:14.

Although Canada's population is no greater than that of the metropolitan area of New York City, American industry has $4,000,000,000 invested in that country and controls nearly two thousand of its companies, half of which are manufacturing plants.

As many plantation workers in Costa Rica cannot go to the city except on Saturday, the movie theaters in San José present, on this day, ten different features in succession, from nine in the morning to midnight.—*By Samuel Sternberg, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

One pigment, anthocyanin, makes some cornflowers blue, others Bordeaux-red or rose-red, and dahlias deep red, this variation in color being due to the different degrees of acidity and alkalinity of the cell sap.—*By John R. McGaughey, Austin, Texas.*

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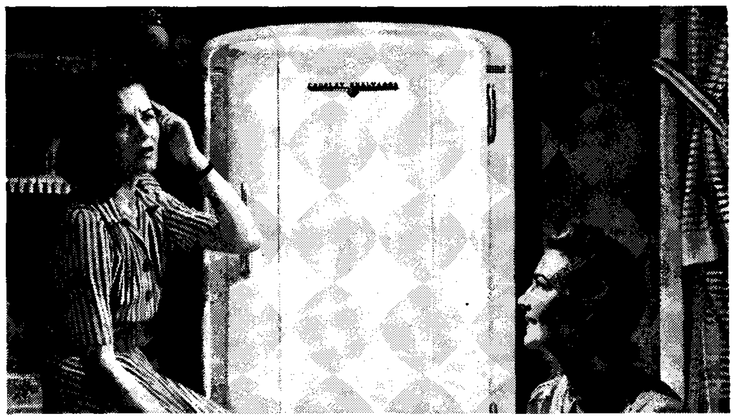
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW LUCKY YOU ARE?
FREEZORCOLD
Tested and Approved 3034 Good Housekeeping Institute Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

1 "I've been sitting here watching you put things away in that Crosley Shelvador of yours, and it makes me so mad I could—"

"What's the trouble, dear?"



2 "It's the way you can *use* every inch of space in your Shelvador! All the smaller things—like eggs, packages of cheese, apples, carrots—go into the shelves inside the door. When I think how I have to pile things on top of each other to jam them into my old refrigerator—"

3 (Next day at Crosley dealer's store) "Yes, Madam . . . and the extra space is not just scooped out of the insulation. You can see from this cross-section there's three inches of it—and that's as much as any refrigerator has."

"That settles it! I'll take this Shelvador—and let me tell you this: The way to appreciate a Shelvador is to have owned another kind. Then you realize how much more *usable space* it gives!"

ONLY CROSLEY can give you the *extra usable* space you find in every SHELVADOR—for these *extra* shelves in the fully insulated door are an exclusive, patented feature which only Crosley can offer.

Crosley engineering leadership also produces the FREEZORCOLD—a spacious cold-storage compartment which provides separate space for freezing meats, fish, game, extra ice-cubes, frozen desserts, ice cream. It enables you to take fullest advantage of quantity buying and special sales of frosted foods.

Compare any Crosley SHELVADOR at any price with any other refrigerator at anything like the same cost! Your nearby Crosley dealer can show you many sizes —all with extra *usable* space at no extra cost.

CROSLEY SHELVADOR
FREEZORCOLD

Crosley Shelvador prices start at $99.95 for a 6 cu. ft. model — slightly higher in the far West.

Visit the Crosley Building at New York World's Fair

CROSLEY *Shelvador*

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION · *Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.* · **CINCINNATI, OHIO**

THE HOME OF WLW, THE NATION'S STATION—70 ON YOUR DIAL

What's Your Telephone Score?

EVERY DAY many pleasant voices go over the telephone—many, many thousands of them. And it seems to us the number is growing all the time. For most people realize the business and social value of "The Voice with a Smile."

Sometimes what may appear like a gruff or hasty manner is not meant that way at all, but is simply carelessness or thoughtlessness.

Since this is the age of quizzes, how about a short one on some points of telephone usage?

Do You Talk Directly Into the Telephone?

The proper way to use the telephone for best results is to hold the transmitter directly in front of the lips while you are talking.

Do You Speak Pleasantly?

Remember . . . it may be your best friend or your best customer. Greet him as pleasantly as you would if you were face to face. Pleasant people get the most fun out of life anyway.

Do You Hang Up Gently?

Thoughtlessly slamming the receiver may appear like an act of discourtesy to the person to whom you have been talking. You don't mean it, of course, but it may leave the wrong impression.

Do You Talk Naturally?

Normal tone of voice is best. Whispered words are indistinct. Shouting distorts the voice and may make it gruff and unpleasant.

Do You Answer Promptly?

Most people do. Delay in answering may mean that you miss an important call. The person calling may decide that no one is there and hang up.

"The Voice with a Smile"

can be a real asset. Haven't you often said of some one who has just telephoned—"My, but she has a pleasant voice." Or—"I like to do business with them because they are so nice over the telephone."

It's contagious too. When some one speaks pleasantly to you, it's easy to answer in the same manner. Many, many times you form your impression of people—and they judge you—by the sound of a voice over the telephone.

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Collier's The National Weekly for June 29, 1940

Dramatic information for the German High Command about the first parachute troops dropped on England

The Lieutenant Died Last

By Graham Greene

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

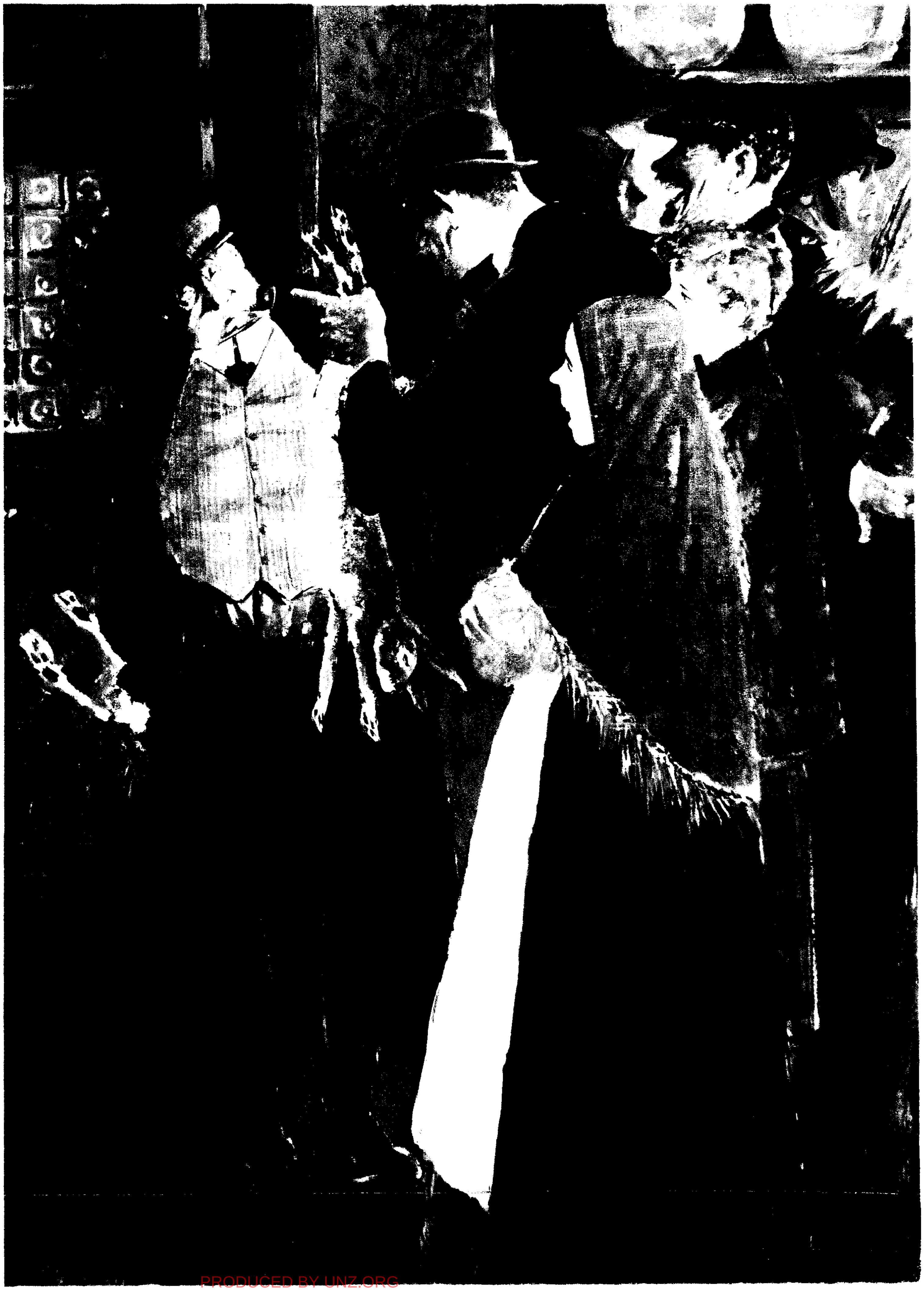
THERE had been a lot of grumbling in the village of Potter before the astonishing night when the parachutists descended: grumbling about rations, compulsory service, black-outs, all the usual things. Then apparent disaster, a touch of heroism, a good many deaths put an end to it for a while as it always does, though the hero, old Bill Purves, the poacher, had more reason to grumble than any, for he received no decorations—only a grudging commendation from Major Barlow, the local magistrate who let him off "this once" with a caution, after he had been caught red-handed with a rabbit in each deep pocket.

You would hardly expect to find Potter the scene of the first invasion of England since French troops landed near Fishguard in the Napoleonic War. It is one of those tiny isolated villages you still find dumped down in deserted corners of what we call in England Metroland—the district where commuters live in tidy villas within easy distances of the railway, on the edge of scrubby commons full of clay pits and gorse and other withered trees. Walk for three miles in any direction from Potter and you will find cement sidewalks, nurses pushing prams, the evening paper boy, but Potter itself lies off the map—off the motoring map, that is to say. You have to take a turning marked No Through Road and bump heavily toward what looks like a farm gate stuck a mile or more over the shaggy common.

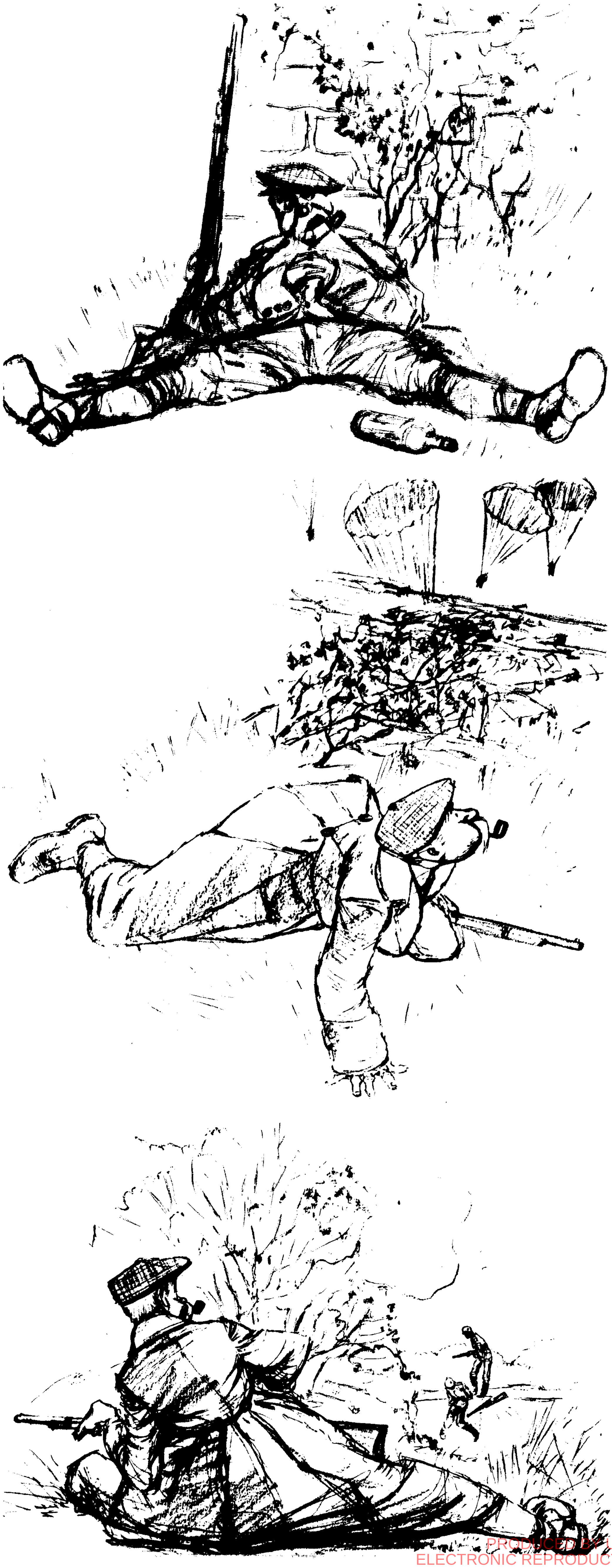
Through the gate is nothing but Potter, and Potter is only one public house, the Black Boar, landlord Brewitt, one cash store and post office kept by Mrs. Margesson, a small tin-roofed church where services are held on the first Sunday in the month, half a dozen cottages, a village pond, and the gates, grounds and mansion of Lord Drew. But even those gates are not used: Lord Drew has other gates on the London road two miles away and never needs to pass through Potter.

One of the cottages is inhabited by old Bill Purves: one wall has been repaired with petrol tins, and when the door opens smoke blows out into Potter. He is said to sleep on a bed of rags, but nobody but the local policeman has ever visited him there, and the window is obscured by sacking.

Three or four times a year—usually on bank holidays—old Bill Purves visits the Black Boar, buys a bottle of whisky and disappears for twenty-four hours. It was suspected, but never known for certain before the parachutists came, that old Purves slipped on those occasions into Lord Drew's grounds, laid his traps and lay out all day and night with his bottle—he never seemed to know what cold was, any more than an animal, and he was rather like an animal himself—something gray and fleeting that



The Germans surrendered at once. Then someone saw the rabbits and charged old Purves with poaching



you see for a moment shambling between hedges. His coat stuck out as if he were a scarecrow on a stick because he carried an old rifle under his coat, for which he had never paid a license.

THAT was the odd scene of the "invasion," though if you examined Potter carefully you may conclude that it was not an accident that the parachutists landed there. Potter itself could be isolated by a few snips of a wire cutter, and from that little hidden spot in Metroland half a dozen men acting quickly could do an astonishing amount of damage—a mile and a half across unfrequented common and you had the main line to Scotland and the northern coast, and one supposes that the German air chiefs had planned a number of such attempts that air defenses foiled. Their psychological effect might have been incalculable: they would have destroyed the sense of security Englishmen normally feel, the security that allows them to grumble. Look at the effect on Potter.

We are a small island and there isn't a village anywhere that isn't accustomed to the sound of airplane engines. The plane they heard in the Black Boar was flying fairly low—perhaps three thousand feet, but there was nothing out of the ordinary in that.

It was the fag-end of a cloudy spring day. Mrs. Margesson in the cash store had just closed the post-office counter because it was six-thirty: the shop remained open for general goods till eight, and the lean man who was Lord Drew's undergardener was criticizing the beer in the public bar. "It's the war, they tell you," he said bitterly. "Everything's the war." There wasn't a man left in any of the cottages: they were all in the public bar except old Purves, and the women were washing up the supper things.

Old Purves, with his coat sticking queerly out and a bottle of whisky in his deep poacher's pocket, was skirmishing along by Lord Drew's wall among the high nettles. The gamekeeper had sworn to get him and he wasn't taking any chances. He was the only one to see the parachutists descend.

He looked up under his old gray brows with a kind of angry astonishment as a number of men suddenly appeared in mid-air under things like enormous parasols. He didn't know what they were: he only had a feeling they were best avoided. "It didn't seem right," he said afterward: he meant that it didn't seem fair, people peeking at you like that out of the sky. That was all he saw for a long time because just at that moment he found the weak point in Lord Drew's wall.

THE men were in uniform—for their own protection, one supposes, otherwise they would have been liable to the death penalty—but their uniforms caused no immediate astonishment in Potter because we are so used in these days to uniforms: what with A.F.S. and A.R.P. and all the other initial letters we are prepared for any uniform, even a German uniform. Mrs. Brewitt saw them at work on the telegraph and telephone wires and thought they had something to do with the post office. Only her son, who was sixteen and, alas for him, knowledgeable, said they were Germans. "Nonsense!" Mrs. Brewitt said.

Mrs. Margesson in the cash store hardly looked up when the officer came in. He carried a large-scale map of the district and had a revolver at his belt. His steel helmet made her think, "Maneuvers." She said promptly, "The post office is closed," because she didn't think he looked like a shop customer. He said, "Madam," and that struck her as foreign—a Frenchman or a Pole, she thought—he was a young man, very fair, and his uniform was muddy and he sounded nervous and preoccupied. She smiled. "Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Please," he said, "go at once to the inn."

"The inn?"

"Yes. You must go at once. Everyone must go."

"I don't understand."

He said with embarrassment as though he were making a rather absurd claim, "I am a German officer and this village is occupied by my men."

With great presence of mind Mrs. Margesson picked up the shop telephone and dialed a police call. The young man made no attempt to stop her. She could at once tell why—the wires had been cut. At that moment, through the window, she saw Driver, the village constable, being impelled down the road toward the Black Boar by two men in uniform: he had probably been digging in his garden as he was in his shirt sleeves.

More or less the same scene took place all over the village. Everybody who was not already at the Black Boar was rounded up and persuaded, pushed or even carried there. The Germans were determined that nobody should leave the village and carry the alarm, but they missed young Brewitt, who had hidden in the outside lavatory, and of course old Purves.

The German officer addressed them in the public bar. He told them that nobody was in danger from him or his men; all they had to do was keep quiet. The gamekeeper who had been caught hunting old Purves and had a black eye said in a loud voice, "It's a scandal." The German officer paid him no attention. He said, "You will be closely guarded and any attempt to escape will mean death." He added with a note of entreaty, "You've only to remain quiet for a few hours."

ALL this time, of course, old Purves had been comfortably curled up just inside Lord Drew's wall. He knew that the house was shut up and the only possible interference would be the gamekeeper or the policeman. The policeman was digging and would be too tired later to prowl; as for the gamekeeper, old Purves despised him. He set a couple of traps, loaded his gun, opened the bottle of whisky and began to drink. He always calculated that a little drink improved his aim, and he had high hopes of a bird or two that evening. He was disturbed by a shot; his first feeling was indignation rather than curiosity. Lord Drew was away and a shot meant a rival poacher.

He took another long drink, hid the bottle where he could find it again in a hole in the clay bank, and then peeped over the broken stones of the wall. To his astonishment he saw young Brewitt running and zigzagging down the road that led out of the village to the gate and afterward to the main road.

What had happened was this. Young Brewitt, who had a romantic mind, remained convinced that what he had seen was actually a party of German soldiers cutting the telephone wires. He even guessed how they had arrived. The romantic mind found no difficulty in the idea. So he hid. He would probably have remained hidden if one of the Germans hadn't wanted to visit the lavatory. He pulled open the door and young Brewitt darted out like a rat. The soldier was taken by surprise and let him get a start. He shouted and young Brewitt ran the faster; other soldiers ran out of the inn and one of them fired and missed. It suddenly became very essential to get him. Three men waited with their guns raised until he should reach the gate.

So to his amazement old Purves

(Continued on page 24)

Daffy Over Doodlebugs

By Dan Parker

These mechanized mosquitoes furnish secondhand thrills for careful motorists. The gentlemen who drive them, at no small peril, are all candidates for the current screwball prize but they make out *interesting income-tax returns*

ONE sultry Saturday afternoon last August, a motorist, eager to get to his summer home on Long Island, found himself unaccountably delayed by the worst traffic jam he had ever encountered in all his years of driving on the island's fine, broad arteries. Seeking escape, he detoured to one after another of the main highways but all of them were clogged.

"What's holding us up like this?" he demanded irritably of a motorcycle policeman who came sputtering up alongside him in the slow-moving ribbon of traffic.

"It's them dang' doodlebugs!" replied the speed-summons Santa Claus.

The motorist, having read once about swarms of grasshoppers holding up a train by greasing the rails with their mangled bodies, now envisioned Long Island's concrete highways lubricated with the crushed corpses of an insect army which robbed rubber tires of their traction.

"You mean Japanese beetles, not doodlebugs, don't you?" inquired the week-ender.

"Naw!" said the motorcycle cop, disgustedly. "I mean midget autos. Doodlebugs. They're holdin' the champeenship at Roosevelt Raceway this afternoon, and everyone seems to have started for there at the same time. I might make a couple of nasty cracks if they wasn't givin' our Benevolent Association a hunk of the gate."

The next morning, thousands of other motorists caught in the jam who hadn't had the benefit of an explanation from a motorcycle policeman as to why they had been delayed for an hour or more in the vicinity of Westbury, learned from their Sunday papers that 55,000 persons had paid a total of $91,000 to see the 150-mile midget auto championship race at Roosevelt Raceway Saturday afternoon, causing the terrific traffic tie-up as a by-product. It was the first time midget auto racing had made the front pages and, for many people, the first time they had ever heard of this new sport.

Ignored by the newspapers, midget auto racing grew up in the dark like a plump, white mushroom. With only word-of-mouth advertising to help it along, the sport spread from Los Angeles where the late Bill Betteridge, long since a martyr to his brain child, originated it in 1932, clear across the continent until now it is the seventh most popular sport in America. During 1939, it attracted 12,000,000 spectators, outdrawing all other sports but basketball, softball, baseball, football, boxing and horse racing. Over 80 quarter-mile tracks, some dozen of them located indoors, are now being operated in the United States, giving full-time employment to over a thousand top-line drivers and enhancing the income of about 5,000 chauffeurs who find it a profitable side line.

The midgets were merely ignored by the newspapers but they were actually scorned by the American Automobile Association until recently. Suddenly realizing that the doodlebugs were not only here to stay but had fatally bitten

(Continued on page 32)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

Midget auto racing is now America's seventh most popular sport. Above are four of the doodlebugs at Gilmore Stadium, Los Angeles. Below, Ronney Householder, who is the No. 1 driver in America

A CCC cooking class at the New Cumberland school cuts up beef under the supervision of Mess Instructor Sprague. Below, a discouraged beginner starts on the vegetables

If He Could Only Cook!

By Robert McCormick

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

When the CCC started, it borrowed cooks from the Army, but soldiers get hungry too, so the Army took them back. Now the CCC has cooking schools of its own where in five weeks a boy can learn to whip up wholesale meals of steaks and beans and Brownies

A DOZEN young men, alike only in their sturdy, muscular construction, watched entranced as Sergeant Garon mixed the dough. Dressed in spotless white chefs' costumes, they made a circle around the sergeant, their faces showing valiant struggles to record everything he said and did.

These lads, picked from Civilian Conservation Corps camps in the Third Corps Army area, were trying desperately hard to be good students. They were no bookworms, no self-starting searchers after erudition. They did most of their thinking with their biceps. Yet they were now absorbed in learning—learning how to make the CCC version of Brownies.

A young fellow from southern Virginia had taken over from Garon the labor of kneading the dough. Garon didn't let him go for long: "Naw, that's not the way to do it." The sergeant wasn't angry, just very, very disgusted. For the third time he demonstrated how to work the mammoth lump of dough: "Pick it up like this, in your fingers, and squeeze, like you was chokin' a guy."

The boys got the idea immediately. "Why didn't you say so in the first place," mumbled the sullen-faced boy as his strong fingers closed around the snowy mass with the skill of an experienced garroter.

"Get me the allspice, ginger, nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon," the sergeant ordered in a voice designed to move the surliest soldier. Two boys appeared bearing large jugs. "It takes a teaspoonful each for Brownies," Garon explained, "with maybe going a little heavy on the cinnamon." Into the thirty-gallon tin mixing bowl he sprinkled the spices. "And then, with the same dough y'used for rolls," he said triumphantly, "y'got somethin' for dessert." (We better add right here that you might not find this a satisfactory recipe for Brownies. But that's how the sergeant was making them.)

Here was a teacher and a pedagogy the boys could understand and respect. Garon, a veteran in the Army, was not a person to be snickered at, even when he was making Brownies. His he-man manner of speaking was authoritative, and his strong hands showed better than any book how things should be done. His pupils admired the nimbleness of his fingers as he patted the dough into long strips, and they carefully mimicked his gestures as they tried the patting themselves. The sergeant had the knack of making himself clear.

"This ain't like regular school, where you don't learn nothing that will do you no good," a Maryland boy summed it up. "When you get out of here you've got somethin' on the ball." More explicitly, you are a competent and sometimes an expert mess cook, trained by the CCC in a *(Continued on page 50)*

CANDLELIGHT

By Paul Jones

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

AT SIX o'clock, when Hartley had still ten miles to drive before reaching his uncle's place, the low, black, sullen sky was split by a fork of jagged lightning. With the crash of thunder that followed, the rain fell in gusty sheets, drumming on the roof of the little coupé.

Hartley swore and pulled to the side of the road. This would upset his plans. He wanted to see his uncle, get some money from him and then push on to New York, fifty miles away. The sequence of events was to be as simple as that, but even as he reviewed them in his mind, he recognized once more the weak point.

Would his uncle give him any more money? For ten years the old man had made his brother's son an allowance. Less than Hartley would have liked, but enough to keep him going, enough to maintain the pretense that he was looking around, instead of having to admit, even to himself, that he was a small-time swindler, specializing in credulous women. Then in California, a month before, a dry little note informed him that he could expect nothing more until the old man's death. "It's about time you made something out of yourself," the letter concluded. "It wouldn't be doing you any favor to give you more money."

The rain was coming down harder than ever. The glistening concrete highway was deserted. Hartley lit a cigarette and considered. What would he do if the old man refused to give him five hundred dollars? It would take at least that much to keep the Wharton woman from prosecuting. If his uncle was stubborn, what then? Jail?

There had always been another possibility, no more than the vague shadow of an idea, suggested by another sentence in his uncle's letter. "When I die," it ran, "you'll come into a tidy sum of money."

It was suddenly clear to Hartley that the old man would refuse, and if he was mixed up in a scandal over the Wharton business, he could kiss any inheritance goodby. Now the alternative came up, sharp and inevitable before his eyes. What would it amount to, after all?

He smiled thinly, and stepped on the starter, as a fresh thought came to confirm his half-made decision. This storm—why, it was made to order! No one on the roads, no one to see and remember his California license plates, even if they could be recognized in the blinding rain. His uncle had never married, and kept no servant. He would be alone at this time of night.

Ten miles along the highway, Hartley turned into a back lane. Six months before, his uncle had sold the big house to a man from New York and moved to the other end of the farm, to a tenant house, until then unoccupied for thirty years.

At the gate, Hartley stopped his car and got out. He picked up a branch thick enough for his purpose.

When he knocked on the door, he saw through the glass a dim light coming from the rear of the house, and then his uncle appeared, holding a cheap tin candlestick, with a tallow dip in it. Shuffling along in his slippers, he looked old and frail. He put his light on a table in the hall, and opening the door, came out on the step. . . .

Five minutes later, Hartley was back on the highway. Still protected by the slashing rain, he drove fast on the deserted road. All he had to do now was play safe, cut back westward a couple of hundred miles and put in an appearance only after the crime broke in the newspapers. It was as easy as that. A week later, he drove eastward again from Cleveland, and went straight to the office of his uncle's lawyer.

MR. McNEIL, heavy and slow-witted, turned papers over on his desk, cleared his throat and said impressively: "I figure you stand to inherit between fifty and sixty thousand dollars, after taxes are paid."

His partner, young Lewis, whistled in surprise. "As much as that?"

"That's about what it'll come to. Old Mr. Hartley got a good price for the big house and the acreage above the creek."

Hartley wet his lips. "Can I get an advance?"

"Don't see why not. We can fix you up for anything reasonable." Mr. McNeil sat back and rubbed his bald head.

"I've got business in New York for a week or so. Can you let me have a thousand dollars now?"

"I guess so," McNeil said. "Mr. Lewis here can take you over to the bank and get you the cash, can't you, Henry?"

"Sure," Lewis agreed.

"While I'm gone," Hartley said casually to McNeil, "you might see whether anybody wants to buy my uncle's place. We could make a good price."

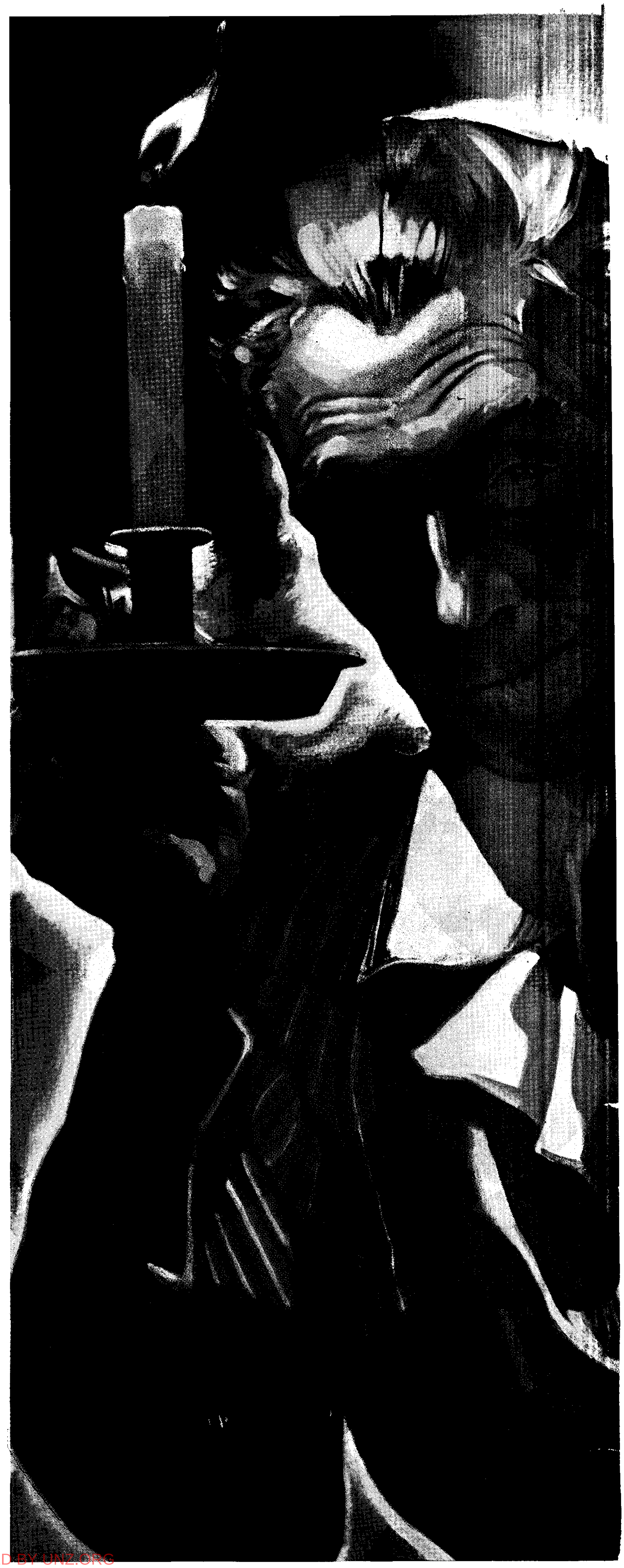
"I'll do that," McNeil said. "I can see why you wouldn't want to live there after what happened."

"No, naturally not. And my business interests are centered in the West. Of course, you can offer to fix the house up a little." Hartley grew more and more expansive, almost intoxicated by the ease of his victory. "Wire it for electricity, and so forth. You know, sometimes I feel that my uncle should have spent more on himself, instead of being so economical. Sitting around with no light but a candle, for instance—it's all right to be thrifty, but—"

"But you draw the line at candles?" Lewis asked with a curious intentness.

"Well, you must admit," Hartley began, and then a sharp uneasiness stabbed him. "That is—"

Lewis moved to Hartley's side, and took his arm at the elbow. "We can stop at the sheriff's before we go to the bank. He might want to check up on your movements, mister. The only time your uncle ever needed a candle in that house was between six-thirty and six-forty-five the night he was killed. The current was off for fifteen minutes, on account of the storm. We found him with the electric lights blazing, and a candle dying on the hall table."



Then Hartley's uncle appeared, holding a cheap tin candlestick, with a tallow dip in it

These Our Rulers

By John T. Flynn

Here's practical government, fellow citizens, as administered by the smoothest, most powerful political machine you have ever seen make a job. In four articles Mr. Flynn shows how it was built, how it works and what the citizens who support it get for their money. Watch carefully; the pay roll is sometimes quicker than the eye

THE Democratic convention, come July 15th, will foregather in its quiet way in that steaming caldron, the Chicago Stadium, to make a presidential candidate. This will be a return engagement. It met there in 1932 and nominated Franklin D. Roosevelt. On a Friday evening in July of that year the delegates were slumped in their chairs, worn out by the heat and red-eyed and ill-humored after a session that had lasted all through the preceding night. They were deadlocked. Roosevelt was something over a hundred votes short of the prize. The Al Smith forces were waging a rear-guard action to kill him off.

The galleries were jammed with the precinct captains, payrollees, wardheelers and next of kin of the Tony Cermak Chicago Democratic machine. Cermak, mayor of Chicago, was leagued with Tammany to block Roosevelt and name Smith. His machine was official host to the visiting kingmakers. He issued "courtesy cards" to his army of heelers for seats. They had come early. They had possession of the galleries. Delegates' wives, party leaders with official tickets couldn't get in. But Tony's howlers were there.

Suddenly William Gibbs McAdoo took the platform. The gallery crowds had an inkling of what was afoot. There was a low rumble as of a distant storm gathering over the hills. Before McAdoo had spoken three or four sentences his intention was obvious. He was about to switch California's delegates from Garner to Roosevelt. The hated McAdoo, who had killed off Smith by prolonging a deadlock in 1924, was about to kill him off again by breaking another deadlock.

There was a roar from the galleries. It was hot with fury. Grizzled old Tom Walsh, chairman, pounded his gavel. He bawled through the mike for silence. But there was no silencing that storm. Then Walsh, with a gesture of helplessness, cried out: "Mayor Cermak, I appeal to you for the power to control this convention."

Cermak made his way to the microphone, gestured for silence to his followers who were doing what they were brought there to do. Presently the multitude quieted down to a low rumble and McAdoo, by the grace of Tony Cermak, resumed:

"I want to thank the galleries for the compliment they have paid me; and the convention wants to know for its guidance, in future conventions, whether or not *this is the kind of hospitality that Chicago accords its visitors*."

The chief target of that gallery storm was Governor Roosevelt, who was nominated a few moments later.

This year—1940—the powers that pick convention cities selected Chicago again—that same stadium—and as its host that same Chicago machine. And one of the reasons for the selection was that same consideration that McAdoo had referred to. But this time the machine, with its sound effects, is on Roosevelt's side, is in fact the spearhead of the Roosevelt movement. This time the lung army will be mobilized by Cermak's heirs and successors not *against* but *for* whatever movement or cause needs a little stampeding.

Meet the Bosses

Tony Cermak, to be sure, is gone—killed by an assassin's bullet. But the powerful political machine that he built—still able to gorge a ballot box or howl down an orator—is there. It is known now as the Kelly-Nash machine. That is because the boss-ship of Tony has fallen upon those two capable mechanics—Patrick A. Nash and Edward F. Kelly.

Pat Nash is county chairman, state chairman, national committeeman and titular boss of Cook County. Edward F. Kelly is mayor of Chicago. Which one is the real boss is not any too clear. Maybe they are twin bosses or boss and deputy-boss.

They are an odd pair. Old Pat is seventy-seven—he was born the year of Gettysburg—which makes him a pretty old codger for the grinding job of bossing that crowd of Mexican generals known as the ward committeemen of Chicago. Kelly is a stripling of sixty-three. He stands six feet, erect, broad-shouldered, Gaelic to the last ounce—pigmented, molded, featured like an Irishman, not a gray hair amid those heavy, wiry red curls and not a strand missing. You might see such a fellow sitting behind the lord mayor's desk in any town in Galway. He has the virility, the vigor and the capacity to talk turkey and make it stick with the tribal chieftains of the wards. It is just possible that young Ed is the real boss and old Pat the approving mentor and leisurely collaborator—though he still holds the title.

But in Chicago they call it the Kelly-Nash machine. What is more, it has attained fame outside Chicago. It has attained even more fame since the President made it the advance guard of his third-term movement when it was flowering and picked Chicago in order to give Kelly and Nash the opportunity to do their stuff. It is even more important since this Kelly person, sitting aboard his formidable war tank—the Kelly-Nash machine—has his eyes upon the Democratic party of the nation. After all, if Jim Farley could do it, why not Ed Kelly? And so, you may be asking—who are these two new would-be Warwicks from the Loop?

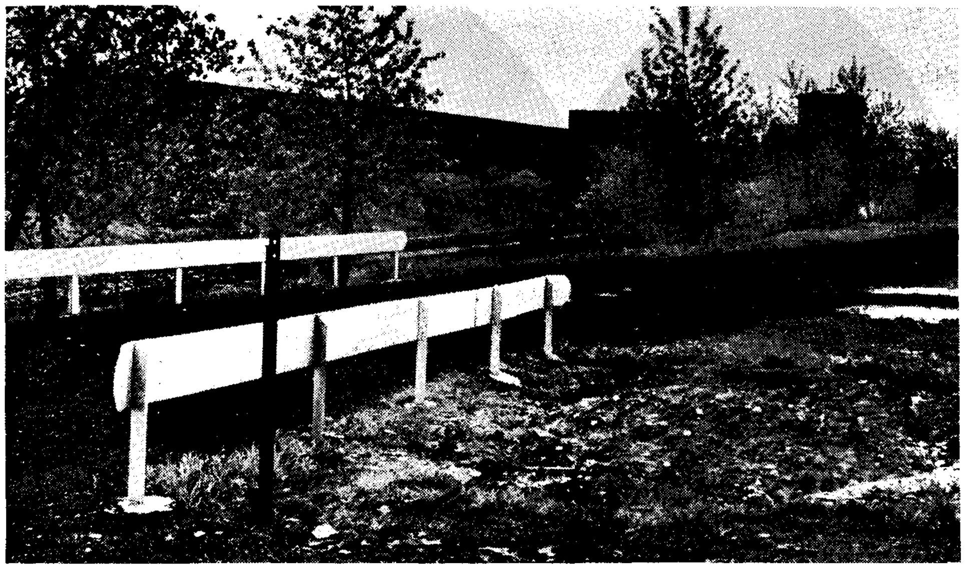
Well, first of all, they are authentic Chicago products. Old Tom Nash, Pat Nash's father, arrived from Ireland in 1850. He was a skilled craftsman and was superintendent or foreman of a rowdy crew of tunnel-building Micks. He became a contractor, took city work, grew rich and left the business to his sons, Pat, Dick and John. The Nash Brothers are the biggest sewer builders in the West. Victor Hugo said, "you can read the story of a man in the sewers." All over the sewers of Chicago you will find the legend—"Built by Nash Brothers" and beneath it "O. K., Kelly". When Kelly was chief engineer of the Sanitary District, Nash Brothers and their nephews, the Dowdles, had $13,000,000 of sewer contracts in three years.

Immigrant's Son Makes Good

Kelly's father was a Galway man who immigrated to Chicago and settled in the turbulent district back of the stockyards. He got a job as a city fireman and later as a cop. But the flow of revenue was small and Ed Kelly, the oldest of nine, had to leave school at twelve to supplement the Kelly fortunes. The fifth reader was the last he saw of classical learning. He worked as a bundle boy in Marshall Field's, ran messages for a law office, washed windows and was a number grabber at the Sante Fe yards (a number grabber notes the numbers and ownership of boxcars as they rattle by).

Then at seventeen, a tall, gangling kid

SARRA



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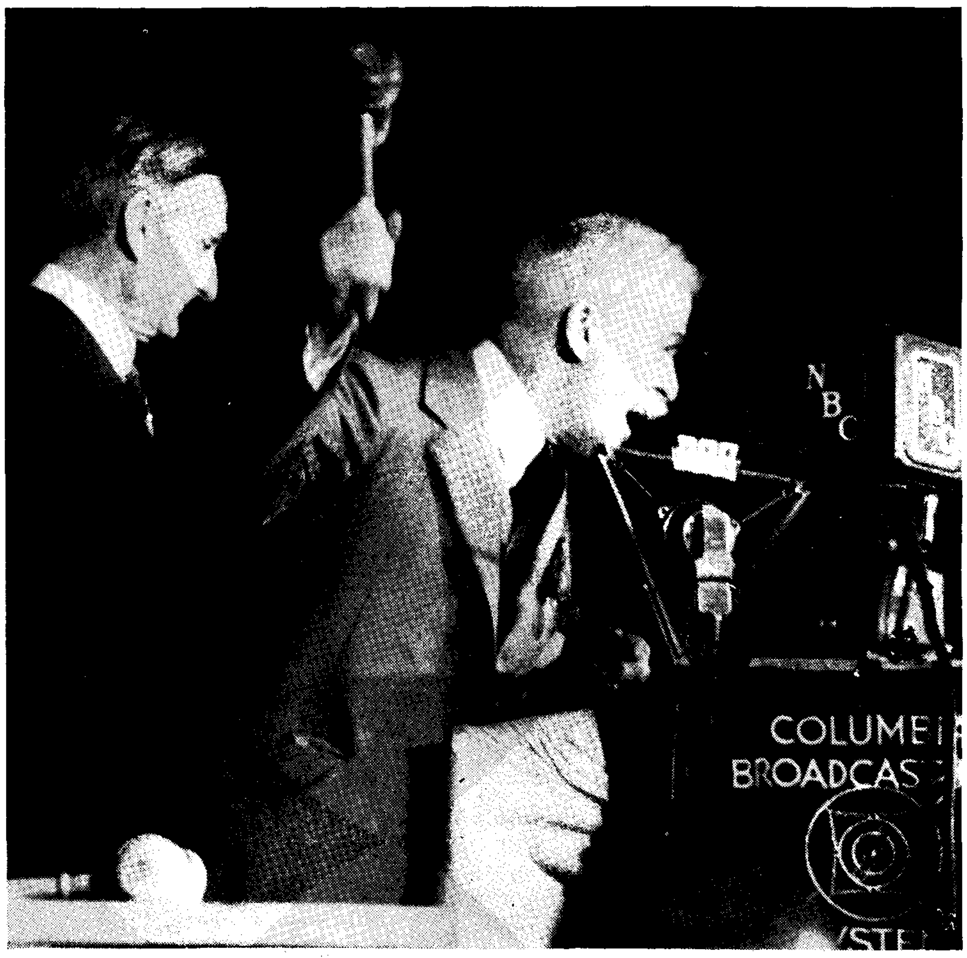


The Cermak machine, on which the Kelly-Nash machine was built, supported Al Smith in 1932. Here, at that Democratic convention in Chicago, William G. McAdoo waits for the chairman, Tom Walsh, to quiet the howling Cermak men before announcing California for Roosevelt

with a shock of wiry, fiery red hair, he became an axman in the surveying crew of the Sanitary District. The Sanitary District is the name of that government unit in Chicago that builds and operates the sewerage, drainage and water utilities of the city. There, in that same Sanitary District, Ed Kelly still worked when—thirty-seven years later—he was summoned by Pat Nash to be the mayor of Chicago. He likes to refer to himself as "son of an Irish immigrant." The Kelly saga always begins with "from axman to chief engineer in thirty years."

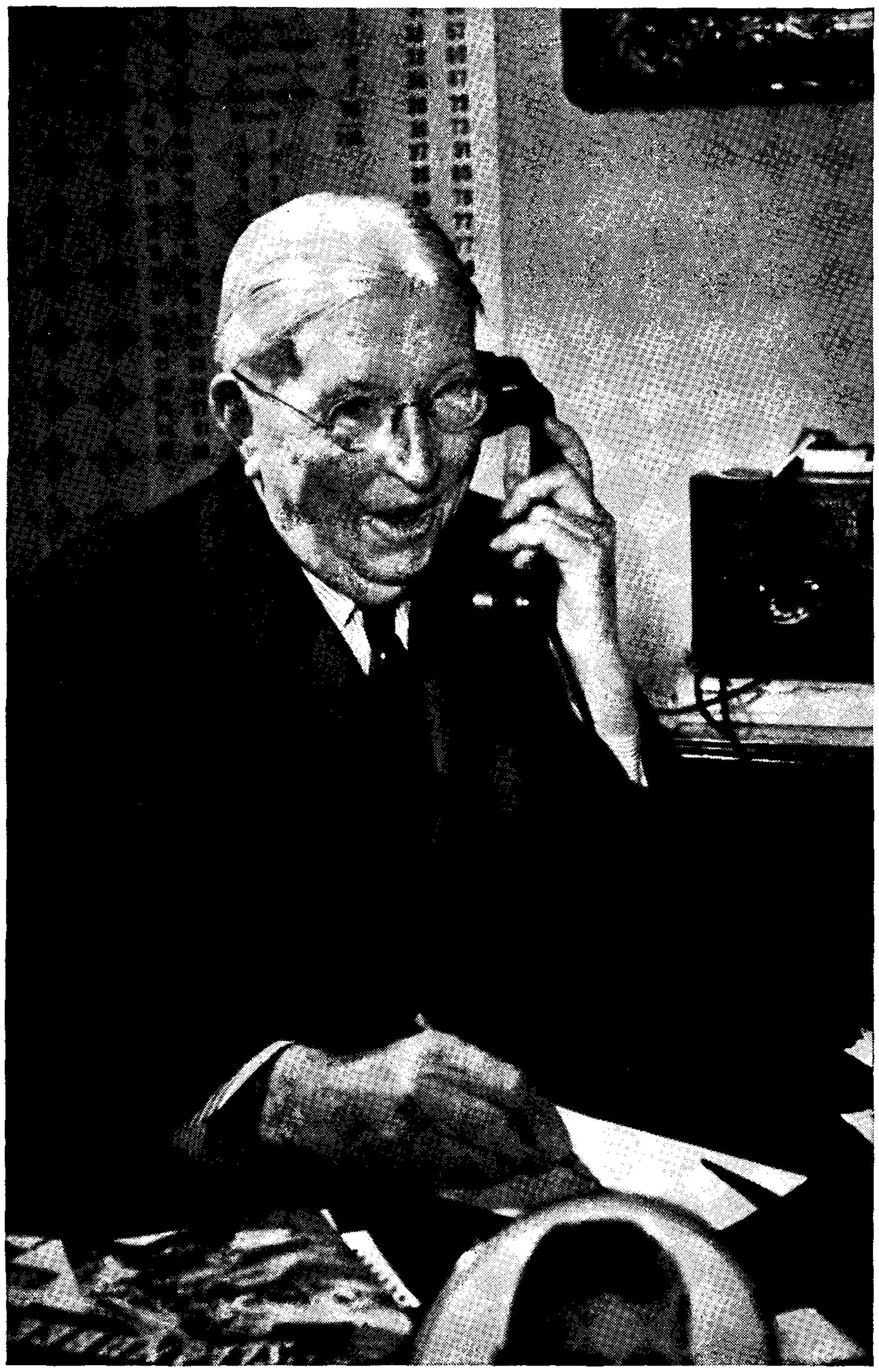
He studied at night at the old Athenaeum and in due time, with the aid of his natural abilities and his political activities, rose to be assistant chief engineer under Isham Randolph. When that gentleman retired in 1920 Kelly became chief engineer.

Thus Nash and Kelly—old friends—were united politically and professionally. Nash was a political contractor and Kelly a political engineer. Nash was a neighbor and old friend of Roger Sullivan when he was the boss. Sullivan made him a member and later president of the Board of Review as early as 1918. He was ousted from that board in 1924, a minor local casualty of the Calvin Coolidge landslide. Kelly was a county committeeman when he was only twenty-one and his name bobs up in political maneuvering all through the years.

Both of them are now men of wealth. Nash made his fortune building sewers. The source of Kelly's fortune is not so clear. It is one of the questions Chicago asks about in every campaign. We shall learn more of it.

Nash, like most Irishmen of his generation, is a lover of horses. He owned, until recently, a large breeding farm near Lexington, Kentucky, and, with his brother Dick, owns a stable of race horses, the Valley Lake Stable.

Kelly owns, or did own, three handsome homes, one, his town house in Ellis Avenue, which he recently presented as a gift to the Catholic Archdiocese, another splendid country place at Eagle River and still another in Florida—which is very good for a mere engineer whose only business has been roosting on the public pay roll all his life.



SARRA

For the Good of the People

Kelly is a bit sensitive about the good name of Chicago. He regards all criticism of his regime as an attack upon the fair name of his native city. He is not averse to a little censorship at times. He doesn't like too much argument. He has a close spiritual and sociological kinship with Mayor Hague and the Tammany philosophers. Indeed, on a historic occasion when he had to make a quick settlement of a famous government claim he got the check he paid up with —$100,000—from William Kenny, a famous Tammany brave and contractor.

Kelly went to see Tobacco Road when it was censored in Chicago, pronounced himself shocked and ordered it closed, though the strip-tease and gent's-room variety of burlesque comedy runs wild along South State Street. He will not permit moving pictures of riots or civil disturbances or attacks on constituted authorities to be shown in Chicago, lest it stir up the animals.

When the German consul protested against a film depicting Hitler's reign of terror, Kelly stopped it. He has been decorated with the Insignia of Commandatore of the Royal Crown of Italy by the Italian consul. He has a movie censor board which collected $70,000 in fees and could spend only $37,000, so Kelly advocated hiring more censors—enough to eat up the remaining $33,000—and putting them to work censoring some more. Perhaps his greatest academic honor was being made a Doctor of Laws by Notre Dame the same day that university conferred the same degree on Sāmuel Insull.

Kelly and Nash were raised to eminence and made respectively mayor and boss by a person named Giuseppe Zangara. That person did it by the simple and direct process of shooting Anton Cermak in 1933, and thus vacating the posts of boss and mayor. Nash stepped into one spot and Kelly into the other.

These two valiant warriors are now trying to undo a great blunder they committed in 1932. Then, under the leadership of the late Anton Cermak, always referred to as Anton the Martyr, they picked the wrong horse at the Chicago Democratic convention. They strung

(Continued on page 40)

SARRA

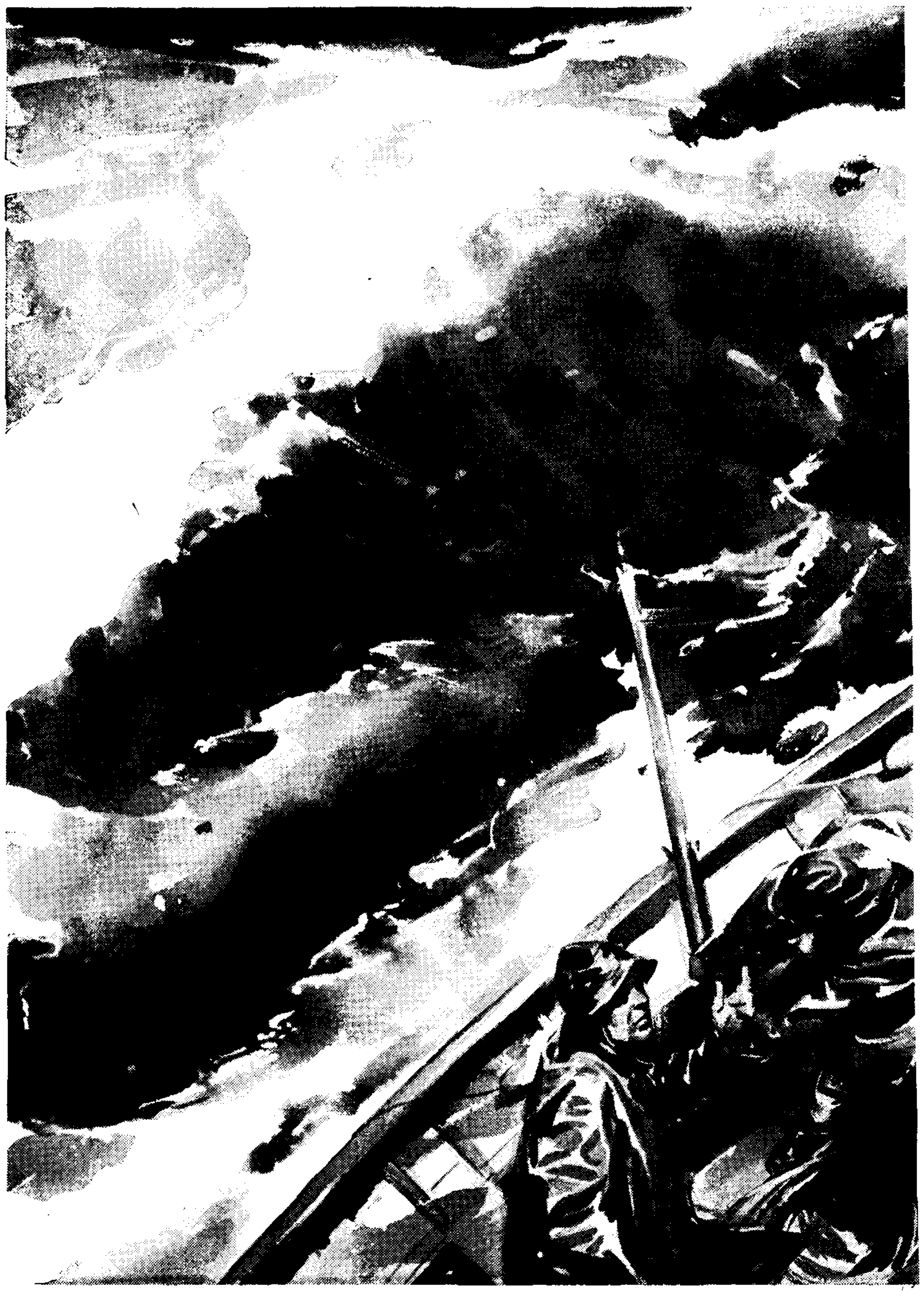
Edward F. Kelly is mayor of Chicago and the other half of the Kelly-Nash juggernaut. He succeeded the late martyred Tony Cermak and rules with big-business efficiency. The source of his wealth is the subject of speculation. Here he is surrounded by aldermen

The No. 6 Boat

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Romance and brave adventure provide new blood for a dynasty of the sea



THEY are toasting Captain Craig today. Captain Thomas Craig of the Appalachian, who rescued the passengers and crew of a British liner torpedoed at sea. As captain, Craig gets the credit ashore; his youthful face with the stamp of command looks out from page one of the New York papers; his name in bold type strikes the eye.

But Craig knows that the honor belongs to another. And his wife, waiting eagerly for his return, knows this too. And her father knows as he sits in his modern feudal castle, with secretaries instead of moats and bank reserves for men in mail—sits and stares at his son-in-law's picture looking at him from the evening papers—stares and remembers another day when peace, though dying, still lived in Europe.

Craig was chief officer then, not captain. He stood near the Appalachian's bow and turtled inside his jacket collar because of the cold that bit like chilled steel. Eastward the lights of Manhattan twinkled. In five more minutes the liner would sail.

Glancing aft, Craig saw the Old Man on the bridge. The Old Man was nervous tonight, and why not? Any moment, unless he changed his mind, Gamaliel Smith would come striding aboard, and no Old Man could feel at ease with that willful despot prowling his decks. If something went wrong while crossing to England, instead of his being given command of the line's new flagship, ready in June, he might well enough find himself on the beach.

The whistle cut loose a final warning.

"Maybe Smith had to call it off," Craig muttered hopefully into his collar. "Maybe he fell and broke a leg. Broke *two* legs."

With this optimistic thought he leaned out to gaze at the shore and a line of taxis waiting their turn to take visitors home. A few hardy loafers were watching the ship. Craig started, recognizing a face in the light of a lamp near the water's edge. That was Jackson Tilley with the hungry eyes and his hands hugged tight in pockets for warmth—as able a seaman as ever lived, yet high on the beach because Smith had been pleased to fire him in favor of someone else.

Craig looked away quickly. That face disturbed him. Not just on Tilley's account alone—what had happened to him might happen to Craig and, what is more, most likely would.

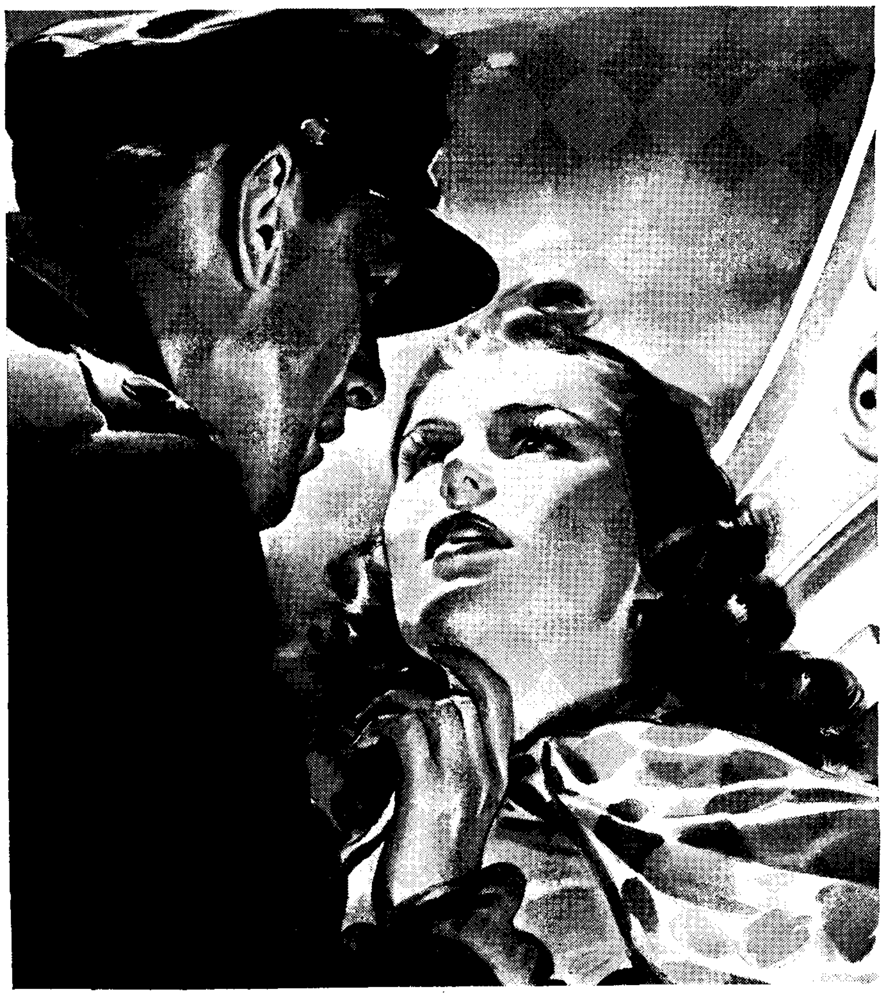
One minute of twelve. The chief officer groaned. Aft over the rail he could see two persons crossing the plank to board the liner.

"They show up the last minute and then raise hell if we don't happen to sail on the dot!" More than mere bitterness stirred Craig now. That girl swathed in furs was the only girl he had ever asked to be his wife.

Annabelle Smith. She had called herself Anne. How was he to know that a girl named Anne Smith was the heiress-daughter of *Gamaliel* Smith, managing director of the North Atlantic Line; that she would think it a rare adventure to cross incognito, so to speak, in the tourist class on the *Appalachian?*

SHE had quiet gray eyes and a small, eager smile, and like hundreds of others with moderate means she was taking an inexpensive trip. A girl named Anne Smith returning from Europe. At first she had stopped him to ask some question regarding the ship or maybe the weather, and that was the start of a swift romance that ended abruptly eight days later.

Not that Craig had been carefree *about it. Nor she. From the moment* when Anne first spoke to him, asking her question, whatever it was, it had seemed like something that—well, that was fated. Would she marry him? *Yes.* So he called to see her on the second night after reaching New York City.



Anne gasped his name, "Tommy! I hoped I'd see you. Tommy, what is it? I've got to know"

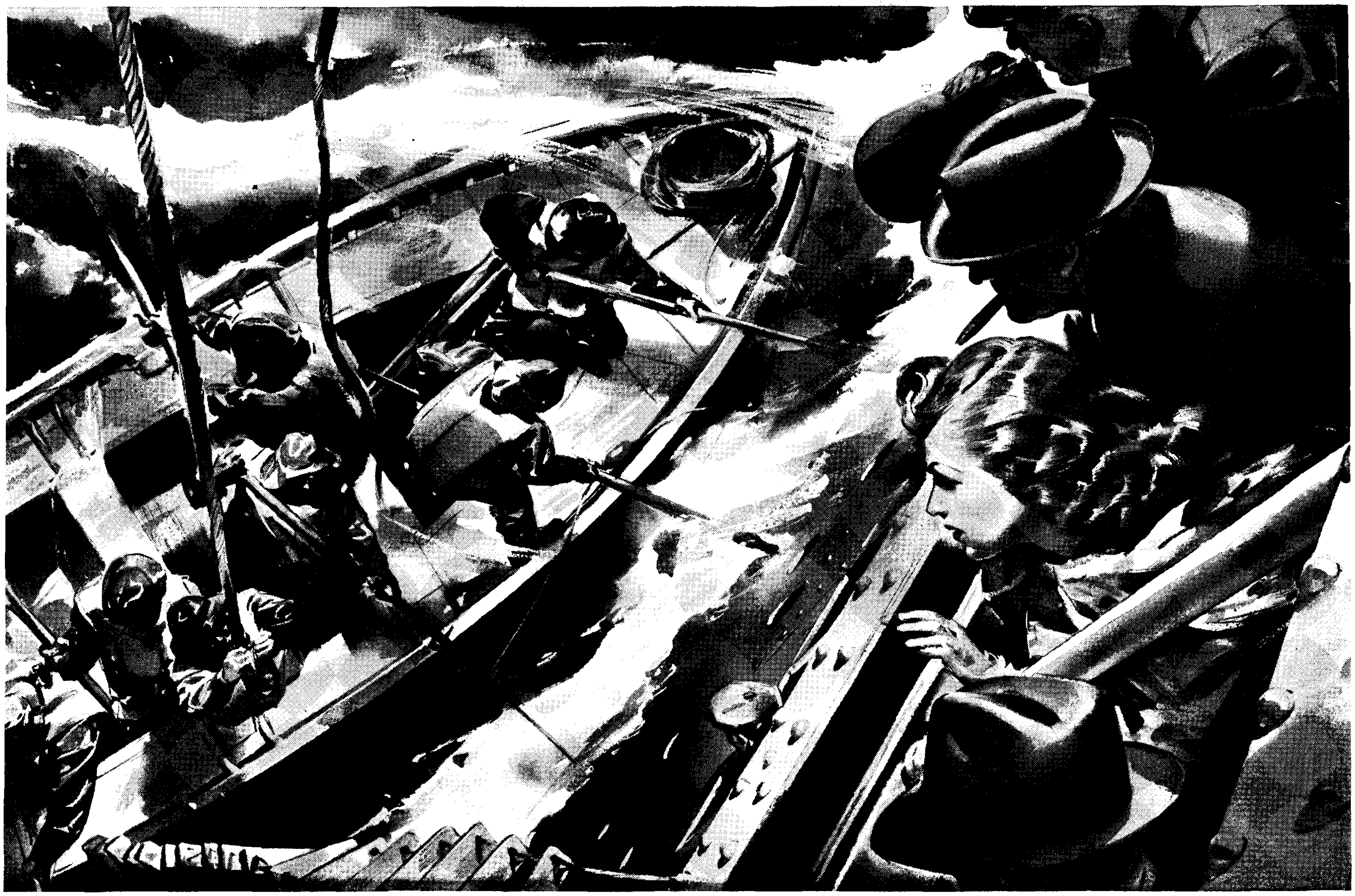
The house, in a side street near Central Park, had startled him first. And then the butler! But Anne herself seemed wholly unchanged. She had kissed him, had introduced him to Smith, had told her father that Craig was the man she meant to marry.

That memory flickered out as the gangplank cleared the side and the young mate shouted, "Le' go the breast-line. Lively, there!" With his hand he signaled the man at the winch, and it rumbled hauling the hawser aboard.

At last the Appalachian lay free. She shuddered, feeling the screws take hold, and then her great voice was blasting the night. The K-stack tug clung close to the bow, its beardlike fender holding the vessel from veering askew as she backed from the pier. White, upturned faces; gloved, fluttering hands; Jackson Tilley standing beside a bollard hungrily watching the liner recede.

That figure touched Craig and was mingled with thoughts of himself and of Anne. His station in life was what Tilley's had been: a mate, just a hired man—*nothing more. The water front teemed* with competent sailors who held master's tickets, as Craig did too, but had neither berth nor prospects of one.

This fact had been crystal clear to him on the night when he learned who Anne's father was. It had not been so much what the great man said as the way he had looked. Craig had understood. He had never gone back nor even written. Anne was a princess, he a hireling!



For an instant his eyes looked straight into Anne's while he raised his fingers to touch his lips in the old, old gesture of love and goodby

The tug panted hoarsely, shoving the nose of the Appalachian around to starboard. Craig waved goodby to the K-stack's skipper and quit the foredeck for other duties. The liner had already passed the Narrows, was feeling her way down Ambrose Channel, when he pattered up the inside stairs and stepped into darkness shrouding the bridge.

FOR the moment, blinded, Craig could not see the man who was standing beside the pilot. But he heard his voice and recognized it:

"My great-great-great-grandfather, Gamaliel Smith, sailed a privateer in 1812. He was just a sprout of twenty-four when he put to sea to harry the British. Talk about prizes! He captured enough to keep him in style for the rest of his days."

"But didn't retire on his wealth, I've heard." The pilot was being very respectful.

"Hardly," Smith laughed. *His* Smiths, the laugh said, were not the sort to let go like that. "Gamaliel's grandson, Captain Lucius, was master of clipper barks in the fifties—the gold-rush trade around Cape Horn. Owned a fleet of six, but still went to sea."

Craig, sniffing, thought: *All right,* so *what? Your great-great-granddads took a chance, so you can now warm a swivel chair and beach poor devils like Jackson Tilley*. It was as though Smith's ears started burning. He turned at that moment, saw Craig standing by, and the latter said briskly:

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening."

"Pardon my butting in. I've got to find out which side the pilot will have his ladder."

Craig was aware of Smith's hard scrutiny, trying to see his face in the dark. Aware of the Old Man hovering near, ready to jump when Smith said, "Jump!" Aware of a bristling along his spine, but not of the thoughts passing through Smith's head:

Young and good-looking enough ashore. But now he's wearing a uniform, gold stripes on his sleeves, and officer's cap. Too damned romantic. The sea's in her blood.

Aloud Smith said, "Want to see you alone."

Craig followed him into the pilothouse, dark except for the hooded lamp that glowed on the compass in front of the wheel. Smith opened the chartroom door. Craig closed it. They faced each other there in the light.

"My daughter's on board. You're not to see her."

Gamaliel Smith had humorless eyes. Humorless, yes—but they grimly smiled as he watched the effect of his words on Craig. The mate could not conceal his dislike. It showed in the angry flush of his cheeks, the glinting lights in his dark blue eyes. Craig, Smith knew, would have liked to hit him. But his was the power. He loved to use it.

"Of course I don't expect you to cut her if she speaks to you—if it can't be helped. The usual civil, decent courtesy of any employee to any passenger. But you're an officer. You have your duties. You can always excuse yourself and clear out."

The chief mate's helpless anger amused him.

"Understood?"

"I understand all right. You'll excuse me now. I've got duties to do."

Smith's mouth fell open as Craig stalked out. He saw just his back, his disdainful shoulders, cap cocked low on one side of his head, and an old regret was stirred into life. For Smith had once dreamed. Fired by stories of Captain Gamaliel, of that other forebear who sailed his clippers to China, the Indies, to San Francisco, he had pleaded for leave to go to sea. His father refused him. Instead of a ship he was given a desk in a downtown office. The sea, Smith Sr. had told him with scorn, was the place for hired men, not for the masters who took their profits from cargoes carried.

A MODERATE gale, the wind force seven, whipped the Atlantic when Craig set the log after Sandy Hook had been dropped astern. By morning the gale was fresh—force eight—and at noon it had moved up a digit to strong. Craig stayed away from the dining saloon and ate his lunch with the juniors instead, safe from the danger of seeing Anne at the Old Man's table, of meeting her eyes.

But he merely delayed the ordeal a few hours. For that afternoon, inspecting the lifeboats, ten on each side, beneath their davits, he came on her at the section of rail in the space between Nos. 3 and 5.

She turned. The wind was whipping her hair and her cheeks were pink from the lash of the gale. Hatless. She wore a leather jacket, a heavy wool skirt that matched the light woolen scarf around her throat. She was not the prettiest girl in the world. But Anne possessed depth. She had steadfast eyes. She would give in full measure, not merely receive.

Anne gasped his name, "Tommy! I hoped I'd see you. Tommy, what is it? I've got to know now."

"What's what?" Craig countered, while dumbly he wondered: *Now? Why now? Why emphasize now?* Anne's honest eyes hurt him, so deadly in earnest her pride meant nothing.

"What's what? After all that happened—!" She stopped. But he knew what Anne meant, for his thoughts, too, had gone back to that crossing of last September.

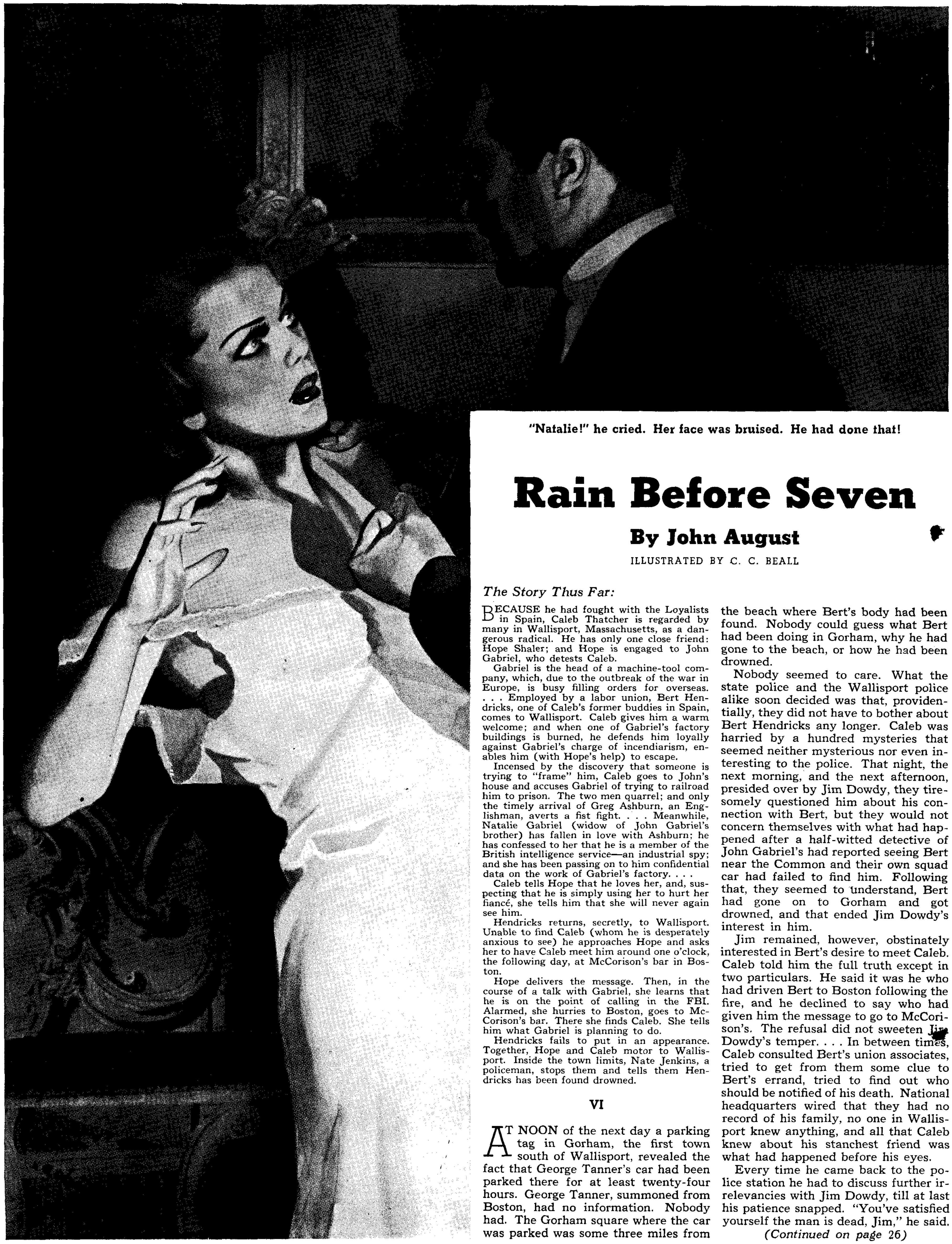
"You didn't even write," she reproached him.

"No. I—I—"

"Because of Father?"

Craig felt the breathlessness of her

(Continued on page 37)



"Natalie!" he cried. Her face was bruised. He had done that!

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

BECAUSE he had fought with the Loyalists in Spain, Caleb Thatcher is regarded by many in Wallisport, Massachusetts, as a dangerous radical. He has only one close friend: Hope Shaler; and Hope is engaged to John Gabriel, who detests Caleb.

Gabriel is the head of a machine-tool company, which, due to the outbreak of the war in Europe, is busy filling orders for overseas. . . . Employed by a labor union, Bert Hendricks, one of Caleb's former buddies in Spain, comes to Wallisport. Caleb gives him a warm welcome; and when one of Gabriel's factory buildings is burned, he defends him loyally against Gabriel's charge of incendiarism, enables him (with Hope's help) to escape.

Incensed by the discovery that someone is trying to "frame" him, Caleb goes to John's house and accuses Gabriel of trying to railroad him to prison. The two men quarrel; and only the timely arrival of Greg Ashburn, an Englishman, averts a fist fight. . . . Meanwhile, Natalie Gabriel (widow of John Gabriel's brother) has fallen in love with Ashburn; he has confessed to her that he is a member of the British intelligence service—an industrial spy; and she has been passing on to him confidential data on the work of Gabriel's factory. . . .

Caleb tells Hope that he loves her, and, suspecting that he is simply using her to hurt her fiancé, she tells him that she will never again see him.

Hendricks returns, secretly, to Wallisport. Unable to find Caleb (whom he is desperately anxious to see) he approaches Hope and asks her to have Caleb meet him around one o'clock, the following day, at McCorison's bar in Boston.

Hope delivers the message. Then, in the course of a talk with Gabriel, she learns that he is on the point of calling in the FBI. Alarmed, she hurries to Boston, goes to McCorison's bar. There she finds Caleb. She tells him what Gabriel is planning to do.

Hendricks fails to put in an appearance. Together, Hope and Caleb motor to Wallisport. Inside the town limits, Nate Jenkins, a policeman, stops them and tells them Hendricks has been found drowned.

VI

AT NOON of the next day a parking tag in Gorham, the first town south of Wallisport, revealed the fact that George Tanner's car had been parked there for at least twenty-four hours. George Tanner, summoned from Boston, had no information. Nobody had. The Gorham square where the car was parked was some three miles from the beach where Bert's body had been found. Nobody could guess what Bert had been doing in Gorham, why he had gone to the beach, or how he had been drowned.

Nobody seemed to care. What the state police and the Wallisport police alike soon decided was that, providentially, they did not have to bother about Bert Hendricks any longer. Caleb was harried by a hundred mysteries that seemed neither mysterious nor even interesting to the police. That night, the next morning, and the next afternoon, presided over by Jim Dowdy, they tiresomely questioned him about his connection with Bert, but they would not concern themselves with what had happened after a half-witted detective of John Gabriel's had reported seeing Bert near the Common and their own squad car had failed to find him. Following that, they seemed to understand, Bert had gone on to Gorham and got drowned, and that ended Jim Dowdy's interest in him.

Jim remained, however, obstinately interested in Bert's desire to meet Caleb. Caleb told him the full truth except in two particulars. He said it was he who had driven Bert to Boston following the fire, and he declined to say who had given him the message to go to McCorison's. The refusal did not sweeten Jim Dowdy's temper. . . . In between times, Caleb consulted Bert's union associates, tried to get from them some clue to Bert's errand, tried to find out who should be notified of his death. National headquarters wired that they had no record of his family, no one in Wallisport knew anything, and all that Caleb knew about his stanchest friend was what had happened before his eyes.

Every time he came back to the police station he had to discuss further irrelevancies with Jim Dowdy, till at last his patience snapped. "You've satisfied yourself the man is dead, Jim," he said.

(Continued on page 26)

Death Patrol

By Quentin Reynolds

WITH THE FRENCH AIR FORCE AT THE FRONT

They aren't heroes, they're just men—tired men fighting to the limit of human endurance—whose job is to defend France in the air

THE General apologized because the champagne wasn't iced. Champagne is not the ordinary ration of fighting pilots at airdromes near the front. Nor do you usually associate champagne with dugouts and sandbags piled high and a dozen uniformed, tired men leaning wearily against a makeshift bar. But visitors are rare in the region of the front and fighting men like to have a convivial drink. The visit of even a correspondent gives them an excuse.

The General was short and stocky and he had none of the stuffed dignity of the peacetime general. His Croix de Guerre had sixteen palms on it; he had downed twenty-eight planes in the last war. He was General *(name censored) and he* sipped his wine and talked proudly, affectionately about the men who stood with us in the large, well-lighted dugout.

"You don't hear so much of our French fighting planes," he said. "It's because our pilots are teamworkers. Our fighters have two jobs: protection and destruction. They protect other air-force units and land units. They destroy bombers and reconnaissance enemy *planes. They are wonderful, really, and* as for the British pilots, oh! they are great!" He was a tough, blunt general who talked the language of his men; who drank wine with his men; whose eyes met theirs with sympathy and affection. I met them all and it was easy to understand the General's attitude.

There was tall, dark (name censored). An hour earlier he had downed his third Dornier. The rest of them were kidding him about what they called his blind flying. When I asked him what they meant he explained ruefully.

"This morning I was up there flying through a cloud," he said, "when without any warning, a big bomber loomed in front of me. Neither of us had time to shoot. I just zoomed over him, almost scraping his wings. Then I turned and went after him. But the sky was *full of clouds and I couldn't see him.* Just on a hunch I kept firing in one direction and then I heard an explosion. I'd gotten him all right, though I never did see him. He crashed only five kilometers from here."

(One word censored) looked like the Jack Dempsey of Toledo, dark, intense. Except that there were lines of sheer weariness etched on his tanned face. These fighting men work long hours. *They start at 4 A. M. and work until eight* at night. The rest of the time they are, of course, subject to call. But they say the Germans haven't been very effective at night.

The others looked tired too, but grim. They were up against it and they knew it, but they knew too that they were fighting not only for their own lives but for the life of their country. Because they were usually outnumbered four or five to one they had of necessity become great pilots and terrific shots. "That (name censored) now" the General laughed. "He has the Croix Noir in his eyes."

(Two words censored) the Alsatian, sheepishly grinned at what his general had said. The others looked at him with a little awe. He did seem to have the black cross of the German air force. In his eyes. Every time we went up he found some enemy aircraft. He had come back that morning with a sorry-looking ship. His Morane had been riddled with bullets. They counted 731 bullet holes and two cannon holes in it. But somehow or other he had landed safely, had taken another ship and had gone up to get two more Germans. It can't be blood that flows in the arteries of these fighting men. It must be some superfluid.

"It sounded," (name censored) said unexpectedly, "as though I were a kettledrum and they were playing me. It went 'boom, boom, boom.' Then my ship started to fall apart so I came home. Look, your glass is empty."

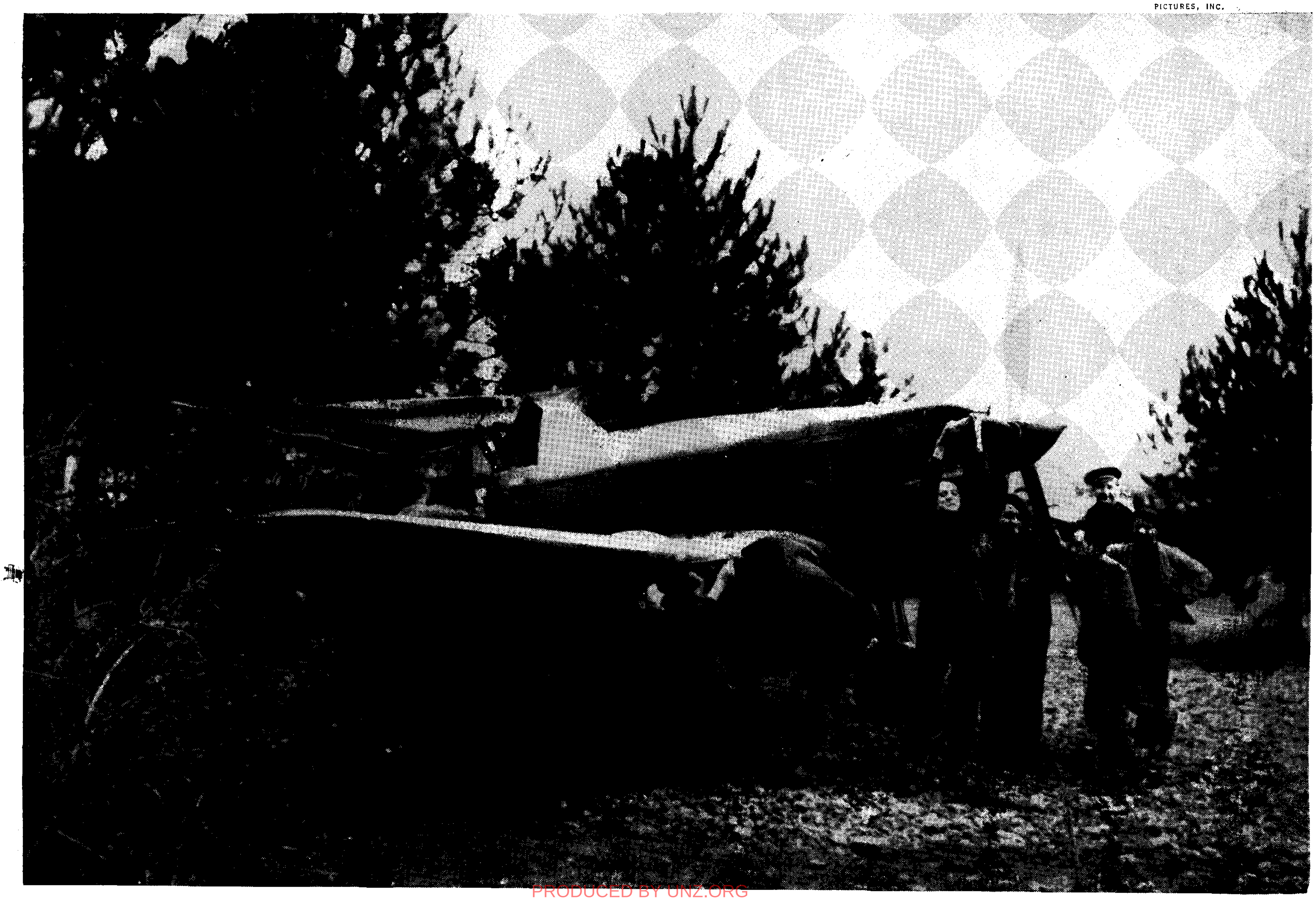
A dozen pilots looked unhappy and disturbed. The glass of a visitor should never be anything but full. But I left.

Outside the dugout there was a space perhaps four feet square and a pilot with six palms on his Croix de Guerre was bending over it anxiously. He had just tacked a sign on a pole. It read: "Watch out for the flowers."

"How can they come up if people step on them?" he asked seriously. "They wouldn't be up for another month anyway," he added.

Another month? There were a hundred men and a hundred planes in this particular group. How many would be there in another month?

(Continued on page 51)



A French plane takes shelter under trees for repairs during the air fighting on the northern front

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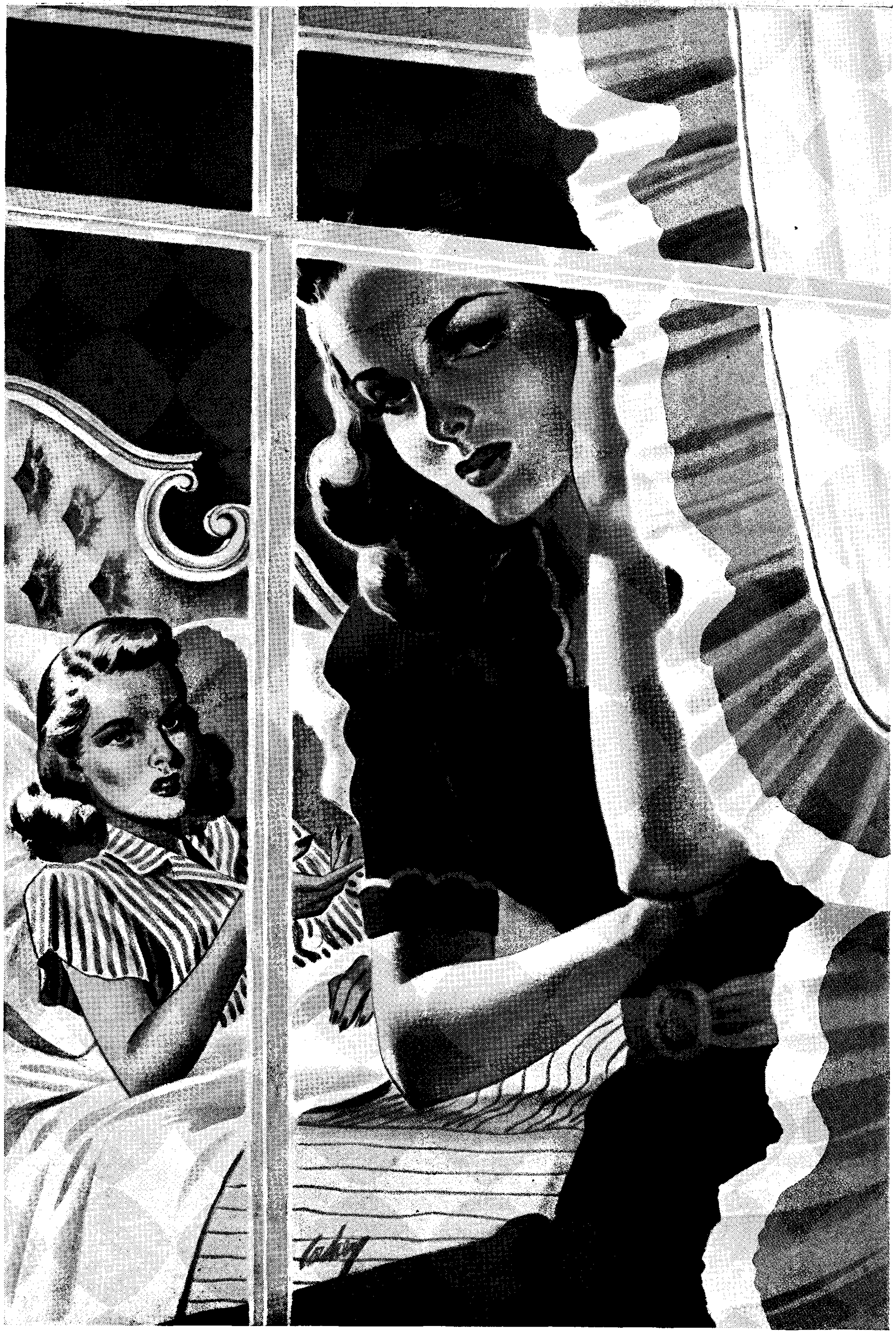
The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



"You don't have to worry about us in the least, you know, Cherry," she said ungraciously

The Story Thus Far:

AN ORPHAN, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings knows almost nothing concerning her early history when, acceding to the wishes of her guardians—Judge Judson Marshbanks and Emma Haskell—she becomes the secretary of Mrs. Porteous Porter, a wealthy San Franciscan.

Busy almost every minute, Cherry nevertheless sees the judge from time to time; and she meets the members of his household: his dictatorial old mother; Amy Marshbanks, debutante daughter of his dead brother, Fred; and Fran, his gay young second wife. . . . Mrs. Porter dies. Shortly afterward Cherry learns (Emma Haskell tells her) that her mother (never married) had been Emma's sister, Charlotte; that her father had been *the judge's brother, Fred—Amy's father;* and that, shortly after Cherry and Amy were born, *Cherry's mother had switched the two babies!* Cherry is really Amelia Marshbanks!

The judge confirms the amazing story. But, to protect Amy, his mother burns certain papers that would prove it to be true. . . . Meanwhile, Cherry has become engaged to Kelly Coates, a young artist (who, for a time, had been infatuated with Fran Marshbanks); and Amy has succumbed to the charms of an Italian count—Mario ("Gogo") Constantino. . . .

Someone murders Judge Marshbanks, shoots him to death in his library! While the papers are screaming the details of the tragedy, Amy and the count are married. . . . The police find a packet of love letters—letters that Kelly Coates had sent to Fran. Learning of this, Kelly tells Cherry that he has nothing to fear; he insists that the letters are quite harmless.

In the midst of the excitement, *Fran Marshbanks confesses!* She asserts that she had shot the judge during a serious quarrel. But Cherry feels sure she is lying, to protect someone; and presently Fran admits as much—intimates that she could name the murderer, if she cared to do so.

Heretofore seemingly unaffected by what has happened, Amy now receives another shock: her father's lawyer, George Comstock, comes to the Marshbanks' residence and produces a letter which, written by Fred Marshbanks and addressed to "My dear daughters" (Amy and Cherry), incontrovertibly proves that Cherry, not Amy, is his legal daughter. Cherry is present when the letter is read. She listens to the end—and faints.

Conclusion

CHERRY awoke three days later to a new world. She had been vaguely, uncomfortably conscious of what was going on about her through long nights and sleepy days, but her one thought then had been to lie still in weakness and drowsiness with only an occasional dreamy word of thanks to those about her who were doing so much to help her through.

Now it was morning; she could tell by the slant of clear winter sunlight on her bedroom wall and by May's manner as she went about the room dusting and straightening everything with a strength and calmness that seemed completely incomprehensible to Cherry.

"May, I feel wonderful," she suddenly said aloud. "Was I very sick?"

"You had a light touch of flu, real flu," May told her.

"A light touch!"

"Well, we had the doctor come in once," May said, "and then yesterday he looked in when he was here to see Mrs. Marshbanks."

"Fran?"

"Yes. She and Miss Amy—the countess, excuse me!—had high strikes and goodness knows what," May said mildly.

"But, good gracious, May, I felt as if I was dying!"

"That's the way you get when you have flu," May warned her. "You've taken off ten pounds."

"I couldn't have in three days!"

"Fever, and not eating. Sure you could have. Mr. Coates was real worried about you."

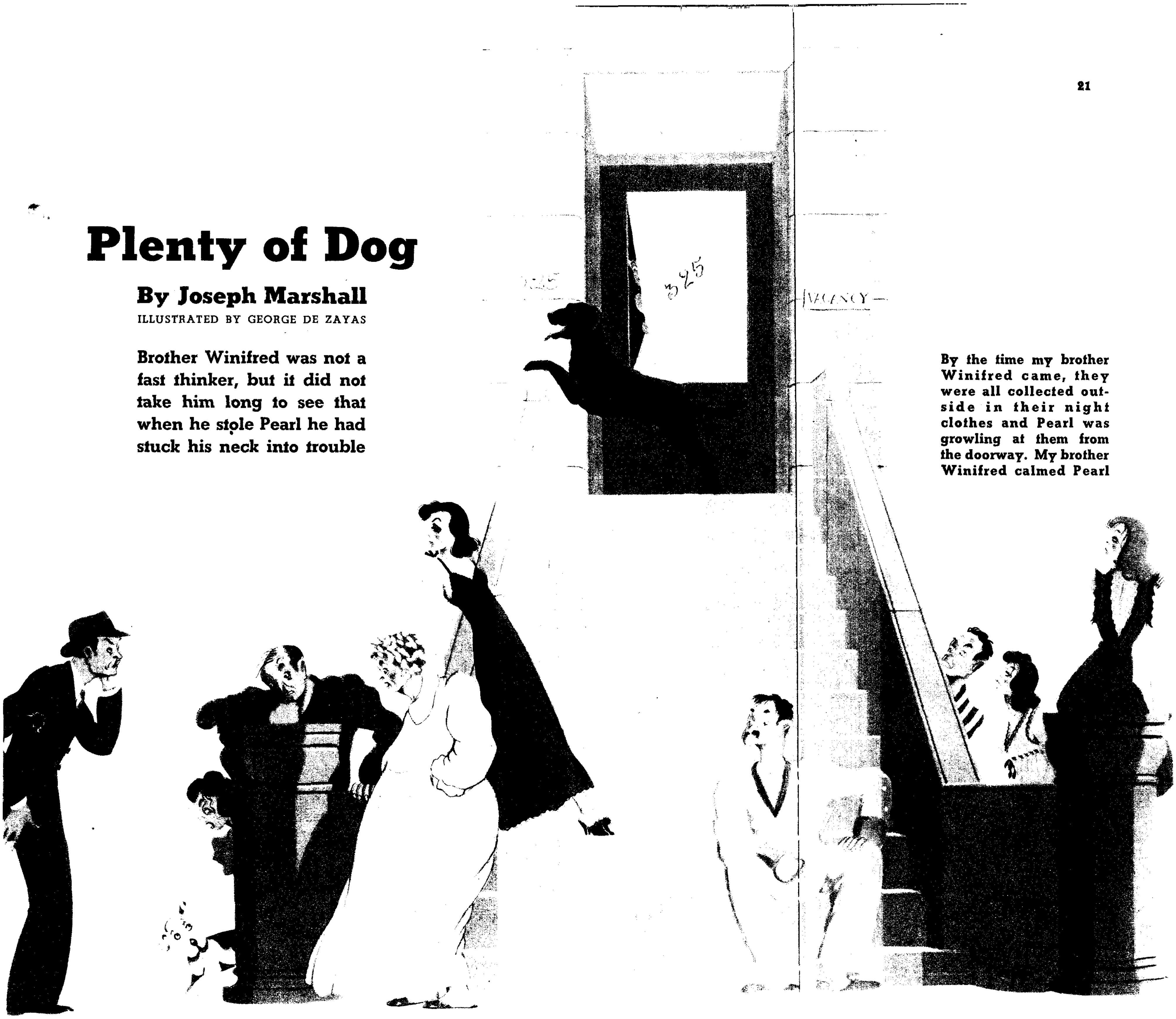
(Continued on page 52)

Plenty of Dog

By Joseph Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Brother Winifred was not a fast thinker, but it did not take him long to see that when he stole Pearl he had stuck his neck into trouble



By the time my brother Winifred came, they were all collected outside in their night clothes and Pearl was growling at them from the doorway. My brother Winifred calmed Pearl

THE trouble with my brother Winifred was Ma thought it was a cute idea to name us twins Fred and Winifred to match our sisters Anna and Diana. You give a big hunk of boy a name that everybody but his mother knows is a girl's name and he will either turn out to be a sissy or he will spend the rest of his life proving to everybody that in spite of him having a girl's name he is all man and tough enough to feed to the lions and with pleasure. He proved it to me by the time he was eight, to the old man by the time he was twelve, to his teachers by the time he was sixteen and to the Navy by the time he was nineteen. It is a good thing Ma did not live to see those days; it would have killed her. Especially when my brother became a dog thief.

At this time my brother Winifred was driving a Magenta hack under the name of W. Fred Barrelblank and one day in the spring of the year on his way to work he stopped at the Cathedral Towers on the Drive at apartment 12F. This was a habit of his and the reason for it was that the maid and cook and in fact all the work at this apartment was a little piece of fluff by the name of Velma Jackson. I have seen better-looking girls than this Velma; but still and all if a shipwrecked sailor was standing on a corner when she sailed by you can be sure he would not wait for something better to come along. And also she had such a way with food that she would be a bargain at half her looks for a guy twice as choosy as my brother Winifred.

WHEN my brother came into the kitchen that day, Velma was stirring in pans and poking into pots and you could smell the beauty of it to this side of yonder.

"Hm, hm," he said to Velma, "it smells like there is going to be a party."

"Yeah," Velma replied to him, "tomorrow night when the mister comes back from Kansas City. He has a big deal in the air and the party will be to celebrate if it goes through. We will have duck in olives. If he makes this deal the company will make him some kind of vice-president. We will have liver soup and pickled walnuts. It will mean a raise in pay. The mister says they will move to a nice big house in the suburbs and raise dogs and the missus says they will take a big apartment on the Gold Coast. For dessert we will have election cake. Right now it looks like they will get a divorce."

"Tsick, tsick," my brother Winifred said, "it sure is a tough life."

"The missus says," Velma went on, "if they take an apartment on the Gold Coast I will get a room there to myself and a raise in pay."

"I have got a better idea," my brother said. "We should get married. We could get us a nice apartment and I would get changed to the day shift and we would have the evenings to ourselves. It would be wonderful."

"Oh, my goodness," Velma said very quick, "that reminds me. Look, Fred, how would you like to do me a favor?"

My brother was disgusted about her changing the subject this way, but he said, "Sure, only I have got to be at the garage in an hour."

"This will only take fifteen minutes," Velma said; "I would like you to take Pearl out to the park for her exercise. I do not dare to leave the cooking without attention for so long."

This Pearl was a dog and belonged to this breed called Chesapeake Bay Retrievers which are good for duck hunters. These dogs stand about three feet high. In fact they stand so high they have got to get on their knees to get under the table to clean up the crumbs and they are absent-minded and often they will forget and get up off their knees before they have crawled back from under the table and then they will walk off with the table on their backs. They are plenty of dog.

"Well, all right," my brother Winifred said, "I will do that for you."

"That's fine," Velma said, "but listen: you let her run loose in the park and if someone should happen to steal her, you should not pay them any attention."

"Huh," my brother exclaimed, "you mean you want her stolen?"

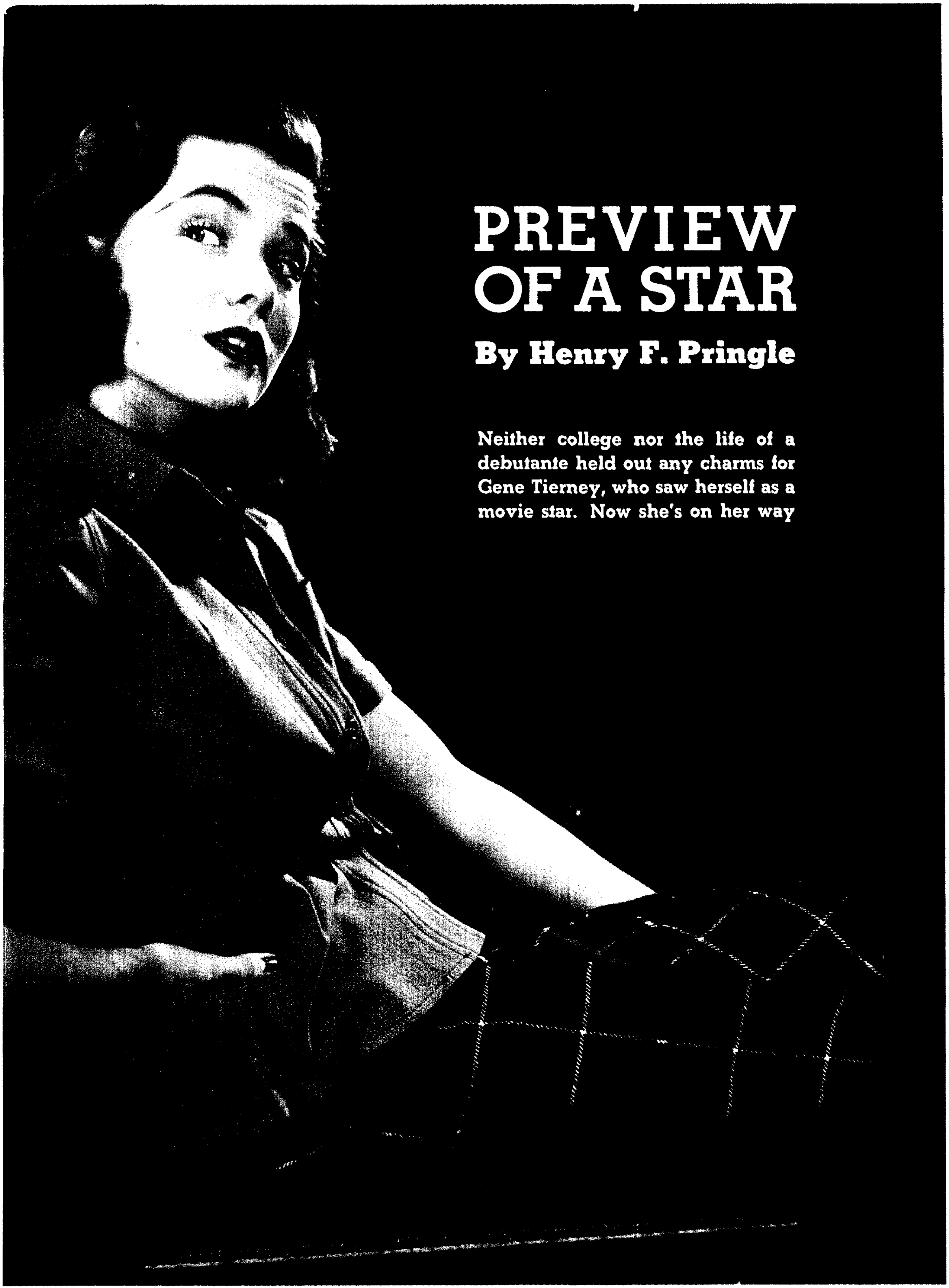
"The missus gave me them orders a couple days ago. She said I should take her out every couple hours and let her run loose and if someone steals her why fine. Now will you take her out, Fred?"

"WELL, okay," my brother said, "only remember I will not take any rap if she is stolen."

"That's all right," Velma said, "just get a look at who done it if you can."

So my brother put a harness on Pearl and he took her out. My brother had been coming around so much Pearl was used to him. In fact she was even a little fond of him. Every once in a while she would take his wrist in her jaw and

(Continued on page 44)



PREVIEW OF A STAR

By Henry F. Pringle

Neither college nor the life of a debutante held out any charms for Gene Tierney, who saw herself as a movie star. Now she's on her way

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

AMONG the stipulations in the contract between Miss Gene Tierney and the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation is a promise by the movie barons that she will not be forced to buy new teeth, dye her hair or have her nose made over by some Hollywood nasal architect.

Such forbearance is rare on the part of the producers, particularly toward actresses so young and relatively inexperienced as Miss Tierney. It constitutes proof of the future that is anticipated for her by Darryl Zanuck, the boss of Twentieth Century. It is also evidence of the fact that she is a fool for luck.

Miss Tierney hopes that he is right about her future and admits the luck. This began, although not in connection with the theater or the screen, approximately ten years ago when she was nine years old. Young Gene was en route to Europe with her mother and older brother that summer, and during the voyage decided to put a letter into a bottle and see what would happen. The chances were several million to one that it would never be heard of again.

Six months later she was quietly attending a small private school in Bridgeport, Connecticut, when the headmaster came in to ask whether any little girl had addressed a letter to the school and set it adrift at sea. After a moment of hesitation, Gene admitted that she had. The principal thereupon produced it. In its travels, Gene was informed, the bottle must have drifted with the currents as far as Scotland and then southward through the North Sea. A peasant living on the coast of France had found it and had forwarded the letter. He intimated that a reward would be welcome, doubtless assuming that any American pulling such a crazy trick would be wealthy. Gene thereupon resolved that she would send him a handsome gift when she made her first million in the movies. In the interim he has had to get along with Christmas cards.

But, of course, behind Gene Tierney's recent arrival in Hollywood is more than luck. She possesses, in addition, a consuming cheek, which is all the more surprising because she is outwardly a mild and pleasant little girl as well as a very pretty one. When Miss Tierney finished school in 1938 she announced that she would not be a debutante or go to college, but would become a movie star.

"Sheer, utter, idiotic nonsense!" said Howard Tierney, her father, who is an insurance broker in New York, and one of the sane Tierneys. "You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Really, dear, that is quite out of the question," objected Mrs. Tierney, who is also sane.

Nobody can accuse Gene of being unfair. She agreed to give three months to being a debutante if—should the life of a social butterfly prove unattractive—she could spend the next decade or two as a screen star. She kept to her bargain and went out zealously with the young men whom Damon Runyon calls Yales and Harvards. She danced at the Stork Club with the Yales, at El Morocco with the Harvards and even went slumming with an occasional Princeton boy.

Irish As You Like It

Among the first theatrical offices Gene crashed was that of George Abbott, late in the fall of 1938. Mr. Abbott was not in, but a principal assistant interviewed Gene. He was impressed by her beauty, but indifferent to her stage potentialities.

"Learn something, dear," he said. "I'd suggest, darling, that you spend a year or two at some dramatic school."

"Thank you, but I don't want to take the time," said the brash and aging youngster.

Precisely why memory of little Tierney lingered in the Abbott office is not recorded, although the best guess is that astonished shock on the part of the aide was responsible. In any event, Gene was called back a few days later. Mr. Abbott was putting on a show called Mrs. O'Brien Entertains. The role of a young Irish girl might possibly be available if Gene could speak with a fine, rich brogue. This was going to be tough, but Miss Tierney replied glibly that she could imitate the women of Dublin, Killarney, Limerick or Belfast. Just let them name their brand, begorrah. The sad truth, though, was she had not even heard an Irish servant speak. Her family had never employed one.

Gene was momentarily scared on the day of her tryout. She had never been on a stage before, professional or amateur. The darkened auditorium seemed to be alive with experienced actresses whose expressive nostrils dilated with indignant disdain. The Abbott aide handed her a magazine story that contained some lines of Irish dialect. Gene was told to read them. She did so in what her mother remembers was a voice more flavored with Scotch than with Irish. The Abbott man said, "Thank you, darling," and sent her home. In another few days, Miss Tierney was called back to read for the great Abbott himself.

"You have the part, dear," he said. "Now get to work."

All of which still makes no sense. Miss Tierney's buoyant self-confidence nearly deserted her again at the opening in Baltimore. She got nice notices, however. In New York, Brooks Atkinson of The New York Times noted that this was her first stage appearance, that she was "very pretty." He added, not knowing the facts, that she was "refreshingly modest." Miss Tierney could not carry Mrs. O'Brien Entertains by herself, however. The show closed after a brief run. Early last fall she was in another Abbott venture, Ring Two, which met the same fate.

Gene was doing all right, on the other hand. The Hollywood scouts were impressed with her looks and began to make offers. A few weeks after Ring Two closed, Gene got a bid for the part of the kid sister in James Thurber's none

(Continued on page 49)

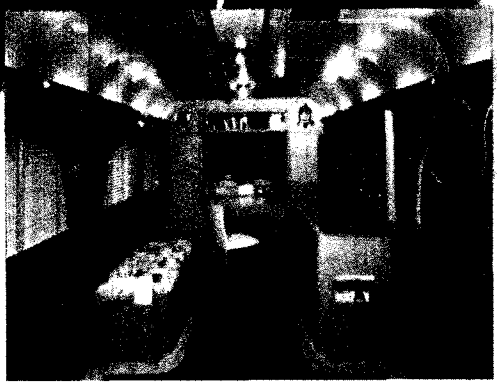
COMMANDER GATTI
Returns from BELGIAN CONGO with Great Enthusiasm for INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

AFRICA
BELGIAN CONGO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN

THE EQUATORIAL HEART OF DARKEST AFRICA

Commander and Mrs. Gatti. —from the frontispiece of their book, "Great Mother Forest," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The de luxe caravan in the village of Niangara. All the trucks are standard chassis, as sold by your dealer.



The beautiful living room and observation-dining car, with library, desk, and bar. Note indirect lighting, telephone, and two-way radio. There are also two perfectly appointed bedrooms and an all-electric kitchen. Each stainless-steel trailer unit is 40 feet in length.

◆ ◆ ◆

A few of the 70 wives of the Mangbetu king, Ekibondo. Note the elongated skulls, resulting from binding the heads of babies, beginning two hours after they are born.

"These crude African dirt roads are flooded by the rainy seasons and amputated in long stretches by maddened streams; thrown up and down crazy mountain chains in unbelievable hairpin turns and climbs."
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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

The Lieutenant Died Last

Continued from page 10

watched the astonishing behavior of young Brewitt. The boy leaped and zigzagged down the road, then he came to the gate and scrabbled desperately at the catch. Three rifles went off together and young Brewitt fell. "The bloody Bojers," Purves said aloud, the old brain creaking rustily back forty years to South Africa and an ambush on the veldt.

Young Brewitt wasn't dead—they had fired, humanely, at his legs—but he was crippled for life. He shared with Purves the heroic events of that evening, but there were always some who said that he had intended to hide all night in the lavatory. About old Purves' movements and intentions there was no doubt at all.

HE FIRST of all unearthed the whisky bottle, took a long drink and hid it again, then he had a look at his traps and then he sidled like a ferret out of Lord Drew's grounds into the high nettles. He slid among them crouching, his chin protected by a two-weeks beard. He had got his gun out from under his coat—the old rifle that went back like his memory forty years to another war. It was as if 1914 to 1918 were an interlude he had hardly noticed at all.

Young Brewitt had been carried back into the Black Boar and two men had been left on guard. The rest, with the lieutenant, now set off across the common toward the railway line, carrying picks and crowbars, their rifles slung. Two carried a box between them. Old Purves, working his way from gorse bush to gorse bush, followed.

He knew the common, of course, as well as he knew Lord Drew's estate, and at first he thought, because of the tools they carried which he could not see clearly in the darkening air, that they were bound for the gravel pit, dry and abandoned twenty years ago, a hundred yards from the railway line. A miniature one-track line connected it with a disused siding, and an old steel truck lay on its side, tipped off the rail. But the Bojers passed that by, clambering up the embankment onto the line beyond.

Old Purves, worming his way along toward the gravel pit, thought they were a beautiful sight, outlined like that against the sky. They had left their rifles, all but two men, in the bushes below the embankment, so that they could slide quickly and inconspicuously down if a train appeared—on that long stretch of rail you could see an engine's smoke two miles away. Now four of them bent and pulled and worked at the rails, two followed the lieutenant farther down the line with the box, and two stood rather slackly on guard.

They never saw old Purves get down into the gravel pit. He scrabbled up to the edge where a bush hid him and got a line on one of the armed guards—the unarmed ones could wait. Then he pulled the trigger and, before the shattering explosion of the ancient rifle could clear, the man was down.

It was like one of those trick films that suddenly stop and then go on again, fast. Down the line the officer had swung round with his revolver out. The two men with him had their mouths open. Picks and crowbars suddenly stopped, one of them in mid-air. Then life started again. The guard fired at old Purves' smoke and the bullet kicked gravel up against his cheek. The men working dropped their tools and tumbled down the embankment to where they had left their rifles. Old Purves chose his next victim, and fired.

A German halfway down the embankment tumbled, but old Purves had given away his position and though he ducked at once, the guard, stretched out now on top of the embankment, nipped a bullet close by his ear. When he took another peep the workmen had got their rifles, though the two men with the box a hundred yards up the line were still unarmed. That meant that four rifles could be brought to bear, not counting the lieutenant who was crawling back. Old Purves chuckled—it was more fun than rabbit shooting.

But the others too had learned their lesson. The lieutenant was shouting orders that the poacher couldn't understand. While the guard remained on top of the embankment the others, taking advantage of the bushes, began to circle round to get the sun behind them. Old Purves wasn't disturbed: he knew his battlefield. From one end of the gravel pit ran a trench. Because of the overhanging bushes it couldn't be seen from above; to the watcher on the embankment he was cornered. Old Purves ducked under the gorse into the little hot tunnel.

"No, sir. No experience at all. If you hire me, you will be my first job!"

KIRK STILES

The trench sloped gently up and soon he was going on all fours, then out he came into the tall bracken. He took a daring look: the guard had his eye fixed on the gravel pit, the two men up the line had left their box and were crawling toward their rifles, the three men and the lieutenant had made a half circle and were now steadily crawling toward the pit—their backs were half turned to him, and again they had the worst of the light.

OLD PURVES at this point of the game could have retired safely, with all the honors, but he was enjoying himself. He waited until one of the men, in screening himself from the supposed enemy in the gravel pit, had exposed himself to his enemy in the flank—then old Purves let him have it "proper," or rather he meant to: for the first time he nearly missed; the man dropped his rifle and slumped heavily down, nursing his hand. "Darn it," old Purves said and ducked at once under the bracken; the heavy leaves held in the smoke, dispersed it like great ferns, so that it seeped away in little almost invisible streamers here and there against the sunset: not one of the men suspected that the shot had come from the rear.

They were almost at the rim of the pit now. The lieutenant gave an order, they leaped to their feet and were over it. But this time old Purves couldn't have made a mistake if he'd tried—firing quickly he got two. Only the lieutenant leaped to safety.

BY THAT time the two unarmed men had reached their rifles and the guard had spotted old Purves. Before he could get down, a shot from the embankment got his left shoulder. It was like the kick of a cart horse; he could feel the bone go, leaving behind a vague, dim spreading ache. He sat still among the bracken and wished he had some whisky with him. Another bullet came dangerously close. He could hear the scrape of the officer's footsteps at the entrance to the trench. He tried to move, but the swaying bracken gave him away and a bullet missed him narrowly. He swore softly; this time he was trapped.

He was saved by an engine from Fenham Heath. It was going north with a string of empty cars. The guard saw it before old Purves did and tumbled off the embankment: if old Purves had been fit to fire at that moment he could have got him. The three men now hugged the ground under the embankment and a whistle warned the lieutenant to keep out of sight. They didn't want a warning carried up the line; they couldn't tell that the nearest troops were twenty miles away at least.

As the engine came into sight old Purves saw his chance. He bolted through the bracken toward the overturned truck which would protect him from all of them but the lieutenant—the lieutenant only had a revolver and the light now was shockingly bad. Nobody fired at him; he was safely into cover and let fly a bullet at one of the empty trucks as the train went by. It was just possible that the engine driver might report it at the next station. Then he swung round and sent a shot at th[illegible] officer who had got out of the gravel pit, but the pain in his shoulder was upsetting his aim and he missed.

All the same, though he didn't know it then, he'd won the game. They were scared and harried and didn't know what to think. All the lieutenant was concerned with now was to get his business finished quickly. He dodged round to his men and they all began a kind of strategic retirement up the line, along the edge of the embankment. Old Purves sent another shot after them, ineffectively. Then he swore gently because he'd only one shot left.

He watched the four men, a little puzzled. They were climbing up onto the embankment again: he didn't shoot because the light was bad now. One man fired a warning shot at him. The others were opening the box. It seemed to contain string. . . . Old Purves was irritated; he didn't like being ignored. He took aim rather wildly and fired.

For a moment it was as if the end of the world had come, blasting up against the truck that sheltered him. There were lamentable cries. When the fury of air and fire had died away, he came out of shelter and picked his way through the bushes—there was nobody left to fire at him. This was massacre.

He didn't like it. It turned his stomach over like dynamiting fish. The strange thing was that the rails were the only things left untorn.

THE lieutenant was not dead. He called out in English, "Kill me. Please kill me." Old Purves always felt pity for broken animals, but he hadn't a bullet left. Then he saw the officer's revolver three yards away. . . . Afterward he looked through his pockets. There was nothing of value, but a photograph of a naked baby on a hearthrug again made his stomach turn over.

That was really the end of old Purves' battle—the rest was only what they call in France "mopping up." He went back to his traps and drank what was left of his whisky. Two rabbits had already been snared. Then with the rabbits in his poacher's pockets and the lieutenant's revolver in his hand he went down cautiously to the Black Boar. There they had listened fearfully to the sound of the shots and the explosion: the guards were nearly as scared as the people of Potter.

When old Purves appeared suddenly behind them with the revolver they surrendered at once. They, with two wounded men among the gorse, were the only survivors of the parachute descent—it had been a discouraging failure for the German high command because of old Purves' absence from the village, in Lord Drew's grounds. Then someone saw the rabbits and charged him with poaching, and, as I have said, a week later he was released with a caution and a rather cold commendation. He was quite gratified: he didn't expect medals and, as he said, "I've got one back o[illegible] them bloody Bojers."

For a while people visited him and gave him tips in return for his story—"They runned just like little rabbits," he used to say—and for the sight of a few souvenirs, but that source of income soon failed, and he was back in no time on the wrong side of Lord Drew's wall. One souvenir he never showed to anyone—the photograph of the baby on the mat. Sometimes he took it out of a drawer and looked at it himself—uneasily. It made him—for no reason that he could understand—feel bad.

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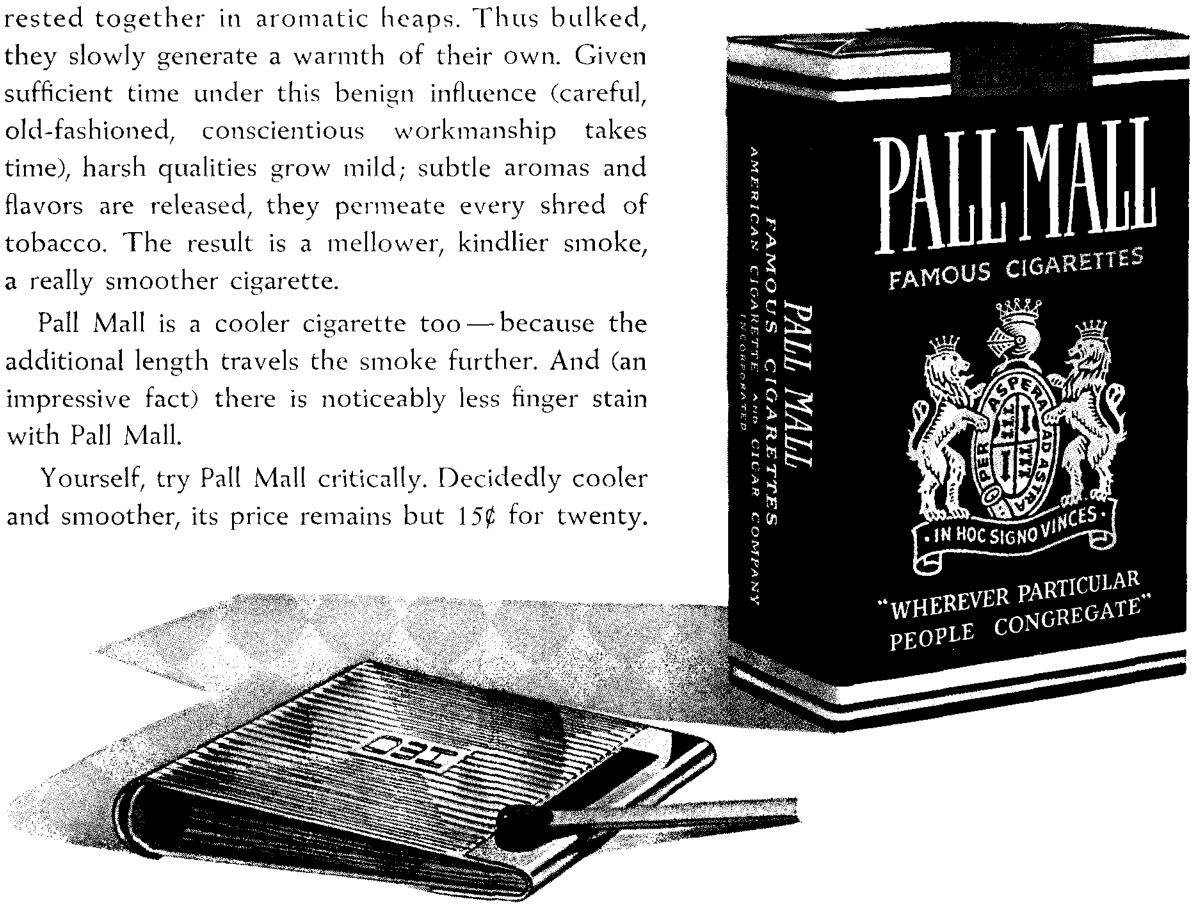
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 18

"You aren't interested in how he died. The truth is, you're glad he's out of your way. Then have the human decency to let me take charge." He kept remembering the hideous room, downstairs, where he had looked last night at a dead friend. "It's simple enough, Jim—I want to bury Bert."

Here was an obstinate Irishman's spurious reasonableness. "Lots of time, Caleb. Lots of things I want to know about."

"What?"

"For instance, who brung you the word he wanted to see you—"

The same maddening insistence. . . . He had telephoned Hope last night to tell her he had seen the body. He had telephoned her again this morning but her aunt had said, "I've got her to sleep at last." . . . He had to watch his temper. "I'm not being cagey, Jim. I'll tell you if you insist—but not till after the funeral. I'm going to see to it that the boy is buried. With decency and dignity, Jim—without any more uproar. After that you can go on being obnoxious, but I'm going to bury him first." That was mild enough, but he could no longer hold back the accusation. "I don't know how he came to die, but he would be alive this minute if you hadn't hounded him with trumped-up, idiotic charges at the instigation of a plain damned fool."

If in strained moments he had referred to Jim as a red-necked Mick, the adjective was now justified. "Here's a man we got a warrant out for! You know it and so you hide him. Then you drive him out of town, to keep us from getting him. Then he comes to see you and leaves word you're to meet him. Maybe we got a legitimate interest in the guy who the guy has to see that burned down the mills."

"You chiselhead," Caleb said dispassionately, "he didn't set that fire."

The chiselhead contained himself. "Yeah? Who did?"

He realized that Jim Dowdy knew only the official facts and had not even heard Bert's theory, however outrageous he would have thought it. "That's an interesting question," he said. "Another interesting one is, who sent you to my place to look for something you didn't find?"

Jim breathed hard. "What was we looking for and how do you know? We ain't clapped a warrant on you—I don't just know why. Hendricks is dead—but you ain't, Caleb. You got a lot of talkin' to do. Pretty damn' soon."

It was almost a satisfaction to be attacked, but he wanted something from Jim Dowdy and could not afford to be defiant. "Sure, maybe I set that fire. People fully as bright as you have thought so." That was not a peaceful start and he checked himself, struggling for patience to deal with a man who was tolerably intelligent and tolerably honest, however misinformed. But in a repulsive basement room under his feet Bert Hendricks, who had faced death with him and saved his life, was now dead.

"The man is dead," he said quietly. "He won't bother you any more. You admit there's nothing whatever against him here night before last. He just came here and then he went on to Gorham and got drowned. As you point out, I'm here and you can lay me by the heels any time. . . . Turn him over to me, Jim. After he has been decently buried, we can sift all the dust again."

Without relaxing any of his suspicion, Jim suddenly agreed. "Okay. You can sign for the body."

Body! That meant Bert Hendricks, who had been more alive than most. In the outer office he endured the intricacies of red tape and was at last recognized as the legal custodian of a corpse. The thing was done.

"Don't get no notion to take a trip," Jim said. "We'll be seein' each other."

"After you've consulted with your principal?" Caleb asked.

That was incautious but had been produced by a sudden upsurge of wrath. It was the police who had killed Bert! Urged on, of course, by the numskull who managed the Gabriel mills. Except for the servility of the police and John's hostility there would have been no need for Bert to sneak into town. It was so far impossible to guess why he had come, but surely if he had been able to come openly, as was his right, he would not have been drowned.

Legally no one was responsible, not even the police who, with a fine irony, now permitted him to be buried. The peace officers of Massachusetts expected so many drownings per year—and here was one of them. But outside the law there was a responsibility that could not be evaded. Bert Hendricks had been killed by John Gabriel.

More wires had to be sent to national headquarters. An undertaker had to be consulted. A lot in the Wallisport cemetery had to be bought. And twenty-four hours ago he had expected to be talking with Bert over a beer.

Grave sadness had displaced his rebelliousness, driving home. But anger came back when Nate Jenkins stopped him. "I've got nothing to say to you, Nate."

"Let's you and me be friends," Nate said. "I thought I'd come around tonight when my trick's over and ask a couple of questions. Not as a cop, just in a private way."

"I've told Jim Dowdy I've answered all the questions I'm going to." But he stopped when Nate said, "Curious, Hope Shaler was comin' home with you from where you was to meet this guy. And I never seen a guy drowned with his own hat on before, but this guy was even drowned with your hat on. You said he borrowed it when he went to Boston. Wasn't your car I seen it in that night."

It was crowding in again. Not even decent grief could keep it out. And, drastically, Nate was talking about Hope.

"What time does your trick finish?"

"I'll be around before seven."

At home he emptied on his desk the already memorized contents of the envelope that had been turned over to him. It was a pathetic inventory. There was a cheap watch, a pocketknife, a comb, a fingernail file, a World's Fair penny, a folder of keys. There was a fountain pen, a couple of pencils, a memorandum book that was falling apart after being soaked—some pages were matted together and some were indecipherable but every address in it would have to be written to. There was a passbook of a Brooklyn bank, showing a balance of a hundred and forty dollars. There were twenty-two dollars in bills and sixty cents in change. There were a couple of union cards in the wallet, some miscellaneous notes, a snapshot of a young woman—and that was the best hope, if not the only one. There were a couple of letters about union affairs. That was all. Apart from some clothes somewhere, conceivably this was the sum of Bert's possessions. No, one thing more in the wallet, a folded piece of newsprint, almost disintegrated from salt water. Caleb was able to unfold it. It was a clipping from the Transcript, the photograph of Hope that had been printed when her engagement was announced.

Hope woke to long shadows on the lawn and the sun setting. For a moment that light was pure peace, then she remembered. But what wrung her now was only sorrow—rebelliousness and despair had spent themselves last night, in the hours of a long confession to Aunt Elinor. Now, though desolate, she was quiet. She lay for a few minutes remembering, then got up and began to dress.

Aunt Elinor heard her and brought in a tray with coffee and toast. The scalding coffee brought vitality to her body and a kind of courage to her heart Aunt Elinor was watching her with alert affection. Aunt Elinor knew everything now—well, nearly everything. She laid no blame, spoke no recrimination, she was just worried about Hope.

"It's all right, darling," Hope said. "I cried it out last night."

That was true. She could stand there, brushing her hair before a mirror, turning to sip the coffee—and realize that Bert was dead, remember how she had clung to him in the darkness, remember that he had kissed her—and remembering all this, she no longer felt the stunned and impotent resentment she had felt last night but only loss. A man had come into her life and given her a vivid experience of friendship and courage, and now he was dead.

"What has been happening?" she asked.

"You went to sleep. You had had all you could stand and so you crumpled You've slept fourteen hours. Your eyes look better. But you look—skinny. Nobody can grow skinny overnight, but that's how you look." She touched Hope's cheek. "You haven't done anything that any decent person wouldn't do. Don't reproach yourself for anything."

Only for not having done more for Bert. "Has anyone found out anything?"

"John has phoned three times, Caleb twice—"

Yes, that would come flooding back now, unsolved enmities violating the quiet sorrow of friendship. But maybe. . . . A thought began to form with infinite slowness, and it had healing in it. Maybe out of Bert's death would come—surely John would come to his senses now, surely Caleb would give up his antagonism. In the shadow of tragedy it had become possible to believe that things would straighten out. It was beginning to be over!

"What did Caleb say about Bert?"

"Nothing. I told them both you were sleeping"—that would be another bewilderment for John to struggle with—"and I wouldn't wake you. The paper just says that his body was found I must say, it's an odd thing."

Odd! In the entire language Aunt Elinor could have found no weaker word. An idea came crowding into Hope's mind, so darkly horrible that she could not tolerate it. No! It was all over now. Caleb would have found out by now what had happened. He would tell her. This just meant that she had been asleep and he hadn't been able to talk to her.

She tried to telephone to Caleb but he did not answer, and her serenity began to fade. Why didn't he phone her? What was he doing? Couldn't he understand that she had to know what he had found out? . . . Oh, be still! Caleb would tell her. All she had to do was to wait.

She put on a hat and told Aunt Elinor "I'll get jittery if I sit still. I'm going for a walk. If John calls again, tell him not to come tonight—"

"Oh?"

The shadowed inquiry in that syllable was altogether unjustified! She only meant—well, there would be a final clearing up now, she would tell John everything, that was the proper and adequate ending But she could not bear it tonight, and she was not strong enough to sustain John through it Tomorrow—wait till tomorrow!

"If Caleb calls, tell him to come over. I've got to know what happened."

She went to the sea wall where the drive ran along the beach. The tide was coming in and the light was beginning to fail There was Persis Neck—her anger at Caleb seemed ages ago. But not so long ago as the night when she had floated among the Farrow Shoals with him, an hour after realizing that she had fallen in love with John. But she was impelled to gaze beyond the Shoals to where the white-red-white of Sachem Head came on as she looked. Two or three miles beyond Sachem Head someone had been walking along the beach yesterday, and had seen something, and had found Bert's body.

He had been so alive! She thought of his derisive courage and the steel purpose beneath his mocking lightheartedness She had made him kiss her when they were saying goodby near Blue Hill, after she had driven him out of reach of enemies that included her own fiancé. There was his gay jeer, "I never kissed a lady up to now." She was going to remember all her life that she had driven him there and made him kiss her. Then the night before he died, in the late darkness, standing in the open door, he had kissed her again—this time on his own impulse. She was going to remember that, too.

Someone was coming toward her. She and Natalie recognized each other at the same moment.

"Oh!" she said, confused, "what are you doing here?"

"Walking. Don't bother me. Goodby."

Hope was startled and Natalie seemed to be too, coming out of a similar abstraction. "I feel like the devil. I didn't mean to be rude." They stared at each other. "Why," Natalie said, "there are tears in your eyes! People can cry! You don't know how lucky you are."

Maybe her own sorrow gave her prescience; at any rate, Hope had a flash of understanding. "Greg has been ordered back to England!"

"Why should that trouble me?" Natalie said carelessly. Surprise began to widen her eyes. "How do you know?" Then, "Do you know about Greg and me?"

"Of course. I'm—I feel so darned sorry for you, Natalie."

Natalie's hand went to her jacket, in dismay. "But—why—then everyone must know! Why do we imagine there are secrets? Everyone but John Gabriel must know. The whole town will s[illegible] that I'm an abandoned mistress, when he sails And all the time you have the innocent delusion that only you and he know."

"What does it matter when you're in love with him?"

"What do you know about being in love?" Natalie demanded "Love isn't for young girls—you think that picking out a trousseau is being in love Wait till you realize you despise the man you're in love with and despise yourself for being in love with him. Wait till you're bound to him by hate quite as

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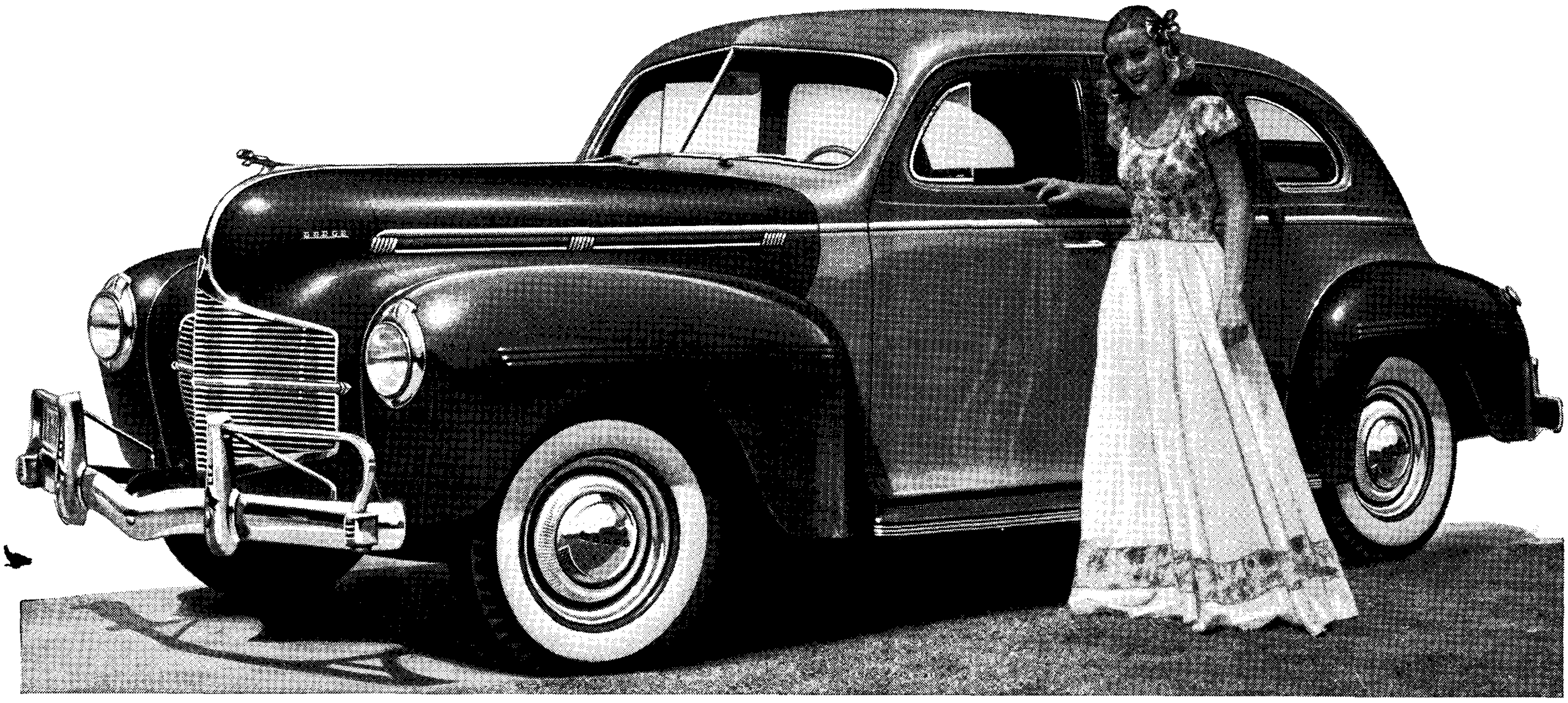

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DISTILLED AND
INSULATED
...AGAINST HEAT...AGAINST COLD

much as by love. Wait till the worst you know about yourself is that you're in love!"

"You mustn't say those things. You've got to respect yourself!"

Shock came into Natalie's eyes and then her face—well, it seemed to crumple. Her eyes closed, their lids quivered, tears showed on her cheeks, and Hope put her arms around her. "Don't! Nothing is worth it. At least he is alive." There was a thought of Bert in that, but at once she realized that Natalie was thinking Greg might not be alive much longer. He was called home to war. . . . She sat on the sea wall and pulled Natalie's head to her shoulder, took off the smart little hat, smoothed the sand-gold curls. Natalie's sobs were harsh, then they diminished, then she wasn't crying any more. And this was one of the queerest things that Hope had ever done—sitting here while the breeze woke and the stars came out, comforting a woman who had treated her with more than a little contempt.

Natalie sat up finally, dabbed her cheeks, brought her hair into order, took her hat and put it on. "I've always supposed I wasn't soft. I've been trained to do what I had to do, without howling about it. Isn't it funny how we let death scare us, and all the while we take dishonor in our stride? . . . It's odd to be thanking you, but—thanks. If sometimes I've seemed to think I was superior to you, that was another of my mistakes. Maybe I can do what I've got to, now. Without howling."

That didn't mean anything. But someone should tell Natalie that if she felt degraded she wasn't in love. . . . Natalie turned homeward and so did Hope, the other way.

CALEB was talking with Aunt Elinor. He crossed the room to take both her hands, his eyes warm. With a rush of gratitude, she realized that both attack and defense were over, they had gained some high promontory of quiet alliance. Caleb's face seemed thinner and she knew now what Aunt Elinor meant by saying he looked skinny.

There had been a short, perfunctory inquest that morning, Caleb told her. It was officially admitted that Bert had been drowned. Caleb had taken charge. He hadn't been able to locate any of Bert's relatives. No one knew whether he had any. (How dreadful!) Bert's possessions had been turned over to Caleb, and he had bought a lot in the Wallisport cemetery. Bert would be buried tomorrow afternoon. Union people would come to the funeral. And Caleb. And, of course, Hope.

Talk ran out and there was this silent accord binding the three of them together. After a while Aunt Elinor said, "When you're young, it's best to take trouble standing on your feet. Caleb, walk this girl along the sea for an hour and then bring her home and let me put her to bed."

Hope smiled, for that had Aunt Elinor's transparent wish in it. Didn't she realize that they had got beyond romance to an exalted place where there was no personal emotion of any kind but only their memory of Bert? . . . They went out into the salt air—and when they reached the sidewalk Hope stopped short, for there was John, just getting out of his car. He came up to them in the darkness and his voice was the voice of an angry man, of a man roweled and goaded to the limit of what he could stand. "This is why you had your aunt tell me not to come!"

SO HOPE'S achieved serenity was shattered by plain jealousy. She felt only shock now, but she would feel much more than that pretty soon. "Yes," she said, "I wanted to talk to Caleb about Bert."

"Had you forgotten your promise not to see him again?"

Caleb, who hadn't taken his hand from her arm, said, "Oh, that was it? It wasn't a decision you reached by yourself, then?"

She said, "Please, Caleb," in the queer knowledge that she was surer of his consideration than of John's. And, "Please, John! I'm going to talk to you tomorrow. Till everything is cleared up. I'm going to—oh, everything can come out right now, if you'll let it, if you don't wreck it—"

"Take your hand off her arm!" John said harshly. The hand tightened on her arm and Caleb said, "Why should I?" But she was angry now. "Be grown up, both of you! Remember there's a man dead!"

"And what about the dead man?" John said. "What does it matter to you that he's dead?" His voice was shaking. "Most of all, why must you talk about him with the man whose hat was found with his body? I demand to know what it means, Hope."

Caleb wasn't holding her hand now, and had stepped nearer John. "If we're demanding," he said, at his quietest, "just what do you mean about my hat?"

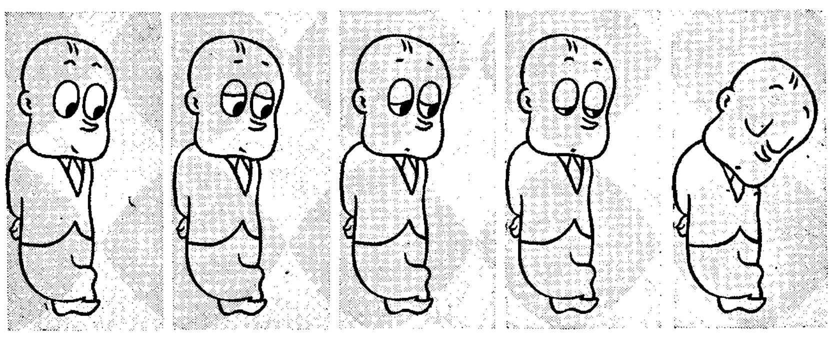
"It's one of the unexplained things, isn't it? There's a sizable pile of them by now. So they're going to be explained. Were you careless about that hat?"

She knew both of these men completely. She felt the full force of John's hostility. But what dismayed her was her recognition of Caleb's terrible anger. "You sneaking coward," he said, with ice falling in each word, "you murdered Bert Hendricks as surely as if you'd shot him through the head!"

There was a single necessity, to get them separated. "Be quiet, Caleb!" she said instantly. "John, go home! Don't say anything, don't say a word. Get in your car and go home." Damn her scared voice! "There's a chance left for us still, John. Not much of a chance—and it's fading fast. Does it mean anything to you? In all this muddle, are you still in love with me? I'm doing my best to remember I'm in—"

"I won't have you abasing yourself—"

"Be quiet, Caleb!" She went on, more steadily: "Let's not say the things that will destroy our one chance. Go home



Chess

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Even the dog didn't know me!

1. THIS IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW to tell you about a personal experience that happened to me not long ago. I'll never forget it!

2. IF YOU HAVE EVER BEEN THROUGH a siege of what is politely called "intestinal sluggishness," you'll know I'm not exaggerating. You feel exactly like this mask *looks.*

3. AND THEN, just to make things perfect, those trips to the medicine cabinet! I used to grimace every time I thought of it. Even the dog didn't know me!

4. UNTIL ONE MEMORABLE MORNING I discovered a delicious cereal called ALL-BRAN. My mother had given it to me the day before. With simple logic she'd explained: "We all need the right kind of 'bulk' in our diets. You probably don't get enough. If so, eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day, drink plenty of water, and you'll get at the *cause* of the trouble." And *did* I? Just take a good look at me now!

Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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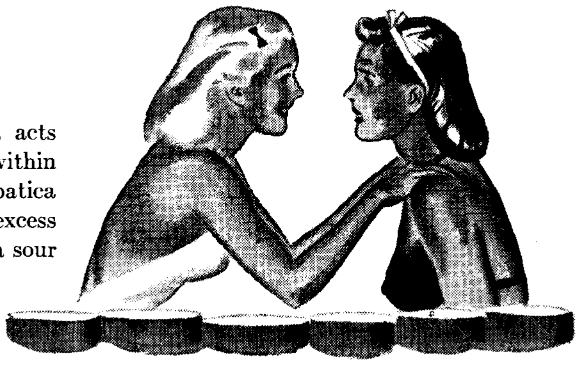
Co-ed learns lesson at beach

Co-Ed: Here I am dated up by the only eligible male in the hotel—and on comes a logy, sickish headache that will last all day. Can you beat it?

Friend: It needn't, silly. Didn't you learn at college that Sal Hepatica acts fast, *two* ways?



Co-Ed: Two ways? Fast?

Friend: First, Sal Hepatica acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. Second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract excess gastric acidity—helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

LATER THAT MORNING

Co-Ed: Right you were! My head's clearer, and I feel much better already—thanks to you.

Friend: Thanks to Sal Hepatica, I'd say. But here comes your Date, so I'll scram.

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

now, John. Come to see me in the morning. We'll say what has to be said, then. It won't be much after all, if you really—"

"You have repeatedly forced me to protect him—"

"Yes. And still worse, John. It looks pretty bad—when you're thinking like a man whose anger has swallowed his good sense. It looks like nothing at all—when you're a man who is in love with me." She was as intense as possible, but she felt a distant wonder, whether this was a wish to save the fragments of their love affair, or whether it was a need to free Caleb from his suspicion. "I don't know what incredible things you're thinking about that hat. But I can tell you about it. Bert borrowed it when he left town—he didn't have his own. I know. You see, I was there. I drove him to Boston. It wasn't Caleb who did that, it was me. . . . There you are, John. Yes, I should have told you long ago. I didn't. . . . Go home now. Come to see me tomorrow."

SHE knew that the impact had stupefied him but she had little sympathy to spare for anyone but herself. He whispered, "Leave you with him!" too shocked to say more, and went to his car and drove away. . . . This was what people called a love affair! It would turn out one way or the other. No knowing which. For the life of her, she couldn't see that it mattered. What mattered was that a crisis had been safely passed.

She said, "Weren't we going to take a walk?" Then she felt a sudden fear—the one thing that would be even worse. She almost said, "Don't make love to me!" But that wasn't going to happen. Caleb said, "You poor child!" and brought tears to her eyes. He took her arm again, as he would take a child's, and there was a child's comfort in walking in the dark with a friend when another friend was dead.

It was natural to go on to Persis Neck, and to turn down that barren sandspit. The times when they had watched storms here, and the flight of geese, and the fluctuation of the tides—all the old companionship was a strength now, and they could talk about Bert in a sad, tranquil way. But peacefulness could not last and the irrepressible questions began to crowd in again. What had happened? Where had Bert gone from Hope's house? Why did he go to Gorham? Why had he gone to the beach? How had he drowned?

There was no answer and she felt the dark walls closing in again. Caleb said several times, "I don't know but I'll find out." She knew he would. And in spite of herself she was afraid that the mystery he was determined to get rid of might have in it worse things than anything that had happened.

It was a chance remark of Caleb's that confirmed her—and let loose the full terror of that mystery. "Here we are," he said ironically, "the two of us, shattered by the death of a friend. And I think how cold the type is when you read it. 'Labor Leader Found Drowned—' "

"Oh!" Her breath caught. "Oh!" The cry was brittle, almost a scream. "He meant *this*. I'd forgotten! I truly had. Caleb, Bert knew that this might happen!"

Caleb seized both her arms. "What are you talking about?"

"He must have!" Fear ran through her like a rising gale. "He said to tell you if I read about him in the papers! I didn't know what he meant. He must have meant—this! Something like this!"

"Tell me what?"

"You're hurting me!" His grip relaxed but he was shaking her and saying, "What are you talking about?" She gasped, "I'm trying to tell you." When they were quiet enough for her to go on: "The night I drove him to Boston. He said to tell you he had heard a friend of yours and his was over here, a fat man."

"Heinemann!"

The meaningless name was a whisper. Caleb's hands dropped from her arms and he stood a foot or two away from her. Then he said, very quietly, "Tell me exactly what he said."

"At Blue Hill he said to let him out, and I stopped. He said goodby. It was up a bridle path and I thought I'd cry, seeing him go. Then he came back. He said I was to tell you something—but only if I read about him in the papers. That was what he said, 'If you read about me in the papers.' He said he liked you and I liked you so I wasn't to say anything about it unless I did read about him in the papers—"

"I know—he had referred to it but I laughed at him—"

"I didn't know what he meant by reading about him. But if I did read about him—well, exactly what he said was, 'Tell him I've heard a friend of ours is over here—a fat guy.' "

Caleb said, "Heinemann," again, with a deadly calm, and she whispered, "Tell me what it means!" Caleb said, "Let's sit down." They sat right where they were. Like the night when Bert had come back. But she was trembling and had to roll over on her stomach. So here was another terror beside the sea. Caleb said nothing but she could feel the fierce intensity of his thinking.

At last he said, "He heard that Heinemann was here—well, after that night he must have found out for certain. That's why he came to see me, night before last—why he had to—why he risked getting caught—why he arranged to meet me in Boston. He came to tell me that it was certain." After a pause, something clogged his voice: "That's not all of it. After he left you, night before last, he must have seen Heinemann. He went after him. That must be it—"

"Oh, who is he?"

"That wasn't drowning, Hope. Bert was murdered."

SHE huddled against his shoulder and shivered. Presently Caleb began to talk and his voice was as cold and hard as steel:

"Fifth-column stuff. Nothing unusual about it—hell, no, you even see it in the movies—"

Out of the Spanish war, then! She had sensed this also, a long time ago, and had ridiculed her intuition that there was something horrible in Caleb's soldiering.

"One night our captain was relieved—just as we were starting out to take a convoy of ammunition and supplies to the front. This Heinemann was sent in his place—Good God, what an organization they had!—it must have reached clear to the top. He read us his orders. Part of the road we always used had been wiped out and was still under fire. So when we got to that place we were to take a different road. He said he'd show us. He said it was risky—but what the hell, we had to get the stuff up. So we got to the place. He showed us . . . He showed us."

Caleb's calm broke up in a brief, violent burst of such profanity as she had never heard. His anger terrified her still more. "Caleb!" she cried, "don't! Oh, my dear, don't!" He ceased swearing.

But his rocklike quiet was worse than his anger. It was a frozen venom. "They killed most of us. Some of us they took—and we heard them shot. A couple of them screamed. I had a machine-gun bullet through my shoulder and Bert dragged me behind a little hill. Just the two of us left . . . Heinemann. He was a damned Nazi, of course. Bert and I—well, you lie there and know you're the only ones left. The boys you've lived with are all dead now—killed by a Nazi trick, from inside."

A single shudder passed over him—her cheek felt it in his shoulder. She reached up to touch his cheek. He sat quiet, staring toward the sea.

After a while: "We lay there and knew what had happened. We said that if we ever saw Heinemann again, we'd kill him. Anywhere. On sight. . . . He was in Wallisport, night before last. He killed Bert."

IT WAS past midnight when John Gabriel got home, put his car away and let himself into the dark house.

Passing the dark library, he heard a slight, formless sound. Instantly his senses were alert, his mind clear and dangerous. There was someone in the library. He knew he had been expecting something like this. . . . Thatcher?

He stepped inside that open door. The room was impenetrable blackness—and it was silent. Had he been heard? No sound. Would the intruder make for the windows? None was open—he could feel no draft. Find a light switch? No, that would bring a shot at once. Shout for help? Worse still—and there was no help—his feeble father sleeping on the third floor, the butler sleeping in the wing, the chauffeur sleeping above the garage.

A slight, almost imperceptible rustle! The intruder had taken a step. John crouched. Another, slow and cautious. Exhilaration woke in John, for the movement was toward him. He was trying to make the door.

Bending close to the floor, John saw a shape for half a second against the lighter blur of a window. He sprang at it.

In a split part of a second, inconceivable confusion. His arms had closed on silk, his fist had struck a soft and yielding body, there had been a strangled scream. A woman clung to him and collapsed. He got a light on.

"Natalie!"

There was a red blotch on her bare shoulder and her face was bruised. He had done that! He had struck her, he had paralyzed her with terror, he had torn that nightgown.

She swayed when, an agony of relief mingling with his consternation, he said, "I hit you!" She would have fallen but he caught her. He murmured, "My darling!" Unbelievably, he had kissed her. But to have terrified a woman already sick with terror! He picked her up and put her in a chair. Great tears on her cheeks, she slumped to one side, lacking strength to sit erect, her eyes sightless with shock.

Making a tremendous effort, she whispered, "I thought I heard someone. I thought someone was in the library."

Instantly he went to the little safe, spun the dial, swung the door open. . . . It was still there! Unquestionably someone had been trying to get the revisions in the mobilization plan. Thatcher? Thatcher or another, he had failed. Here it was, the single copy that had been left after Natalie had made and sent out the others, a week ago.

He turned back. She was still hunched over, one shoulder bare, the brilliant sand-gold hair tumbled into disarray.

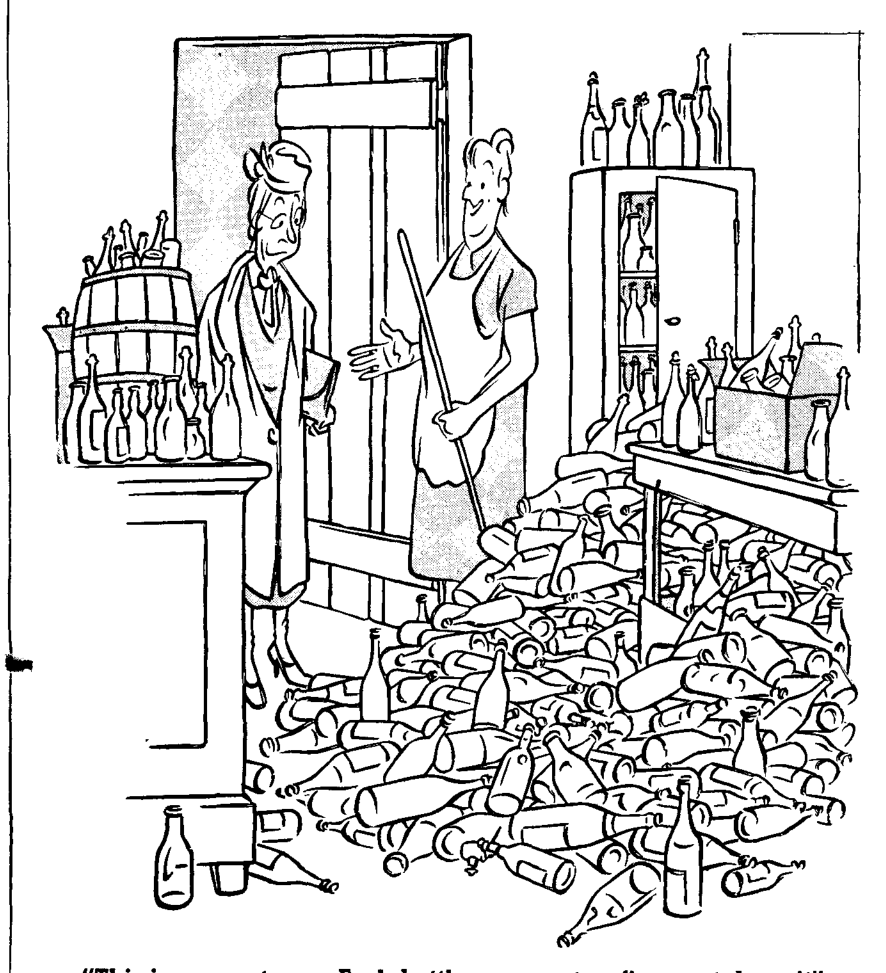
"You scared him away," John said. "He heard you and got out the door just before I came—or some other door. You saved it for us."

She raised her head. Something deeper than despair was in her eyes. They closed. Natalie sprawled in the chair. She had fainted.

He picked her up—and at once he was neither frightened nor contrite but jubilant. His heart was pounding. Could he keep from kissing her? He had kissed her once! But before he reached the stairs, she stirred in his arms. There was an eternity while her hands clung to him. Then she struggled out of his arms, whispering, "Let me go!"

She fled upstairs. He watched her go. He went back to the library. Her mules were there, where she had slipped her feet out of them.

(*To be continued next week*)



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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

IN TUBE OR JAR

Daffy over Doodlebugs

Continued from page 11

big-car racing, now practically extinct except for the Memorial Day classic at Indianapolis, the A.A.A. dismounted from its precipitous pinto in 1938 and decided, without being asked, to take charge of midget racing on the Atlantic Seaboard. Its decision was made just in time. A short time later, an outlaw organization, so termed now by the A.A.A., sprang up to challenge its jurisdiction. This body, known as the Eastern States Racing Association, is now fighting the A.A.A. for control of midget racing.

Doodlebug derbies owe their popularity to the back-seat driving complex inherent in almost everyone who pilots a petrol puddle-jumper. The fad was the easiest one to put over since Dr. Cook introduced gum drops to the Eskimos. Analyzed, it sounds like a snare and a delusion. Although the midgets are capable of hitting up to 125 miles per hour on banked, wooden tracks such as prevail in the West, they seldom attain a speed of more than 50 miles per hour on the flat, dirt or concrete tracks of the East. This is but a turtle's trot compared with the speed of the average standard car on the broad highways when the mirror in front of the driver doesn't reflect a motorcycle cop in the offing. But, everything in life being relative, the midgets, sputtering along at 50, spitting flame like blowtorches and making a racket like a machine-gun battle between outboard motorboats, seem to be tearing through space like all get out and provide vicarious thrills for careful drivers in the grandstands, the while they perform seemingly impossible feats of hole-picking that bring back memories of the goofy automobile chases in the early Keystone comedies. Then there's always the chance that the more morbid in the crowd will be appeased by the sight of a driver killed in action.

Perambulators in Action

Nothing is more obvious than the derivation of the nickname "doodlebug," as applied to the midgets, after one has seen the pint-sized petrol perambulators in action. They look for all the world like crazy insects, droning an aimless course. The first dwarf racers were homemade contraptions propelled by motorcycle or outboard engines. Although there are still some homemade jobs in action, most of the cars now in use are custom-built, powered with special midget motors. Delivered, they cost as much as $4,000 fully equipped.

Disproving the biblical statement to the contrary, the first midget auto racers are still the first. Ronney Householder and Mel Hansen were the pioneers who piloted the first toy cars around Bill Betteridge's Loyola Stadium track in Los Angeles. In 1939, Householder still was the No. 1 driver of America, with earnings of $17,000, and Hansen wasn't far behind.

Householder is a household name among the devotees of the doodlebug. Ronney, in fact, is the Joe DiMaggio of the midget tracks. Like Giuseppe of the Yankees, he "pooshes 'em up." Setting out each spring with his two gleaming midget cars, Ronney burns up thousands of gallons of fuel and countless pounds of rubber before he knocks off late in the fall for a spot of big-game hunting in the Canadian Rockies. From the time he constructed his first crude midget out of some sheet iron, spare parts and an outboard motor back in 1932, Householder has earned $75,000 with his horseless baby carriages.

Like most other midget drivers, Ronney was a speed maniac in another field before the doodlebugs bit him. His particular passion was hydroplanes, and he won the Class C championship of the Pacific Coast in one of them before pulling a P. T. Barnum by discovering midgets. Within two years after embracing his new profession, Householder was the indoor champion of the Middle West. In 1937 he set a straightaway speed record of 124 miles per hour at Muroc Dry Lake, California. In winning the 150-mile championship at Detroit the same year, he broke the big-car record for the track with his midget. His 25-mile qualifying heat of 125.17, set with a big car in Indianapolis in 1938, still stands. Only last summer, Householder won the 100-lap board-track midget race at Soldiers Field, Chicago, feature of a five-day meet sponsored by the Shriners, which drew an attendance of 80,000 and set a new record of $10,000 for prize money. Ronney alternated between the midgets and big cars until he narrowly escaped death at the Indianapolis track last year when his car skidded into a ditch while traveling at a 110-mile clip. Autograph hounds pursue Ronney more avidly than rival drivers.

Ronney's fellow pioneer, Mel Hansen, one of the speed demons of the game, holds the distinction of having described a complete flip with his car at Gilmore Stadium, Los Angeles, in 1936, without losing either a flake of dandruff or his position in the race. In fact, Mel seems to bear a charmed life, for he has never been injured, though he is constantly flirting with death. At Coney Island's banked wooden track one night last summer, Mel, without fracturing even a collarbone, broke every track record from one to 35 laps. Not only that, but his maximum of 84 miles per hour for one lap was the fastest time ever recorded on an Eastern midget track. In a midget vs. big-car race at Oakland in 1936, Mel was one of the two midget drivers to finish one-two over nine big jobs. He maintained an average of 102 miles per hour for 150 miles over the same track last year, which is faster than the big-car record for the course.

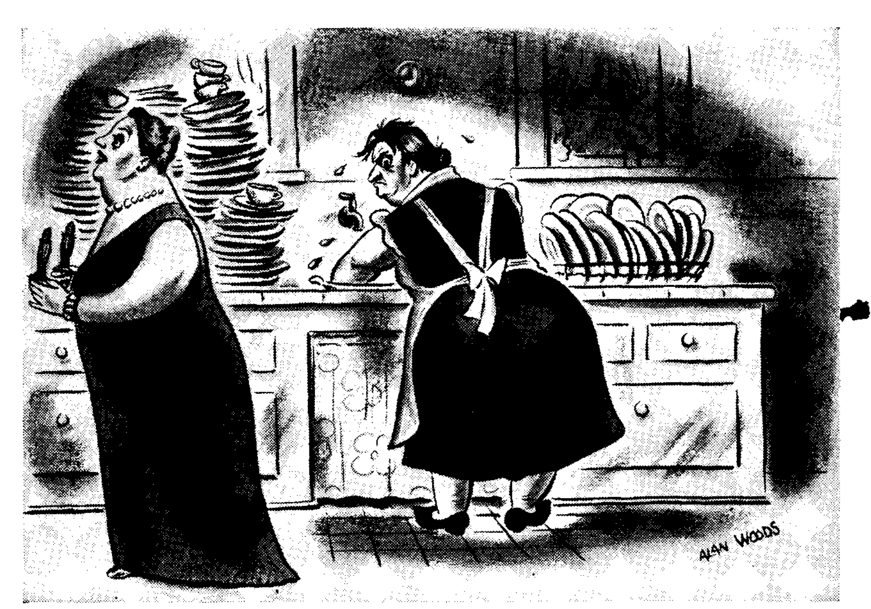
Bill Schindler, most colorful doodlebug jockey in the business, carries on cheerfully despite an infirmity that would discourage most other drivers from functioning even from the back seat. Bill sacrificed one of his legs to satisfy the public's lust for speed a few years ago.

Son of a Middletown, New York, garage owner, Bill took to automobile[illegible] as naturally as gasoline. But two loves claimed him until he learned, after having 60 professional fights as a middleweight boxer, that pugilism's paths weren't paved with gold. Quitting the ring, he signed on as a pit man for an automobile racer. In the natural course of events, Schindler was soon driving racing cars himself. In 1934, finding some spare time on his hands, he built a midget car in his father's garage out of spare parts, junk and the Saxon engine of an abandoned concrete mixer. A friend, Bill Lawrence, constructed a similar car and, with their Skidding Sarahs, the adventurous youngsters were able to get in on the ground floor of midget auto racing when it reached the East at Irvington, New Jersey, that year.

Hero of the Track

For the next two years, Schindler drove both midgets and big cars. In the fall of 1936 he was racing in a big car at the Mineola, Long Island, Fair when his wheels locked with those of Johnny Duncan's car. Going into a dangerous skid, Schindler had the choice of smashing through a fence into a big tree or heading straight for a crowd of spectators who were paralyzed with fright, in his path. Unhesitatingly, he chose the fence. As the car plowed through it like a projectile, a fence post pierced the hood and mangled Bill's left leg so badly he had to have it amputated above the knee. Six weeks after being discharged from the hospital, Bronco Bill was back in the seat of his homemade midget flier at the 124th Field Artillery Regiment Armory in the Bronx. That winter he won the indoor championship at the Boston Garden, handicapped though he was.

Although Bronco Bill owns his own doodlebug, he usually drives someone else's. This custom is getting to be quite the vogue in midget racing, particularly in the Middle West. Instead of owning a stable of race horses, many sportsmen buy strings of midget cars and engage a driver to race them. The usual arrangement is a 50-50 split, with the owner paying all expenses except the driver's room and board out of his end. Schindler races six nights a week during season and averages about $10,000 a year for his end. As one who has been smashed up often in both midgets and big cars, Schindler may be considered an authority on the subject of which are the more



"Dinner parties are such a bore, aren't they, Martha?" ALAN WOODS

Happy Days for Sale!
-PRICES REASONABLE!

*Illustrated: 6-Passenger Royal Sedan, $995**

Try this "THRILLER" whatever car you now drive!

Your Chrysler dealer especially invites you to see and drive a Chrysler Royal. Accept this invitation . . . whatever car you now own or plan to buy.

NOTICE how many new Chryslers you see on the streets? Value-wise America knows a real "buy" when it sees one!

At this year's lower prices, the Chrysler Royal is giving thousands the opportunity to enjoy real automobile quality . . . at surprisingly low first-price and upkeep.

Drive a Chrysler Royal and compare values for yourself. Note the long, comfort-giving wheelbase . . . 122½ inches. Try the deep, soft luxurious seats . . . 51 inches wide. Unleash the velvety dynamite in the new Chrysler *High-Torque* engine . . . 108 horsepower . . . yet much more thrifty than many engines of far less power.

Look at Chrysler's heat-treated plastic enamel finish . . . that actually improves with age and cleaning. Consider Chrysler's Super-finished moving parts . . . with surfaces smooth to as little as a millionth of an inch. The big doors, wide as house doors. The Airfoam-cushioned seats that can't mat down or sag. The superb upholstery fabrics in a wide selection for individual tastes. The enormous, illuminated luggage compartment.

Add it all up and you get a value that's perfectly amazing at Chrysler's price. What's more, it's a value that will give enduring satisfaction for tens of thousands of miles. See and drive a Chrysler Royal today.

$895*
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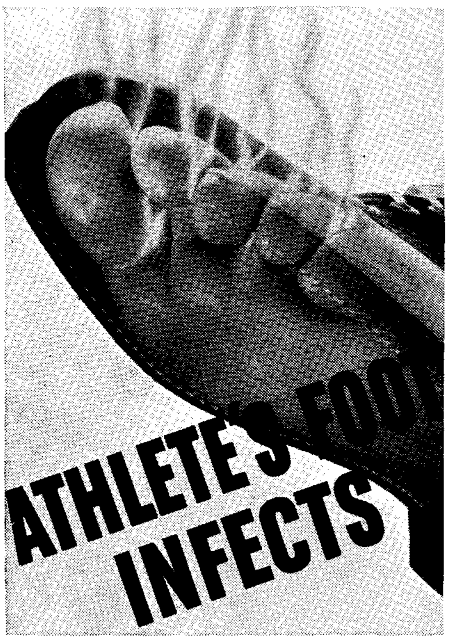

feet soaked in perspiration!

This summer, when your feet swelter in socks soggy with perspiration—watch out! That excessive perspiration irritates the tender skin between your toes. And when the skin cracks open exposing raw flesh, painful Athlete's Foot may strike!

Cracks between your toes WARN YOU

The fungi that cause Athlete's Foot actually grow twice as fast when they feed on excessive perspiration and dead skin. When cracks appear between your toes, they get under the skin, through the cracks, and spread quickly. Your toes redden, itch—it's Athlete's Foot!

Drench those Cracks AT ONCE

At the first sign of a crack, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. *full strength.*

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
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5. **It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi on contact

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Sample bottle Free

Also QUICK RELIEF for:

Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.

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dangerous. He says the big cars are. Not only on this account but also because more money is to be earned racing midgets does this one-legged daredevil cast his ballot for the doodles.

"We have more accidents in the midgets but they're less serious," he says.

Broken ribs? Shucks, Bill hardly consults a doctor about a busted slat. They're just routine. Bill has had practically all of his barrel-hoops fractured. One night at Freeport, Long Island, one of the early Eastern strongholds of midget racing, Schindler tried to defy the laws of nature by driving right through the car in front of him. Instead, his doodlebug did the grasshopper act by jumping right over the other grasshopper's back, upending and describing a couple of back flips with Bill inside. When they took the poor sardine out of the twisted mass of sheet iron with a can opener, it looked as if his number was up, but not on the scoreboard. But those things are exaggerated sometimes, as Bill and Mark Twain put it.

"They took my car to the pits and straightened it out," he reminisced with a gleam in his eyes that indicated the memory was far from unpleasant. "Then they took me to the ambulance and straightened me out. After a short rest, the race was resumed."

"Who won?" someone asked.

"Shucks!" said Bill, as if the question was silly. "I did, of course."

Out of the original twelve who competed in the first Eastern midget auto race at Olympic Park, Irvington, New Jersey, in 1934, Bill is the only one left. The others have either been killed or so badly maimed that they gave up the business.

Touring for Profit

Schindler ranked second in earnings in 1939. The year before he was ninth. He raced all over the country, traveling from town to town in his own car, with his midget riding deadhead on a trailer. Bill finds that there is a radical difference between Eastern and Western midget racing. The tracks in the West are mostly banked and it isn't necessary to use a brake at all. On the Eastern tracks, braking is an important part of racing technique. The midgets are equipped with an outside hand brake that acts directly on the tire. They also have a clutch but only one speed. To be started the car must be pushed. There is no differential gear, a fact that enables the racers to negotiate turns at high speed in what is described in the vernacular of the track as a controlled broadside. That's just a fancy name for a skid. Sliding broadside around curves, the cars often overturn or lock wheels with one another and plunge off the track at a crazy tangent, out of control. Then there's a call for the ambulance. When a midget racer is hurt, he is cared for out of funds pooled by the riders themselves and the promoters out of their profits.

It's fortunate that such an arrangement exists, for some drivers spend more time in hospitals than out of them. There's wee Johnny Ritter, for example. If ever a lad was made to order for his profession, Johnny's the bucko. Though he comes from Detroit where they make big cars, Johnny is a midget job. Now twenty-eight, he doesn't look an instant over sixteen, stands about 4 feet 11 inches without benefit of fallen arches, weighs something like 100 pounds and has a tiny wife and wee bairn. In 1934 Ritter cracked up in Detroit while driving a big car and spent four months in the hospital. The following year he had a smashup in Dayton that kept him in bed for eight months. In 1936, he practically escaped uninjured, spending only four months in the sick bay after a wreck in Toledo. He has been sticking to the midgets ever since one of his doctors, when removing his slightly fractured frame from the wreckage of a big car, asked him: "Why don't you tackle something your size, Johnny?" Finding the mortality rate so low among the midget mahouts as to be boresome, Johnny has taken up outboard motorboat racing and airplane flying in his spare time and expects to use up all his hospital allowance from now on.

Midget auto racing has developed a handicapping system based on the just principle that the weak, not the strong, need assistance. Therefore, in doodlebug derbies, the slowest car gets the advantage of pole position in the heats. Only in the final event does the fastest car win the pole.

Driving a doodlebug is a cash-and-carry proposition. The prize money, ranging from $1,500 to $2,000 per night, is in the hands of the winner a few minutes after the race is over and, quicker than you can change a flat, he's off for the next stop with his still-warm midget bus strapped to the trailer behind his car. Win or lose, every driver competing gets $10 "appearance money" to cover his expenses.

Doodlebug bugs must be insensitive to odors and noises. The track and its vicinity for several blocks in all directions smells like a childhood memory. Castor oil is an ingredient of the special lubricant used in the watch-fob motors and, long after the forces of combustion have done their work, the bouquet of the delightful childhood panacea still lingers on the breeze. Once the races get under way, the track becomes a cross between a boiler and a structural steel job with machine-gun obbligatos chucked in. Yet, struggling against this Niagara of noise like a cricket at a Polish wedding, the track announcer gives a rapid-fire description of the progress of the race, feeling, perhaps, that although the customers are looking directly at it and can't hear a word of what he's saying, they won't know what's going on unless he makes his spiel.

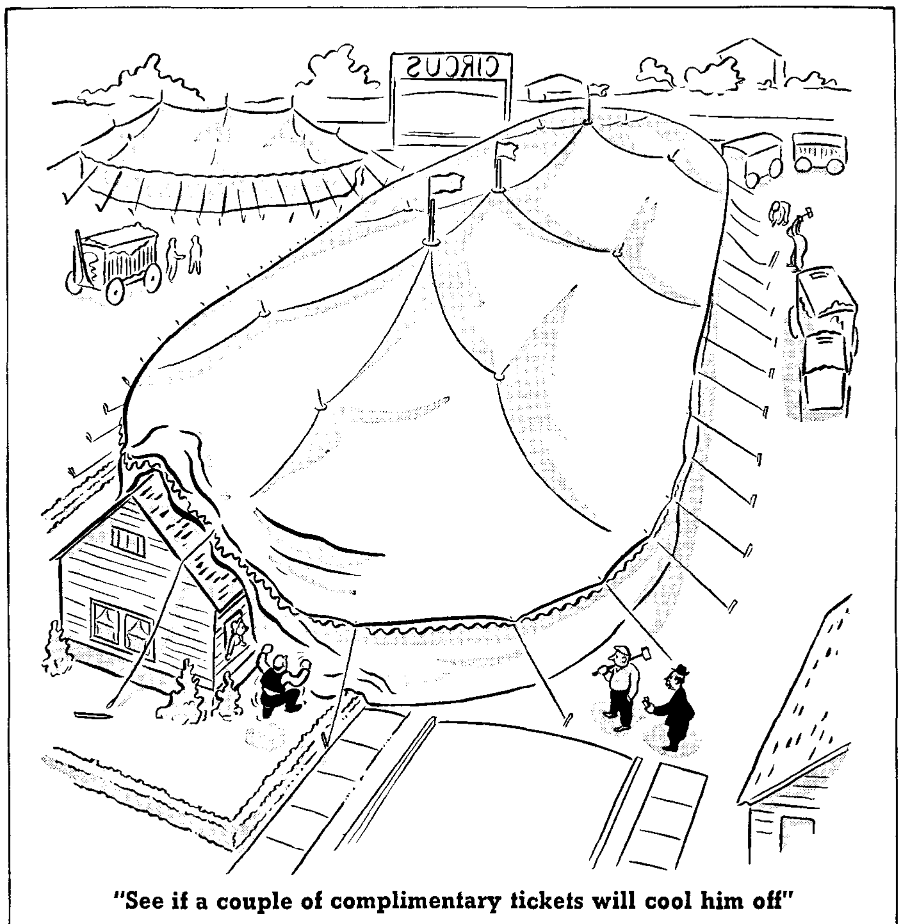
The crazily careening little cars are whirling around the track, taking the turns at almost top speed. Drivers pick their way through holes that would scrape the slime off an eel, with the accelerator pressed down to the floor board. Wheels lock, cars pivot and reverse while the rest of the field shoots dangerously past them and, if I may be vouchsafed a daring departure in phraseology, pandemonium reigns.

Despite the ear-splitting racket and the presence of the ambulance, it's a nice neighborly party and good, clean fun, even though occasionally the party is turned into a wake, as it was on opening night at Castle Hill last season when Eddie Staneck, popular driver, was killed.

Fans Who Have Patience

Although they are primarily thrill seekers, doodlebug addicts constitute the most patient and friendly sporting crowd that could be assembled. They aren't sharply critical like baseball fans; impatient with delay in dishing out the mayhem, like boxing bugs; sophisticated and snooty like a polite tennis gallery or maudlin like a football crowd when the flasks are low. They sit patiently for a half-hour at a time between races with nothing to entertain them but a spot of thumb-twiddling, the delightful castor-oil bouquet on the evening breeze *and the trite witticisms of the announcer,* all of which they have card-indexed. When the glib gent at the mike asks them to give "good old Gus, here" a big hand, they obey him like the citizen of a totalitarian state who has received his voting instructions from his dictator. Let the announcer remind them refreshments may be bought, and they call on the vendors in a body for franks and pop.

Finally, along about 11 o'clock, when the winner flashes across the line like a streak of hybrid rainbow lightning, the crowd of average-priced car owners, their mates and their young snap out of the trance in which they had demonstrated to themselves the everlasting truth of the doctrine of the transmigration of living souls. No longer the daredevil drivers they had been, in fancy, during their few hours of escape from the humdrum reality of their dull lives, they become average citizens again, pile into the old family rattletrap and proceed homeward, carefully obeying all speed laws en route. For, although a doodlebug will never get them, they know a motorcycle cop will, if they don't watch out.



"See if a couple of complimentary tickets will cool him off"

D. HUFFINE

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

"He's a Great Performer, too!"

McCLELLAND BARCLAY

Millions know the Flying Red Horse as a symbol of power, pick-up, mileage ...of *all* good qualities! That's why Mobilgas, and its teammate Mobiloil, are America's favorites!

HERE ARE two horses of a different color. *Both* are great performers. The White Horse in a circus—*the Red Horse in your car!*

The Red Horse stands for "Balanced Performance"—all the pep and power *Mobilgas* gives you every mile!

Whether you're starting up, sprinting in traffic, or cruising along the highway—you'll find that Mobilgas delivers *all* the gasoline qualities your modern motor demands.

It atomizes instantly—fires smoothly—feeds full power to *every* cylinder *every* time! Try a tankful today. You'll *like* "Balanced Performance"!

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
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5. High anti-knock value.
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8. Long mileage—economical operation.

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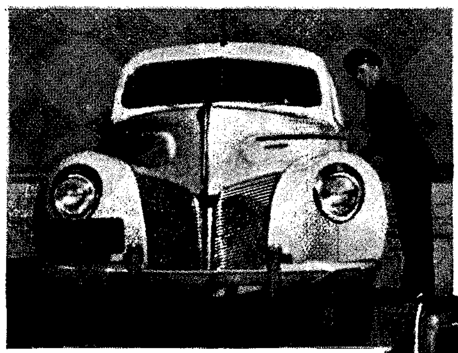
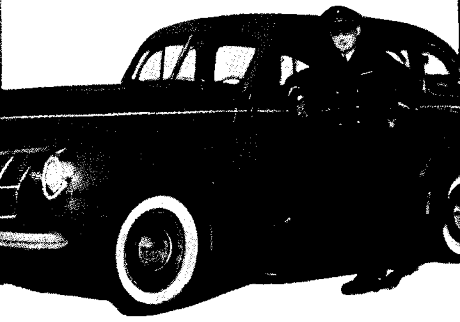


Captain Lloyd H. Bidwell regularly flies the New York-Chicago route.

Captain Roscoe "Rocky" Kent between flights on the New York-Buffalo-Chicago run.

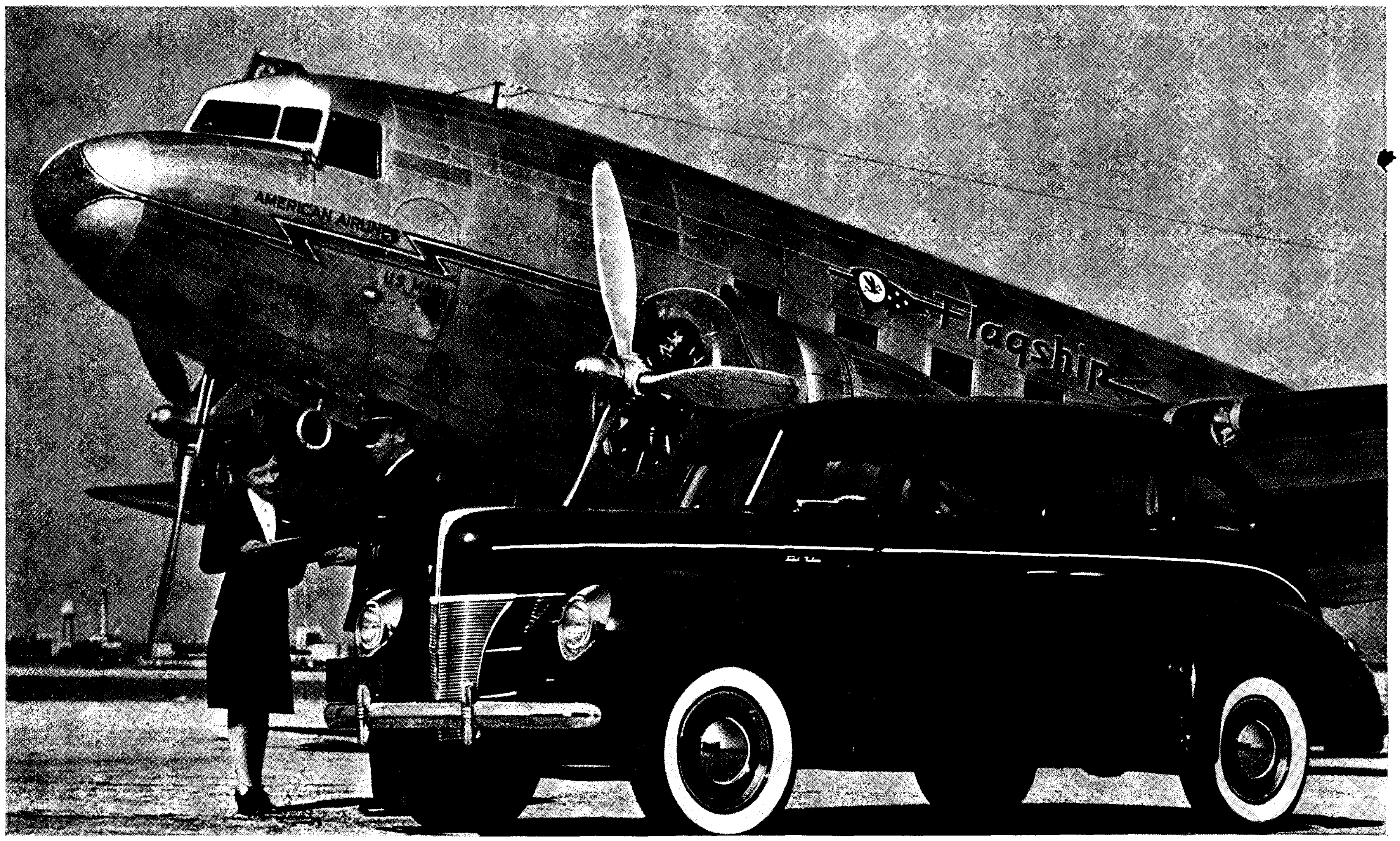


Captain Desmond Shipley is assigned to the Boston-New York route.

Captain Charles A. Lippincott handles the controls on the New York-Chicago non-stop run.

When eagles come to earth!

The men who fly the flagships choose Ford Motor Company cars



Captain Durward W. Ledbetter drives a 1940 De Luxe Ford V-8 when he isn't in the air between Nashville and New York.

A recent survey among 206 American Airlines captains and first officers showed that 96 owned Ford, Mercury or Lincoln-Zephyr cars.

These men daily depend on the perfect performance of powerful engines. When they come to earth, they find the same sort of performance in the smooth, precise V-type engines that power their cars.

Other mechanically minded executives of the company who own Ford or Lincoln-built cars are the president, vice-president in charge of operations, operations manager, and chief pilot.

This is impressive testimony to the excellence of Ford engineering. These three modern cars give you some of the buoyant pleasure of piloting a swift ship through the sky.

Captain Daniel W. Machlin, whose regular flight is between New York and Boston.

Captain Eugene M. Kruse spends his working hours aloft between Cleveland and Nashville.

The No. 6 Boat

Continued from page 17

question. If he told her it was, she could understand. But a white, hungry face flashed into his mind. It was Tilley's. His friend on the beach seemed to say, "What good would it be if he fired you too? You can't keep a wife, a girl like this, on the dole from relief or an A. B.'s wages—"

Craig's embarrassed silence aroused suspicion and she asked, "Was I just another girl? You *have* made love to other girls?"

"Not really love."

"I see," she said.

But there she was wrong. Anne was not like others. How was Craig to make her understand that what had happened last September meant more than just a flirtation at sea?

TOO late now. Her eyes became suddenly proud and remote, and when, his voice pleading, he spoke her name, she answered too quickly:

"Oh, that's all right. I understand. I— Let me go." Then Anne was gone.

Dejectedly Craig resumed his inspection. The portside finished, he crossed to starboard. A woman—middle-aged, vaguely familiar—appeared. She was loving the gale. She would pause to look out at the sea, to breathe it; and now she crinkled her eyes at the mate.

"I think Miss Smith is simply lovely. *So* democratic."

"Yes," agreed Craig, realizing the woman must have seen him talking to Anne.

"Of course you've heard—it's all over New York—that she is going to marry the Earl of Tyne."

Craig blinked at the woman. "I hadn't heard it. But who's the Earl of Tyne?"

"Oh, one of those lords. His fortune's in shipping. It does sound rather like a merger!"

Her cynical laugh echoed still in Craig's ears after the woman had gone below. Suddenly, clearly, he knew why Anne had emphasized "now"; knew too why to him she had seemed, from the first, so appealingly sad. Her mother was dead, her father a tyrant. Smith dominated her life.

Anger and pity swelled in Craig's heart as he stood, legs planted wide on the deck against the violent roll of the ship—stood staring at, without actually seeing, the numeral "6" on the lifeboat's side. Poor little kid! But what could *he* do? What *could* he do to thwart Great God Smith?

The wind was force ten by the following dawn, no longer just strong but a heavy gale. Smith got up early and went on deck. Something seemed queer. He made his way aft to look out astern and saw that the Appalachian was turning.

Smith hurried up to the officers' quarters behind the bridge. He found Captain Leighton with Craig in the chartroom.

The master explained, "We've just received a call for help. A Finnish freighter, listing badly, one hatch stove in. She's lost her rudder."

Smith appeared disturbed at the news. "How far off?"

"Two hundred eighty miles due south."

"That's pretty far. Aren't any ships nearer?"

"Only the cargo tramp Verona, two hundred forty-five miles southwest. But she's slower and bucking the gale head-on. We'll get there first," the master assured him.

In that moment some startled instinct told him that Smith's concern was not for the wreck. He asked how many men were on board. Leighton informed him twenty-nine.

Smith's voice was decisive: "Twenty-nine! One rescue ship's enough for so few. The fact is, Leighton, it's highly important I get to London by Friday night. Urgent business. But that's all right. Tell the Verona to take them off, that we'll continue on to Plymouth."

He met the captain's incredulous stare with eyes that hardened as Leighton said stunned, "But I don't believe you understand. Her master says their condition's desperate; they can't keep afloat more than twenty-four hours. I've already wirelessed him we're coming."

"Then wireless again."

A pencil banged sharply upon the table and rolled to the riffle board at the end. Smith looked frowning from it to Craig, saw the anger in his face.

"Were you ever shipwrecked? No, of course; you work in an office! But *I*'ve been wrecked. *I* know what it's like. The bulwarks under, the seas pounding worse . . . and then, when you're certain your number's up, the smoke of a steamer standing in fast. It's a sight—"

"No doubt," Smith stopped him curtly. "The Verona's a steamer. With smoke, I presume. But as I understand, you're merely the mate."

Craig did not even look at him now. He looked at the master. Looked at him hard, as though to brace him against Smith's will. As though to tell him, "I know what it means. It means you don't get the new liner in June. But he's just a swivel chair sitter from shore. The unwritten law that binds all men who go out in ships is for sailors, not him."

He was still watching Leighton's face when the latter said simply, "At sea, Mr. Smith, the master's authority is final. I'm very sorry I can't oblige you, but I'll have to go on. There's no other choice."

All through the day the Old Man's words sang in Craig's head like some noble hymn. He was finished, himself; he felt certain of that; very soon he would be on the beach with Tilley. But not Captain Leighton. Not after those words. Not after Craig had told the world what a sailor who knew his duty had said.

It was almost dark when the Appalachian sighted the wreck and approached to windward. The freighter lay listing sharply to port, taking the seas on her starboard quarter.

Smith stood on the promenade deck with Anne, protected by heavy plates of glass from the wind and the cold. A hail squall struck like bursting bombs as the early darkness of winter closed down. Smith waited, watching; an hour passed by; but nothing that he could see had been done. His impatience grew. Now it was different—now that the Appalachian was here. For now the prestige of his line was at stake. In New York, in London, thanks to the wireless, in Helsingfors where this freighter was from, the news would be out they had reached the wreck and were standing by.

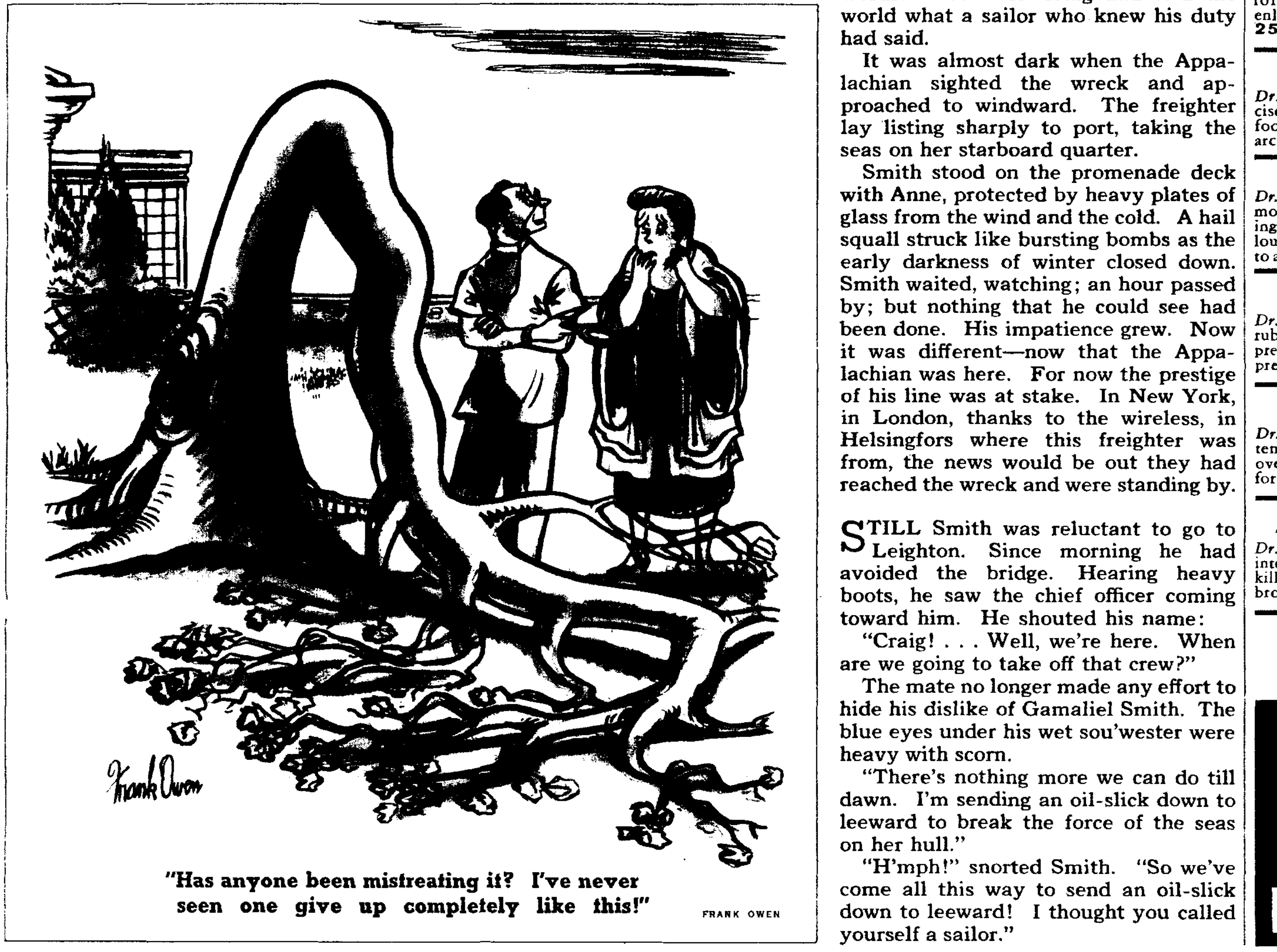
STILL Smith was reluctant to go to Leighton. Since morning he had avoided the bridge. Hearing heavy boots, he saw the chief officer coming toward him. He shouted his name:

"Craig! . . . Well, we're here. When are we going to take off that crew?"

The mate no longer made any effort to hide his dislike of Gamaliel Smith. The blue eyes under his wet sou'wester were heavy with scorn.

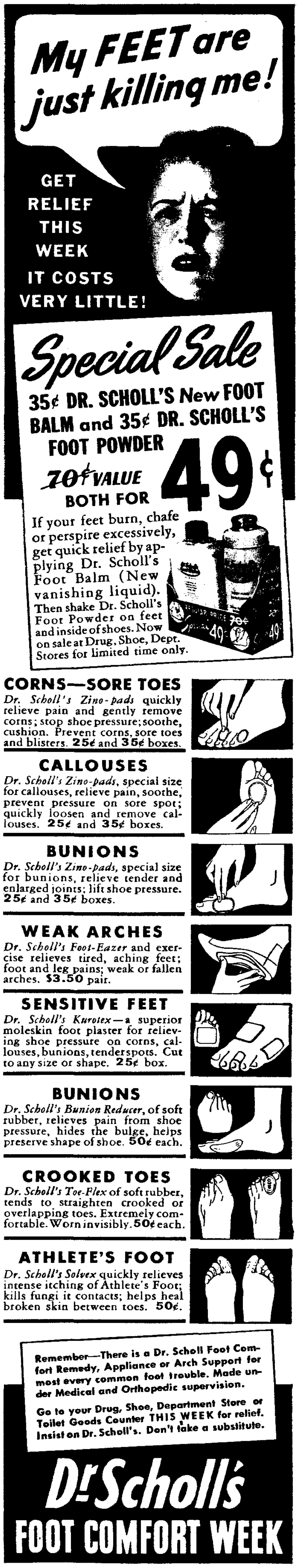
"There's nothing more we can do till dawn. I'm sending an oil-slick down to leeward to break the force of the seas on her hull."

"H'mph!" snorted Smith. "So we've come all this way to send an oil-slick down to leeward! I thought you called yourself a sailor."



"Has anyone been mistreating it? I've never seen one give up completely like this!"

FRANK OWEN


My FEET are just killing me!

GET RELIEF THIS WEEK

IT COSTS VERY LITTLE!

Special Sale

35¢ DR. SCHOLL'S New FOOT BALM and 35¢ DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT POWDER

~~70¢~~ VALUE BOTH FOR 49¢

If your feet burn, chafe or perspire excessively, get quick relief by applying Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm (New vanishing liquid). Then shake Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on feet and inside of shoes. Now on sale at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores for limited time only.

CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; stop shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain, soothe, prevent pressure on sore spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

WEAK ARCHES
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieves tired, aching feet; foot and leg pains; weak or fallen arches. $3.50 pair.

SENSITIVE FEET
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex—a superior moleskin foot plaster for relieving shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Cut to any size or shape. 25¢ box.

BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 50¢ each.

CROOKED TOES
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex of soft rubber, tends to straighten crooked or overlapping toes. Extremely comfortable. Worn invisibly. 50¢ each.

ATHLETE'S FOOT
Dr. Scholl's Solvex quickly relieves intense itching of Athlete's Foot; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal broken skin between toes. 50¢.

Remember—There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for most every common foot trouble. Made under Medical and Orthopedic supervision.

Go to your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter THIS WEEK for relief. Insist on Dr. Scholl's. Don't take a substitute.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT WEEK

For a moment he thought the mate would strike him. In a manner Craig did—but with words, not fists. They came out cuttingly sharp as he answered:

"I'm the sixth generation that's gone to sea—very likely because we were better sailors than businessmen!" Then he turned to Anne. "Your guess was correct. I'm just an employee. My job depends—or it did till today—on treating you like a plaster saint."

He left them, his sea boots clopping the deck, and went up to the bridge.

THE sun rose furtively over the rim of a maddened sea. The Appalachian was crowding on speed, plowing through waves like moving gray hills, when Smith emerged to look out in vain for the wreck of the Finn, lost during the night. Miles to westward the smoke from a steamer was streaked out thinly along the wind. That, Smith guessed, would be the Verona.

She looked small—through his glasses a struggling black flotsam writhing in agony, thrashed by the sea. Small, he reflected, and yet she was huge compared with that schooner of two hundred tons that young Gamaliel Smith had driven across this ocean in quest of the foe. He shook his head. There were storms then too, and this weather was not any worse than Cape Stiff's when Captain Lucius had skippered his bark, without aid of steam turbines, to fight past the Horn. They were sailors then! They stood on no bridge raised high from the sea, with gadgets to signal "full speed ahead," "stop the engines," "go into reverse."

Smith suddenly saw the wreck off ahead. It seemed to be lower this morning, a helpless sprawl upon waters that rushed like a killer to finish their prey. Again the liner moved in to windward a quarter mile or more from the Finn. Her rolling increased as speed was reduced until it appeared she had lost all way.

Smith peered down the hull as from a tottering cliff. At times, as the vessel careened to port, the waves fell off till it seemed he was viewing an acre of riveted plates moving out. Then came the gradual check, the slow recovery, the sea rushing up as the hull vanished in, and quickly in panic he raised the window before, as he thought, he should be engulfed.

But the mountains of water were growing less grim. Smith noticed the small canvas bags dripping oil into the sea. It seemed unbelievable, yet it was true; a slick spread rapidly, smoothing the waves.

Smith looked up at last to discover his daughter standing beside him. Anne said, "Good morning," her voice rather cool. Smith started to speak, to remonstrate with her, when Anne's startled eyes made him suddenly stop.

He followed her gaze. Swinging out overside was a boat. The ship had rolled back into balance once more, and just as she reached it the boat started down. Smith saw the black lettering close to its bow: "S. S. Appalachian," the numeral "6." Then it dropped to the water.

Smith stared at the nine men tense on the thwarts, their oars poised ready to battle the waves. Eight sailors. One officer hunched in the stern, his eyes alertly watching the sea. Smith heard Anne gasp, but he did not turn. He clung to the rail as if hypnotized, his gaze never leaving that calm, grim face.

The liner, slipping keel to windward, had just begun her long starboard roll when Craig saw them staring out at him. For an instant his eyes looked straight into Anne's while he raised his fingers to touch his lips in the old, old gesture of love and goodby. Then it was just as though in that moment, Craig had already forgotten she lived. His hand gave a signal and he shouted an order, while the Appalachian wallowed under.

Smith looked at Anne.

"You did it!" she cried. "You told Leighton to send him. You *want* Tommy drowned be-because I love him."

"Why, Anne!" Smith recoiled as if from a blow. "Annabelle, you don't think—! It's not true. The chief mate always goes in the boat."

She did not believe him. She turned abruptly, and he was alone.

He thought: *Let her go. The girl's overwrought. Won't do any good to talk to her now.* But Smith felt perturbed. The storm, the sky overcast with evil, that battered hulk and its human cargo clinging for life as they waited in hope, all weighed like lead on his troubled spirit, made him feel small and helpless and mean. For the time he was no one. His power meant nothing. Young Craig, not Smith, was the man of the hour.

The boat had come clear. The falls hung empty. Stout oars were sweeping the oil-slicked sea. A miracle! There was that cockleshell lifeboat, twenty-six feet from end to end, riding the waves which tossed it skyward, then seemed to swallow it whole in their trough. It vanished. It bobbed into view again. It fought its way doggedly down with the wind. Superb!

"Now let's see—tomorrow I can't—Friday I'm busy —Saturday and Sunday I'll be in the country—all next week I'll be tied up. How about tonight?" MICHAEL BERRY

SMITH uttered that word aloud: "Superb!" Eight lives depending on Craig alone, on his judgment and skill. And twenty-nine more. After a time, as he watched through his glasses, Smith found himself speaking those other words: "I'm the sixth generation that's gone to sea—very likely because—" Then he broke off, startled. But Smith himself was also the sixth, from Captain Gamaliel down the line through three who had snapped their commands from a desk.

He thought: *I'm boss. I can hire and fire. He's just a seaman working for wages.* But this flare-up of ego failed to come off. For a younger Smith was watching here too—that Smith who, stirred by tales of his sires, had pleaded for leave to be a sailor. His blood was the blood of Captain Gamaliel, of Lucius pacing the pitching poop of a clipper bark driving under the Horn. They, too, were watching now through his eyes.

A schooner of only two hundred tons? But that was immense, a dreadnought of strength compared with this open boat on these waves!

PRESENTLY he was aware of a change, something ominous charging the air. The sky became darker. The sullen ocean seemed to be tensing itself for a spring. Then the gale's voice shrieked like a siren on shore as the squall broke furiously from the north. Hard pellets of icy snow lashed down, screening the cockleshell on the waves.

A collective groan went out from the passengers waiting so tensely along the rail. Dumbly Smith watched.

There was sweat on his brow, despite the cold. When the snow squall passed with the same abruptness as it had struck, a cheer went up. Smith joined in the shout, his heart pounding fast, his gloved hands trembling as, raising the glasses, he tried to hold them fixed on the boat. Still upright—but how? What sailor's magic had kept it from swamping during that blow?

Two of the men were bailing it now. It was almost there. He stared out spellbound, wondering what in the world could be done. For the Finn's port bulwarks were under water, the seas surging out from them in her lee to make any rescue from that side futile. Smith saw the chief officer rise, half crouching, just as the boat bobbed high on a crest. He heaved. A rope snaked out with the wind, its weighted end falling over the bridge. The men on the thwarts kept backing their oars, holding the lifeboat off from the wreck as it dipped and rose on the oil-slicked waves.

To Smith, hours passed before the first Finn was pulled into the boat. Smith paced impatiently, clutching the rail. Sometime—he couldn't even recall it—he had lit another cigar. It was mangled to shreds.

"That's eleven."

"Eh?" A moment Smith blinked at the man beside him. "Eleven? . . . Eighteen left." He nodded and looked toward the wreck. Then he turned again. He yanked the stranger's sleeve and shouted, for it seemed important to say this now: "That's the greatest thing I've ever witnessed. It's—it's downright *great!*"

. . . Three hours had passed, and now the liner was circling to come in the lee of the Finn. Crawling down with the wind like an injured beetle, its oars beating wearily into the waves, came the laden cockleshell black with a burden that weighted its gunwales so close to the sea. Smith saw men bailing in desperation. He could even see their haggard eyes. Then the boat disappeared, blocked out by the stern, and he hurried around to the portside rail.

As before, the water was slicking over as oil dripped from the bags. A section of hull had been webbed with rope nets, and the second mate with the junior fourth and most of their crew stood ready with lines.

Smith watched almost listlessly. He was wrung dry, his emotions expended. He raised the glasses. Craig too, he saw, looked spent and drawn, bitten blue with the cold—yet still alert. He would have to be if these men were to live. Craig maneuvered in as close as he dared, while a rope was lashed under the arms of a sailor who lay unconscious between the thwarts.

The process dragged on. A few hardy Finns were still able to scramble up the netting. One, Smith could see, had removed his coat to protect a small dog, which he clutched in his arms.

At last Craig's head appeared over the bulwark. Hands reached to seize him. Then a girl rushed out and embraced the mate, and Smith spoke aloud. "There's Anne," he said, as if she were someone he had not seen in years.

He turned his gaze dazedly, hearing a whistle that came down from windward, faint in the gale. The tramp ship Verona was crossing their bows. Her nose plunged under fighting the seas, and a white rush of steam plumed out from her stack, and vaguely Smith knew she was saying farewell and three hearty cheers for nine gallant men.

SEATED in his modern castle, with secretaries instead of moats and bank reserves for men in mail, Gamaliel Smith relived that day as he read of the latest rescue at sea. At last he put on his coat and hat. Tonight he was going to dine with Anne.

In the outer office several reporters were taking notes. Smith paused to listen, and one of the newspapermen addressed him:

"I guess you feel proud of your son-in-law."

"Naturally. Captain Craig's a sailor, knows his business from A to Z. But you boys are making a landsman's mistake in giving him the major credit."

"How so, Mr. Smith?"

Smith's grin was tolerant. These men of the press were not descended from a line of skippers with salt in their veins.

"Gale blowing," he said—"very nasty out there. The hero's the fellow in charge of the boat that goes to the rescue. Chief mate is the man. You can quote me on that. Name's Jackson Tilley, t-i-double-l-e-y.

"Of course Captain Craig's in command," Smith added. "The final authority's always his. He picked Mr. Tilley to be his mate. *Insisted* on it, matter of fact. Remember that well. Some skippers are stubborn!"

The great man chuckled and went out the door. He certainly did remember it well. That day—in many respects, at least—was the most outstanding in all his life.

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Jantzen

SWIM SUITS AND SUN CLOTHES

These Our Rulers

Continued from page 15

along with Al Smith instead of Roosevelt. They were not—to use a Farleyism—FRBC (For Roosevelt Before Chicago). But, Oh! how they were for Roosevelt *after* Chicago in 1932—and still are.

For this time there is grief and misery in the Loop and its purlieus. The liberal regime of Henry Horner, Democratic governor, whose good name was expected to neutralize the dark repute of the Kelly-Nash crowd in Chicago, has collapsed in tragedy. Horner himself, mysteriously ill for eighteen months, lives incommunicado. He is out of the confused picture. No one seems to know just what his condition is. The reins have fallen from his feeble hands. The politicos, like hungry coyotes, scramble to seize them. A strange figure, Samuel L. Nudelman, a bankrupt, small-town haberdasher and $125-a-month clerk when Horner took power, has become the voice and the hand of Horner—Big Boss of the state herd.

The party is split. The lieutenant governor has seized the governorship. The schoolteachers are on the rampage; the city's unpaid bills pile up, the reform elements declaim against the return of the old Capone gangsters to power, the great city is racked by racket labor gangs and goons and a rebellious state's attorney has riven the city machine.

The Rush to Roosevelt

In these dark moments Kelly and Nash have caught onto a big hunk of the F.D.R. coattails. They put Roosevelt into a presidential primary and made Illinois the test battleground of Roosevelt's power. Every Democrat running for nomination in the April primaries was galloping around the hustings behind an F.D.R. dummy. Huge signs flamed all over Chicago: "*For Roosevelt and Humanity*—Vote for Slattery for U. S. Senator;" "*For Roosevelt and Humanity*—Vote for the Following Named Municipal Judges." Kelly and Nash grabbed the Roosevelt name—for a third term—as the fortress behind which to defend their conquest of Chicago.

But there is a little more than that to it. Kelly is probably sick of riding herd over the lawless ward committeemen of Chicago. He is wealthy. He is sixty-three. He is ambitious for broader and brighter pastures. He looks longingly at Washington. A nice place in the Cabinet would suit him perfectly. And something nice for old Pat—maybe minister to the Irish Free State; it was offered to him once, so 'tis said. All this would be a small price to pay for a nice big state like Illinois with 29 electoral votes.

What Kelly and Nash have in their hands is the same Cermak machine that Tony used to fill the galleries in the Democratic convention. It's something more or less new in Chicago politics. Chicago had never produced a supreme boss of the Charlie Murphy type. Both parties had powerful rival chieftains—great earls like Roger Sullivan, George Brennan, Carter Harrison—with their petty chieftains in the wards. Roger Sullivan began to weld together a machine. George Brennan carried it further. Tony Cermak perfected it. Kelly and Nash have streamlined it and increased its horsepower.

Tony Cermak, a crude political genius, Bohemian-born, immigrated to Illinois when a boy, worked in the mines at Braidswood and got the little schooling he had under a wooden-legged schoolteacher named George Brennan. Tony at sixteen organized some of his buddies to ask for a raise. The foreman put him on the shaft elevator, took him above ground and said: "Now you've had your raise—get the hell out of here." Tony went to Chicago and saw that same Professor George Brennan, now become a powerful Democratic leader, and asked guidance on how to get into politics. "Read the life of Richard Croker," said Brennan, "and settle among your own people"—the Czechs.

Tony took his advice, became a precinct captain, bought a pushcart, did hauling, bought a wagon, then two wagons and then several, made a few dollars, and by the time he was thirty was the undisputed leader of the Czechoslovakians in Chicago. They sent him to the legislature. There—a Democrat—he voted for the infamous Republican Bill Lorimer for senator. Two Senate leaders charged that Tony took money for his vote. Why should a Democrat vote for a Republican who was thrown out of the Senate? Tony never cleared himself. Anyhow, why should he? Who cared?

"As I remember it, this is the same thing we did last year"

BARBARA SHERMUND

Tony found a place of power for himself. He organized the United Societies—a federation of racial groups, Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, some Germans, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Middle European peoples. It was really a front for the liquor and brewery interests and soon became Tony's war tank for representing the commercial vice interests of Cook County—his special clients being the all-night dance halls.

With this army of votes behind him he became powerful. He ran for sheriff and staged a parade against law enforcement. He was made bailiff of the municipal courts and went before a police reorganization committee for the saloons, the all-night dance halls, the breweries to oppose the one o'clock closing law and said boldly: "We do not want this law enforced." He became first Sullivan's and then Brennan's lieutenant to round up the underworld and the commercial vice groups. He established himself as boss of the Twelfth Ward. When you understand that Chicago had only 129,000 Irish, but 116,000 Czechs and 139,000 Poles, you will see what a force this aggressive Bohemian was.

Blame It on Big Bill

When Sullivan died, Brennan became Democratic leader. When Brennan died in 1928, Cermak became leader. During most of this time Big Bill Thompson was mayor of Chicago. But you will have to remember that Chicago is just a name for a lot of governments—the City, the County, the Sanitary District, the Park Boards, the Board of Education, the Forest Preserves—all independent of one another. Big Bill was mayor, but Tony had become president of the County Board. The Democrats had control of the Sanitary District and the South Park Board, two of the biggest patronage and contract plums in the city.

When Brennan died and Cermak became Democratic boss, Pat Nash became his chief aide. Kelly had become chief engineer of the Sanitary District and president of the South Park Board with more contracts at his disposal than any official in Cook County. Moreover, Kelly was making something of a name as a politico. He had managed George Brennan's campaign for the United States Senate. He managed several other campaigns. But he was in no sense one of the great chiefs as yet.

And all this time Big Bill Thompson was making an international spectacle of himself as mayor. Crooked politicians of both parties and crooked judges and police captains and county officials were spreading and tightening their bonds with the famous gang leaders who were shooting it out for supremacy on the streets of Chicago. The very capital of their lawless empire was Cicero, outside the city, under the dominion of Tony Cermak. Democrats and Republicans were in the gang scandals up to their necks.

The depression had arrived. The city was practically bankrupt. It could not pay its teachers. It couldn't meet its bills. The taxpayers were on strike. The fantastic tragedy-comedy of the dry era and its criminal agents and overlords was rushing on to an end. It was 1931. The national Republican administration was ruined by the depression. Chicago had to choose a mayor. Tony, big boss by now, was looking for a candidate. Sitting in the county building, dressed in expensive clothes that hung badly around his paunchy figure, exuding the aroma of garlic and cockiness, arrogant, more or less illiterate, he listened to suggestions of eminent Chicagoans for that exalted job. Tony knew that practically anyone could beat Thompson. This was his chance. One day he hit the desk and said: "Nix on the high-brows. I'll run for mayor myself."

It was a terrible choice for Chicagoans—between Big Bill Thompson, clown, and Tony Cermak, political boss. There was a world of heart and mind searching. But in the end almost every reputable interest and organization and agency of public opinion, including the Republican Daily News and the Tribune, supported Cermak.

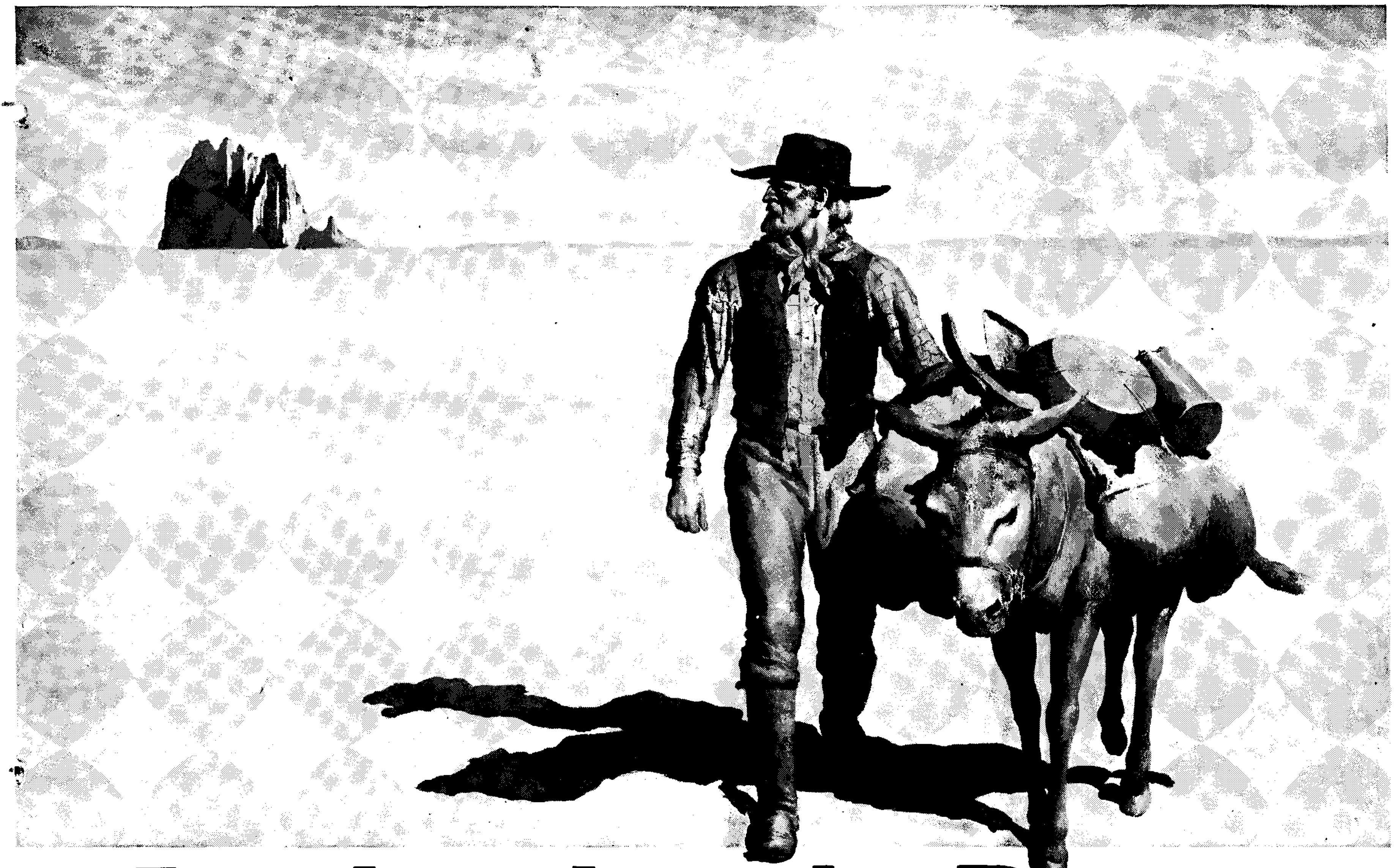
Mr. Thompson Asks a Question

The Better Government Association alone among organizations struck a balance sheet and declared against Tony. It called him leader of the saloon interests, chief sponsor of the all-night dance halls which flourished on debauching young people, protector of gambling and disorderly houses, vice syndicates. "You have been on the public pay roll for twenty-eight years," cried Thompson to Tony, "and never made more than $10,000 a year. So how in hell could you save $6,000,000 out of $10,000 a year?"

But the Fates had decided. Nothing could check the fury of the public urge to oust Thompson. Tony was elected by a huge majority and was installed as mayor immediately. He immediately resigned as chairman of the County Committee and old Pat Nash was made chairman. Nash sat at his elbow and took part in filling the jobs.

The next year the Democrats met in Chicago. Tony lined up against Roosevelt. He packed the convention with his leather-lunged minions to howl down the Roosevelt moves. And then—he found himself on the wrong side. At the last minute, when the stampede to Roosevelt started, Tony went with the crowd. But he was not FRBC.

Roosevelt won and went for a trip on the Astor yacht, the Nourmahal. Inauguration Day approached. The crisis was developing. Roosevelt was due to return to the mainland at Miami on February 15th. Three men were moving on that spot that day—Franklin D. Roosevelt on his way to his coronation, Anton Cermak to meet Roosevelt and make his peace and a half-mad Italian named Zangara who "hated all rulers." The three met at Miami. The crowd cheered Roosevelt, sitting in his open parked car. Tony Cermak leaned on the door and chatted with the man who would have so many jobs—more than Tony dreamed of. Zangara fired at Roosevelt, with an unsteady hand that sprayed the crowd with bullets. He hit



Landmark in the Desert

STARK against the sky a great rock rises out of the desert. Around it spreads a vast country, endless, trackless, where the earth blazes with savage color and the far horizon drifts away like smoke.

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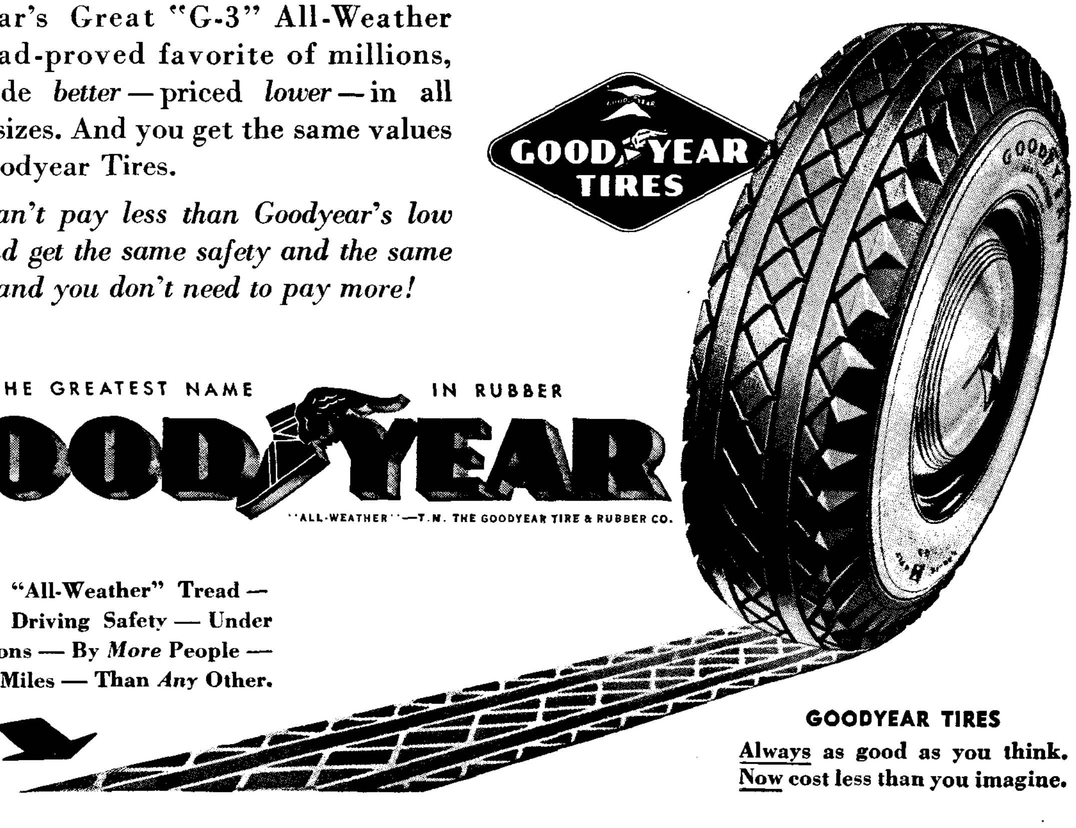

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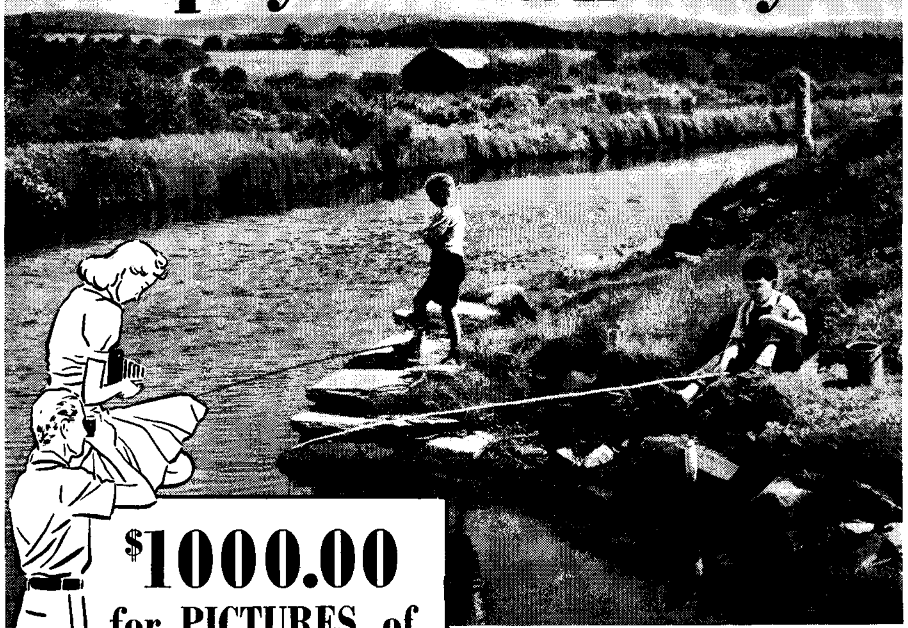

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2. The picture must have been made by person entering picture in contest.
3. Prints must be sent UN-mounted. Either contact prints or enlargements may be entered but all prints must be 5 x 7 or larger.
4. On the back of each print must appear the name and address of sender, the title of picture, date of exposure, the place where taken and description of subject.
5. Pictures will be judged on the basis of general interest and pictorial quality. The decision of the judges will be final.
6. The Pennsylvania Department of Commerce will use every reasonable care for the safe-keeping of all prints submitted but will not be responsible for loss or damage. Non-winning prints will be returned only if accompanied by full return postage.
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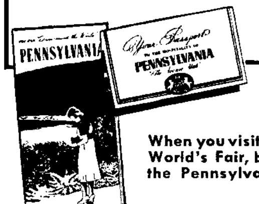

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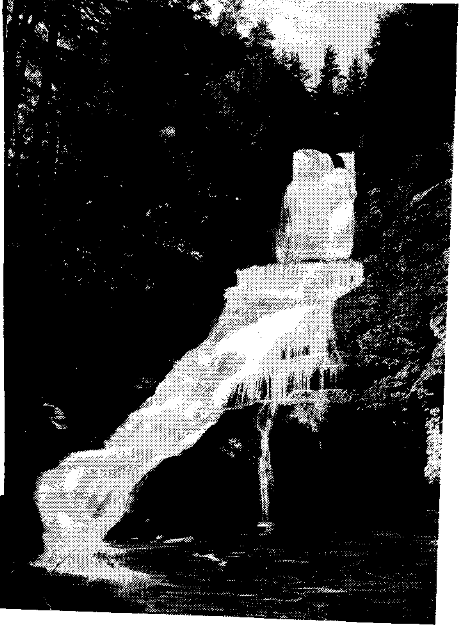


TO SEE AMERICA FIRST . . . .
FIRST SEE *Pennsylvania*
THE NATION'S BIRTH-STATE

ARTHUR H. JAMES, *Governor* RICHARD P. BROWN, *Secretary of Commerce*

five people—one of them Tony, who died a few days later.

Zangara made everything right for Kelly and Nash. For Tony, as he was hit, said to Roosevelt: "I'm glad it was me instead of you." How could Roosevelt refuse anything to a political machine whose leader was in his grave with bullets in his body intended for Roosevelt? Half a million people had lined the wind-swept streets of Chicago to see the immense cortege bearing the body of the man who had died saving Roosevelt. Kelly and Nash were sitting pretty.

But the pair—particularly Kelly—had—and still have—one cloud on their record that never has been wholly cleared up. Indeed, the opposition blitzkriegers in Illinois are sharpening up their knives on this once again. It has to do with what might be called the Episode of the Pay Roll and the Well-Lit Road. It revolves around a chapter in Kelly's career that accounts for his being referred to by unfriendly critics as Sanitary Kelly.

Eye-Opener for Chicago

Chicago has had two famous Crowes—Bob and Tim—not related. Bob was the famous state's attorney and partner in the Thompson-Crowe overlordship. Tim Crowe was the president of the Sanitary District. Bob is a Republican; Tim was a Democrat. Tim was made president of the Sanitary District as a result of a bi-partisan deal. Chicago is famous for such deals between Democrats and Republicans for spoils.

The Democrats had four members on the Sanitary District; the Republicans five. But the Democrats made a deal with one of the Republican members, thus getting a majority, and an agreement on the division of the patronage. Tim Crowe was made president; Ed Kelly, chief engineer, was reappointed. Then the trustees decided to make the pay rolls secret.

In due time rumors got about. Mutterings were heard in the streets about the weird goings-on in the Sanitary District. The Association of Commerce made a little investigation. Major General Harry Taylor, U.S.A., chief engineer, retired, reported that a Calumet River job given to T. J. Forschner, Kelly's friend and neighbor, for $4,750,000 was $2,000,000 in excess of a fair cost. The Sanitary District was paying $1.08 a cubic foot for dredging while the U. S. Government was paying 44 cents for the same work in the same river. The District was paying 24 cents a pound for reinforcing steel when 8 cents was ample.

Then came an election, the Democratic control was broken, a demand for opening up the District's books, including pay rolls, was enforced. There were legislative and several grand jury investigations, a long court trial and various private investigations of these transactions, all a matter of public record. A simple statement of the facts, without ornament or adjective, is enough.

There were over 4,000 names on the pay roll. Two thousand were promptly dropped as soon as the light hit, and officials said another thousand were slated to go—the rolls were 75 per cent padded.

Before election $68,000 a week was added to the rolls and the day after election 1,197 election workers hired during the campaign were let out.

These secret rolls were a roosting place for the relatives, friends, ward-workers and girl friends of half the politicians in Chicago. Best of all, most of these good people were not required to do any work.

There was a book—a very special pay roll—on which the names of some forty members of the legislature were carried—mostly downstate members who didn't even live in Chicago. It was called the Statesmen's Ledger.

There were lawyers by the score in the legal department. One youthful barrister said he called for his check covering the first two weeks, but that thereafter his ward boss collected it and cashed it. The Bar Association hauled up before the courts 56 of these lawyers and charged them with conduct unbecoming the profession. Some were disbarred, some were suspended, some disciplined, some let off.

Many seemed to have a finger in the pie. Forty Republican members refused to serve on the legislative inquiry ordered. When the inquiry began it was discovered the sergeant-at-arms serving its subpoenas was a payrollee. When a grand jury met to investigate, one of its members was on the pay roll.

The trustees and officials—at least some—went in for the good life in a big way. Tim Crowe rode around in an $8,700 car, Kelly in a $5,400 one. Thousands were spent on beautifying expensive cars. Everybody had a fine car and the District spent $70,000 a year on taxi hire besides. One political garage was favored. It presented a bill of $2,200 for one joy-ride of four days. In the bill was $300 for whisky, $150 for beer, $35 for ginger ale, $65 for vanity cases.

It cost contractors money to do business with the District. Some trustees got gifts of twenty-five cases of liquor a month. One contractor alone testified that he delivered to one official $135-a-case booze to the extent of from $3,000 to $4,000 a month.

The Road to Wealth

Strangest of all was the road that the Sanitary District built. Colonel Bob McCormick, owner of the Chicago Tribune, was once a member of the Sanitary District trustees. He was and still is a great friend of Kelly. He helped make Kelly chief engineer in the old days. The trustees built a road—a very famous road. It was lit by lamps which cost from $1,200 to $1,400 each—600 of them. The state's attorney said they could be bought for $100 each. And it turned out they were supplied by a company incorporated by Umbrella Mike Boyle, electrical labor union leader, and John L. McInerney, Kelly's personal attorney. More interesting than the lamps was a plain cinder bridle path alongside the paved boulevard that cost almost as much as the boulevard itself.

There were other contracts. Old Pat Nash did very nicely. His firm got a contract for $2,000,000 to build a sewer, then as an extra, another $2,000,000 to connect it up with another sewer and then, as another "extra," $3,000,000 to remove the first extra. His firm and his nephews—Dowdle Brothers—got $13,000,000 in contracts those three years.

All this happened in the years 1926, 1927 and 1928—though it did not come out until later. All of the trustees and Kelly were indicted.

A judge quashed the indictment. The state's attorney had to race against time to beat the statute of limitations. A hastily called grand jury re-indicted the trustees but voted 12 to 11 not to indict Kelly. The trials and revelations dragged through several years. Two of the defendants died during the trial. In the end Tim Crowe and two others were convicted and sent to state's prison.

Crowe died before he began to serve. It was on the heels of this episode that Kelly was made mayor of Chicago. But the assassination of Cermak had shut the mouth of every critic of Cermak's regime. The dead mayor was raised to the dignity of a martyr. Kelly and Nash found themselves arrived in power under circumstances that put a silencer upon every unfriendly voice. And so the Sanitary District scandal was not mentioned.

With Kelly's ascension to power, he and Nash were in possession of the most powerful political machine Chicago had ever seen. They had jobs—endless jobs, city, county, state, sanitary district, park boards, schools and now federal; jobs beyond the dream of the most extravagant spoilsman. The wide corridors of the City Hall and County Building were jammed with the desks of the payrollees. "The public buildings will not hold them any more," said Dwight Green, Republican candidate for governor. It is true. Jobs—and contracts, receiverships, trusteeships, special privileges, favors and immunities and federal funds—a spoilsman's paradise.

And behind this, the genial overlordship of Nash—old P. A. as he is known—and the organizing ability of Engineer Kelly. His dearest foe will not refuse the meed of praise for the beautiful 1940 model vote-getting machine he has turned out. It functions with all the precision and power of the Charlie Murphy machine before Jimmy Walker ran it up a tree. It's the Murphy machine plus mimeographs, typewriters, calculators, dictographs, filing systems, business machines, interoffice telephone communications, interdistrict amplifying machines. In short, it is Tammany plus Technology.

I saw it working last April on its unhappy opponents in the Democratic primaries. The ward committeeman is a sort of independent satrap. But he takes orders from G. H. Q. in the Morrison Hotel. Every precinct has a large crew of payrollees, relief workers, beneficiaries. They ring door bells, carry the messages, put on the pressure and dispense the favors.

Little Jimmy Dooley, precinct captain, gets a letter. He pulls it out of his inside pocket where it is stored like a treasure. It is a personal letter from the Big Boss Pat Nash—Old P. A. It informs Jimmy that P. A. has something of importance to communicate to him Thursday night and directs that he present himself at ward headquarters.

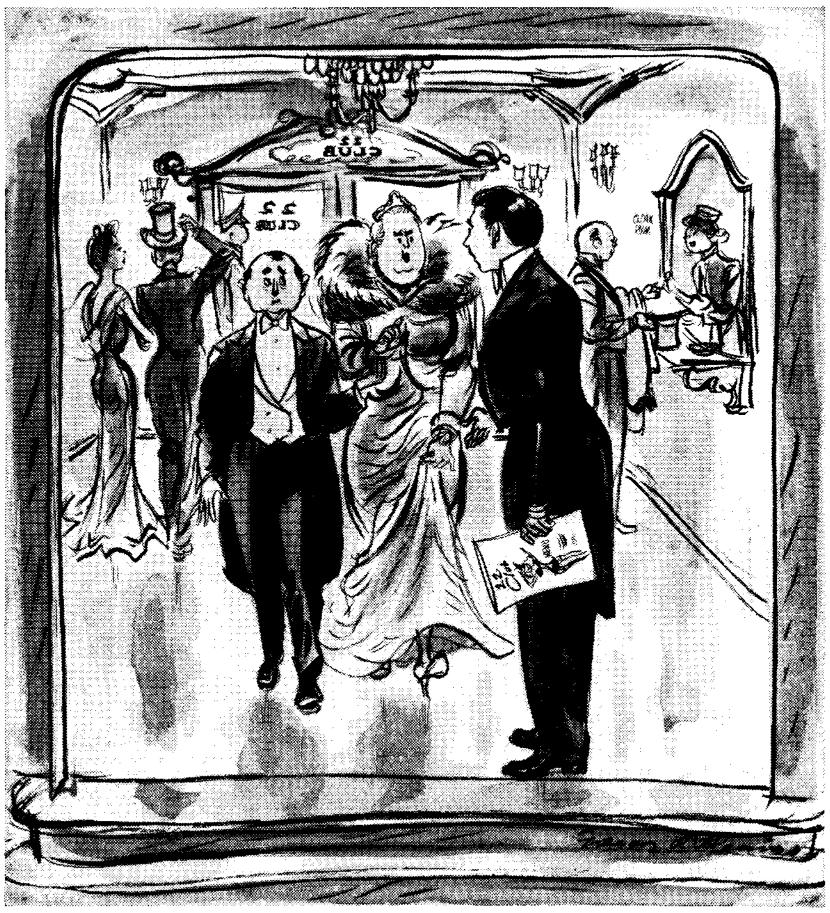
Jimmy goes there—you can bet he does. The other precinct captains are there, maybe all the precinct workers. There is a loud-speaker in the meeting room. Presently the voice of Pat Nash comes through—talking from a small room at the Morrison. He and Kelly and Judge O'Brien and Ross and a few of the inner cabinet have just been talking things over. Here is what they have been talking about—and old Pat chats along, giving Jimmy and the others present the inside dope (or what sounds like it) and also detailing the G. H. Q. instructions for the time being. In fifty wards similar gatherings of the high privates are met. At headquarters Nash, or Kelly, can pick up a microphone and talk to all the workers in the city at once.

Headquarters is a businesslike place—might be the offices of a well-run insurance company. There are desks, clerks—well-mannered and competent-looking persons. There are statisticians. The ward leaders must make reports. These are reduced to tables, charts, graphs. They can be enlarged and projected on a screen. This is done often in the small room in which the inner cabinet meets. There the grand strategy makers will sit contemplating these charts and graphs quietly, or perhaps talking seriously over their meaning.

Bob Crowe, once Republican boss, said to me: "These fellows have a machine that can be beaten only by an angry mob—an uprising." Kelly has no faith in mobs. He believes in machinery. In the primary election of April in 1938 he disappointed all the spellbinders who were bursting with prepared charges of eloquence by cutting out all the meetings and the speeches. Kelly felt the job could be done by machinery rather than by hand (and mouth).

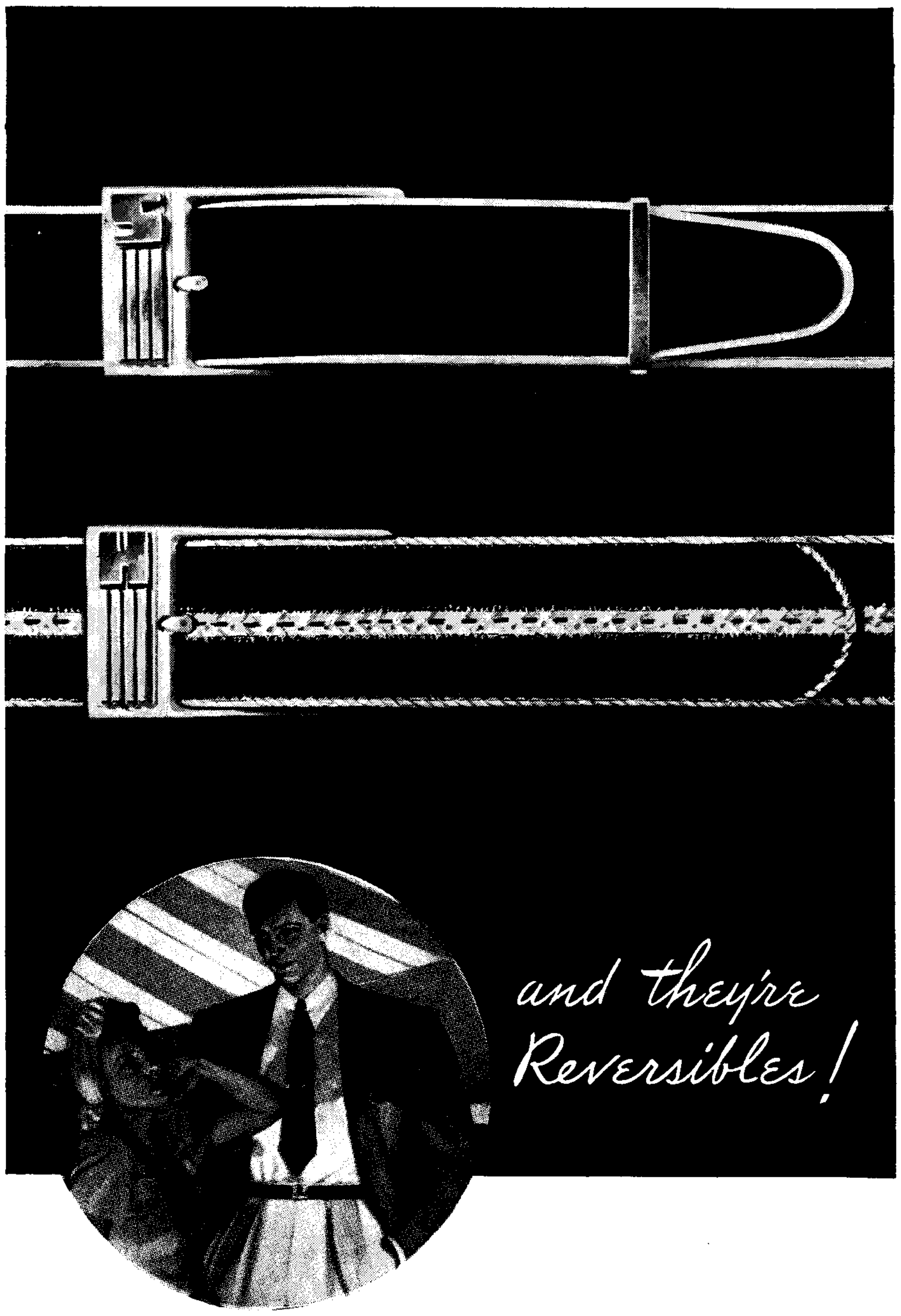
It's efficient. But it costs money. And where does the money come from? That calls for another lesson in the science of practical government. We'll enlighten you on that presently.

The second of this series of articles will appear next week.



"Are we in time to miss the bubble dance?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Initial showing ON SUMMER'S SMARTEST BELTS!



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That family on the opposite page ⟶ knows why the

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DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE!

Plenty of Dog

Continued from page 21

she would squeeze tight but not too tight as if she wanted to say to him: "See, I like you. If I didn't like you, I would squeeze a little harder and you would not have any hand any more."

In the park my brother thought to himself that this was a peculiar business all right. Some women do not know when they are well off, he thought. Here was this Mr. Hillyard that made a pile of money and did not get drunk or run around with other women except in the line of business, and the only vice he had was this dog. But after all, it was not any of his business. So he let Pearl loose and let her run. And while she was running he looked at her and he thought to himself that a dog like Pearl should ought to be worth a couple sawbucks if a fellow could find a sucker that was such a dog lover he would be willing to pay for a dog like Pearl. And then it come to my brother like this: if someone is going to make a couple sawbucks out of Pearl why shouldn't it be Winifred Barrelblank instead of some bum that does not even know the family?

Right then my brother could always use money, as dating Velma was not any cheap proposition. So as soon as he got the idea he whistled up Pearl and he walked down to the corner out of sight of the Cathedral Towers. He hailed a hack, put Pearl in it and took her to his boardinghouse. He sneaked her up to his room and told her to lie down and be a good girl until he came back in the morning. Then he took the hack back to the Cathedral Towers and went to the Hillyard apartment.

"Well," he said to Velma, "you will not be bothered by Pearl any more. A guy just stole her."

"Did you see the guy?" Velma asked him.

"Not so very good," my brother Winifred answered, "it happened nearly a block away. But it looked like a guy about my size. He pulled her into a car and drove away."

Velma turned away from him, "Well, that was what the missus wanted," she sniffed. "But I will miss her." She began to cry.

"Oh, forget it," my brother said, "she was only a dog."

"She was a awfully sweet dog," Velma said, "and she sure did enjoy good cooking."

"Just give me a chance and I will make up for her and then some."

"That's the trouble with you," Velma cried, "you have not got any feelings."

"If you would give me a chance I would show you some feelings," my brother said.

"Oh, go away, please," Velma said.

IT WAS time for him to go to work anyhow; so my brother went. It did not bother him to become a dog thief like that. My brother Winifred was not a lover of dogs. And anyhow he did not figure it was really stealing; it was more like taking a gift. My brother's morals were not so good.

It happened this was a very good hacking night and my brother did not have a chance to look around for a sucker to buy Pearl. Still he was not worried by it. He knew a couple drivers that lived out in the sticks and he figured one of them would buy Pearl all right. So he was feeling pretty good when he came home in the morning about 5:30.

In the meantime, however, a little situation had developed at my brother's boardinghouse. It seems like about 5 o'clock Pearl wanted to take a walk and she began to whimper and scratch on the door. Of course, her whimpering and scratching were louder than if she had been a lap dog, and in fact it woke up the whole boardinghouse. Everybody came out of their rooms and stood around the door of Winifred's room wondering what was going on. And finally the landlady got her passkey and opened the door. Out came Pearl.

There was a little misunderstanding now. Pearl did not understand that all these people belonged in the house; and the people did not understand that Pearl was really a gentle dog. The result was about half the folks made a run for their rooms and the other half Pearl chased out. By the time my brother Winifred came, they were all collected outside in their night clothes and Pearl was growling at them from the doorway.

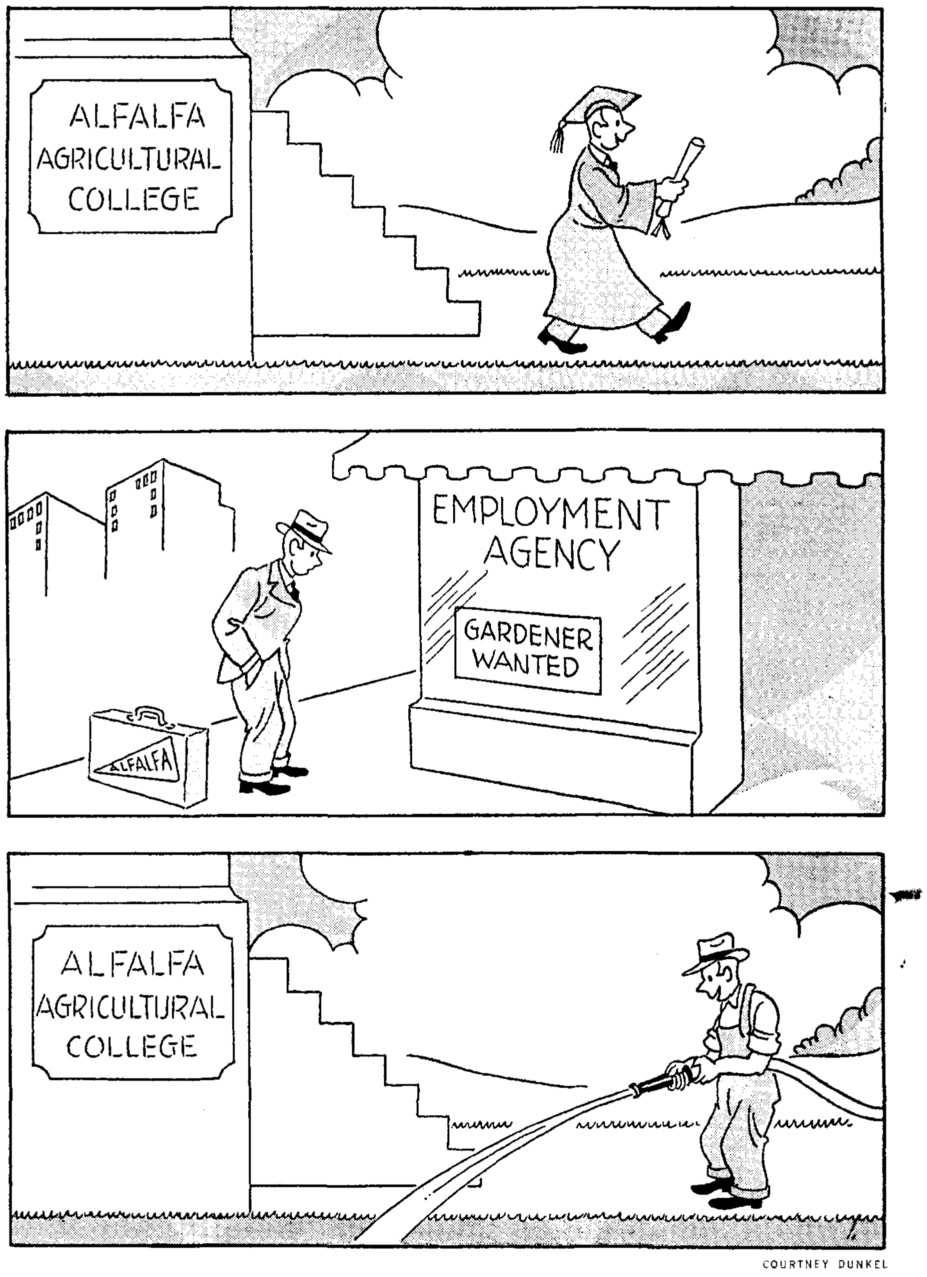
My brother Winifred calmed Pearl down and let the boarders go inside. Then the landlady called him to the men's parlor, and she gave him a piece of her mind that had needed cleaning out for a long time. It did not help that while my brother was explaining to her Pearl was wagging her tail to greet him good morning and knocked a vase off the table. To hear the landlady howl you would have thought Pearl had picked up the vase in her front paws and threw it in the landlady's face, knocking out a couple teeth.

The upshot of it was that the landlady said she did not ever want to see my brother Winifred again, with or without Pearl, and if he would kindly pay up his rent on the spot and four dollars to repair the scratched door and six dollars for the broken vase, he could look for accommodations somewhere else. So my brother paid up and packed up his belongings and went hunting for another boardinghouse.

This was not by any means any easy task and in fact it took him from then to 3 P. M. to find a place. When the landladies saw Pearl they would slam the door like as if they thought she had the bubonic plague and my brother Winifred had salesmen's samples of all the other catching diseases in his suitcases. But finally he found a room in the basement under a taxi dance hall next to the C. B. & I. tracks for eight dollars a week after he promised he would get rid of Pearl within a week.

OF COURSE, my brother was getting a little less fond of Pearl all this time especially when he figured out it already cost him more than ten dollars to keep Pearl this long. However, he made up his mind that the asking price would be forty dollars and at that it would be a nice profit for a couple days' investment. By now it was time to work and my brother had not had any sleep yet.

He decided he would stop at the Cathedral Towers to see if Velma had changed her mind about marrying him today. So he went and he knocked at the kitchen door. But it was not Velma



COURTNEY DUNKEL

The family who found a new way to the Fair

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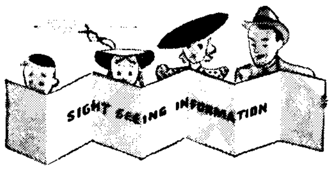

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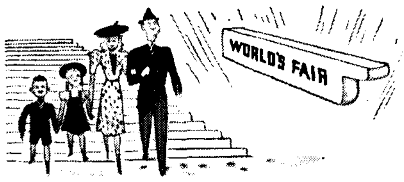

(Hotel Pennsylvania did not raise its rates during the 1939 Fair—*and that goes for 1940, too!* P. S.—There's a new Coffee Shop for budget meals, and dinner and supper dancing in the Café Rouge.)

"In closing," the father wrote, "one of the highlights of the Fair was dining in the beautiful Romanian House Restaurant which you operate."

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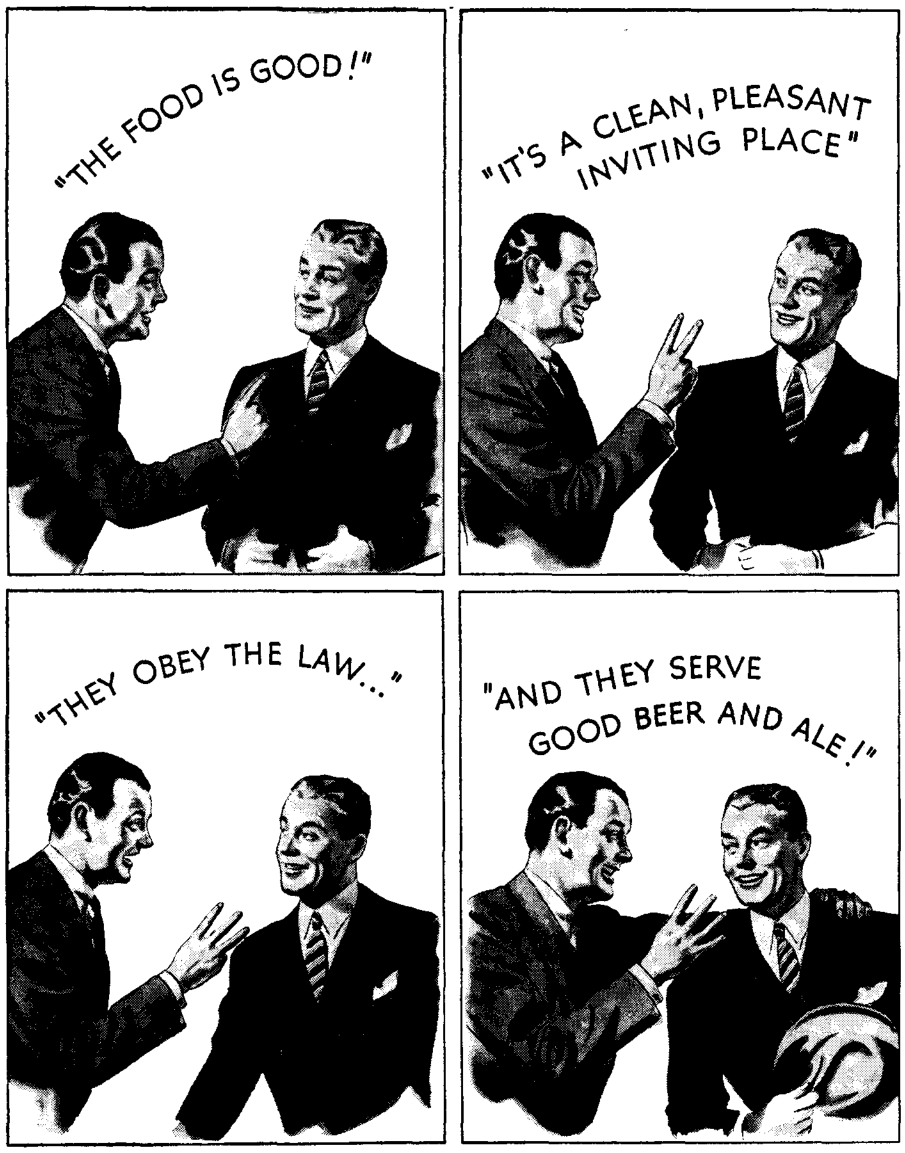
Don't miss opposite page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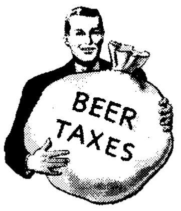
"AND THEY SERVE GOOD BEER AND ALE!"



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United Brewers Industrial Foundation

BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

that answered the door. It was a fellow with a face tough enough to scare the skirts off the kids in a progressive school and it did not take a man of my brother's experience to see that it was a detective.

"You're the cab-driver friend of the cook's? Huh?" the man asked.

"Yeah," my brother said, "but if she is busy I can come some other day."

"We are waiting for you," the detective said, and he pushed my brother in, and then through the hallway into the living room where there already was quite a little mob of people including Velma, who looked anxious, Mrs. Hillyard, who looked worried and Mr. Hillyard, who was just plain mad.

"ALL I want is to find those crooks, Sergeant," he was yelling, "and I will prosecute them to the full limit of the law. Dog stealers ought to be treated like kidnapers."

Naturally these words did not make my brother feel so good. For a minute my brother was nervous.

"Yes, sir," one of the detectives with a chin on him like the bumper on a locomotive said, "we will do our best. But I still do not understand this idea of your wife's. How was that again, Mrs. Hillyard?"

"Don't be so stupid," Mrs. Hillyard said, "I've already told you once, and twice to my husband. Can't either of you understand anything?"

"There are limits," Mr. Hillyard shouted at her.

"Just a minute, Mr. Hillyard," the sergeant said, "you let me handle this. Now just once more, Mrs. Hillyard."

"Oh, very well, then," Mrs. Hillyard said with a big sigh. "As I said before, my friend Flora Bellows is an officer of the Dog Haven and she is a very close friend of mine. So anyhow she came to me one day and she said that everybody at the Dog Haven was getting disgusted with the way the police were not putting a stop to all this dog stealing and they decided it had gone on long enough and they would put a stop to it. What I gathered was that there was a certain dog dealer in town that was the head of this ring of dog thieves and the way they went about it was like this: when somebody would come to the store wanting a certain kind of dog, he would say they do not have any on hand but they would let her know if they located one. Then this dealer would find someone who owned a dog like that and he would send some of his helpers and they would steal the dog and then call up this somebody and say they had a dog like she wanted for fifty or a hundred dollars or something. You understand it so far?"

"Uh-huh," the sergeant said, "we know the dog dealer you mean. We have got our suspicions that it is something like that, only we have not got any proof. We been watching him quite a while now."

"That's what Flora said. So she said they wanted to get the proof and she wanted me to help with Pearl because this breed of Pearl's is a rare breed in this town and there would not be any question about whether it was the identical dog or something. Flora is nearly my best friend so I said of course I would be glad to help. So one day I took Pearl to this dog shop pretending I was looking for a harness for her. Flora said this man would notice Pearl and make a note of her. A few days later another of her friends, Jack Farwell, went into the store and said he was looking for a Chesapeake Bay Retriever and especially a b- b- a *she* because he wanted to retire to the country and breed them, and this dealer said he thought maybe they could get one for him. So Flora figured this dealer would send his men around looking for Pearl and if we gave them a chance they would steal her and then sell her to Jack Farwell and there we would have the proof."

"So," Mr. Hillyard said, "this is the woman I married! I must have been drunk or mentally deranged."

"But there is nothing to worry about," Mrs. Hillyard said, "because, of course, Jack Farwell will give you back Pearl."

Mr. Hillyard put his head in his arms like his head hurt him very badly and he wanted to cry also and the sergeant opened his mouth like he wanted to be sure all of Mrs. Hillyard's words got inside him so he could understand them. My brother Winifred was still a couple sentences behind but when he caught up he was more shocked than even the time when he was a young kid and found out the snake he had caught and put in a paper bag and brought to school to tease the girls was a copperhead instead of a milk snake. My brother Winifred was not a very fast thinker but it did not take a very fast thinker to figure out that he sure had stuck his neck into a potful of trouble.

"The only thing wrong with that idea," the sergeant said, "is even if it worked it would not prove anything in court. What we need is to catch someone doing the stealing and give them the works and get a confession and then have them turn state's evidence."

"Of course," Mrs. Hillyard said, "we figured we would see who did it and identify them."

So then the sergeant turned to my brother Winifred and he said:

"Well, can you identify them, fellow?"

"Well, I dunno," said my brother Winifred. "It happened nearly a block away. But it looked to me like a guy about my size and he took her into a car and drove away."

"What was the number of the car?" the sergeant asked.

"Why, I didn't see it," my brother said like he was terribly surprised that anyone should expect him to. "In the first place it was too far away and in the second place I didn't pay it so much attention on account I figured they were only trying to get rid of the dog. I didn't know it was a plot like this."

THE sergeant turned to Velma and he asked her: "Didn't you tell him about it?"

"Why," Velma replied, "I did not know it was like that. Mrs. Hillyard didn't tell me. She only said let someone steal it and I figured she wanted to get rid of the dog so Mr. Hillyard wouldn't want to move to the country and raise dogs."

Mr. Hillyard raised his head off his arms.

"And you didn't have any hesitation helping her do it even though you knew how fond I was of Pearl?" he howled at her.

"Why," said Velma, "I said to Mrs. Hillyard I didn't think you would like it and she said she was giving me the orders and let her worry about her husband."

Mr. Hillyard glared at her; and while he was glaring Mrs. Hillyard snapped at Velma:

"I expected you to do it yourself. You're fired."

"Certainly you're fired," Mr. Hillyard said. "You ought to know better than to carry out such a stupid order."

"Fired!" my brother yelled out. "What do you mean fired? She was only carrying out orders. How was she to know there was such a silly idea behind it? It was not her fault."

"I quit," Velma said, "if you will please give me a check for the month I will pack up and go."

Well, there was quite a commotion but finally Mr. Hillyard gave Velma a check and she got her coat and hat and a bagful of aprons and stuff and she and my brother went out on the street.

"It is a shame you should lose your job," my brother Winifred said while they were walking.

"Oh, I do not care so much," Velma said. "But it was nice of you to defend me like that. Maybe you have got a heart after all. There are other jobs."

"Why bother about looking for another job, honey?" my brother said. "Why don't we just get married?"

"Well," Velma said. "I don't know, Fred. Being independent is nice in a way. But I will think of it."

"That's wonderful," my brother said. "I'll tell you, tomorrow let's go look for an apartment and a ring, huh?"

"Well, maybe," Velma said.

My brother Winifred was fit to bust with happiness.

"I guess everything happened for the best at that," he said.

"Well, I'm kind of sorry for the Hillyards. They are kind of nice people at that and I hate to see them bust up. Mr. Hillyard was a great one for eating good cooking, too. I guess they will get a divorce now."

"You know, honey," my brother said, "there is something I ought to tell you. That is all wrong about Pearl."

"Sure, it's all wrong," Velma said, "the missus shouldn't've done that."

"No, what I mean," Winifred said, "is nobody stole Pearl. I took her home."

VELMA dropped her bag right in the middle of the street and she turned and stared at my brother Winifred.

"You did?" she shouted.

"Why, yeah," my brother Winifred said. "I figured if someone is going to steal Pearl and make a couple sawbucks out of it, why shouldn't it be me? Only now with the cops working on it I don't know what to do."

Velma stared at him until a car nearly ran them both down. Then she picked up her bags and started to walk very fast. My brother ran after her.

"What's the matter, Velma?" he asked her.

She did not reply to him, but only walked faster like she wanted to get away from him.

"Don't be like that," my brother said to her, walking sideways.

Finally she turned around and she said to him:

"Go away from me or I will tell a cop you are annoying me and also that you are a dog thief."

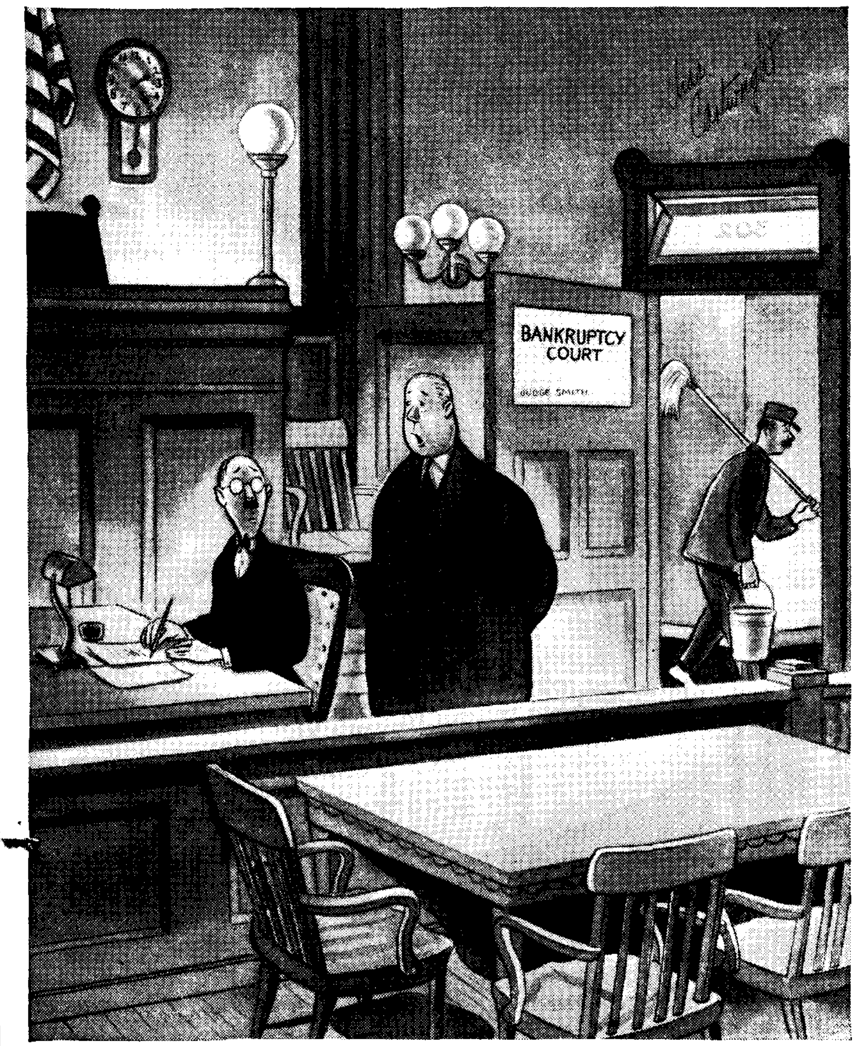
"But, but, but—" my brother tried to object.

"And never mind about tomorrow or any other day," Velma went on. "I knew you were only a gorilla without feelings. I would not marry you if I was Eve and you were Adam and the whole world depended on it. Now get out of my way, please."

Well, there was nothing for my brother to do but let her go. So finally he went to the garage. My brother was worried by this time. He knew this was a crisis in his life. The only trouble was he could not think what to do about it because his mind was not working even as good as normal on account of not getting any sleep. While he was driving all evening he was trying to think what the best answer to this would be.

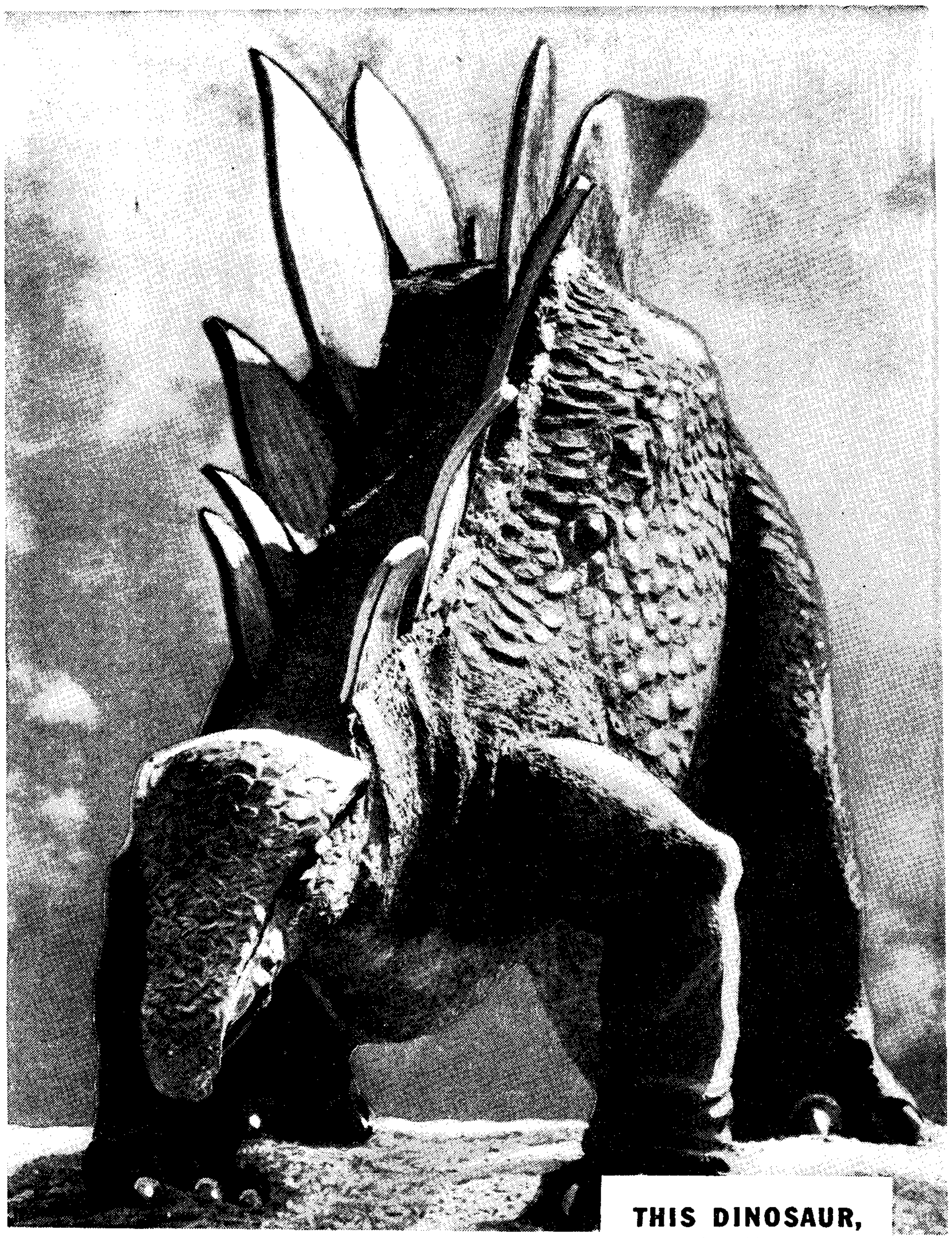
Finally after midnight when the rush was over he decided that there was only one thing to do. He would drive to his room, get Pearl, put her in the hack and drive out in the sticks somewhere and lose her. Of course he would be some money out but the way things stood it was not safe to be in possession of Pearl. So he started right out for his room, cowboying the hack all the way.

The trouble was that by this time



"I'm sorry, Nugent, but unless general business conditions stop improving I'll have to let you go!"

CHAS. CARTWRIGHT



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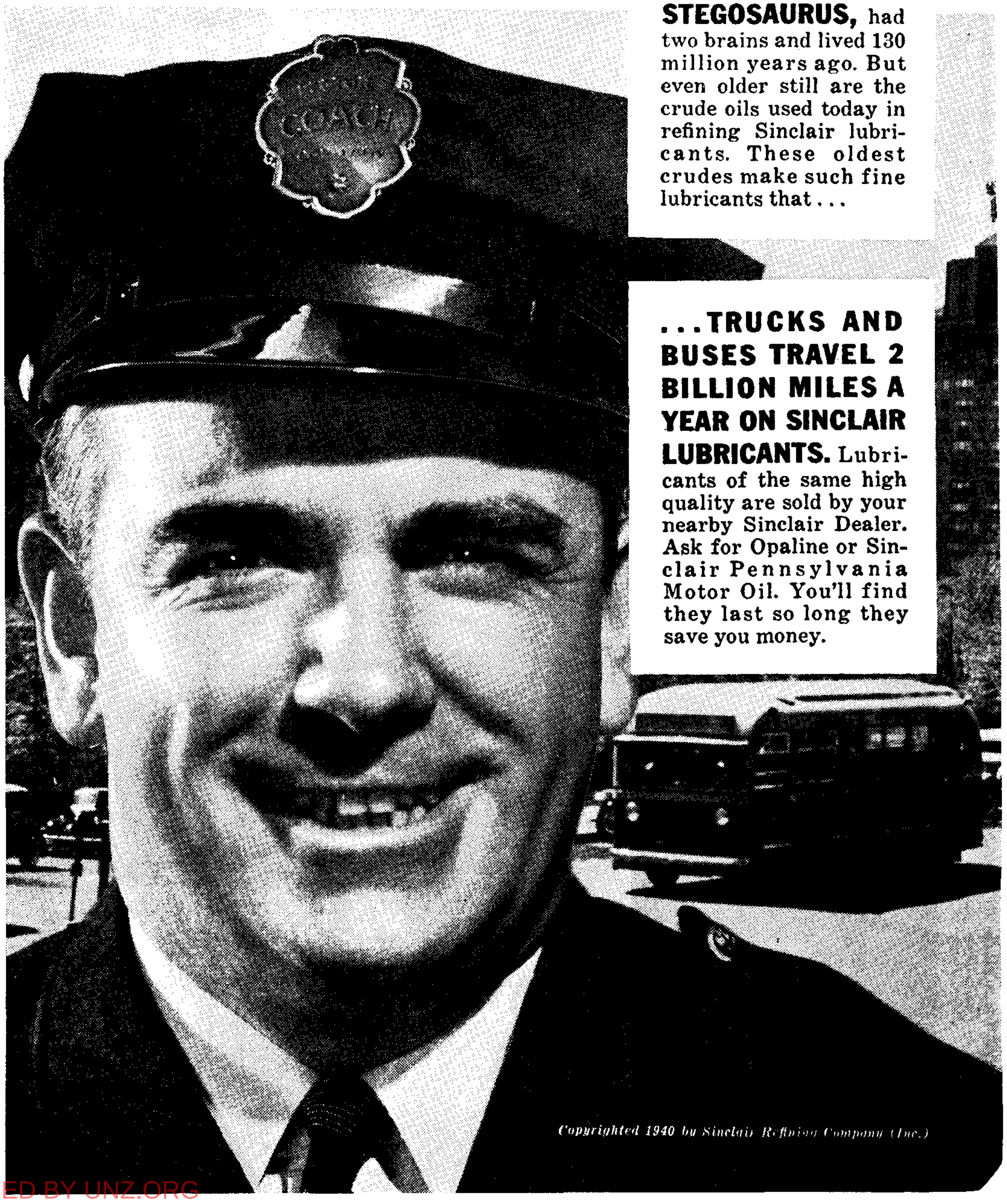

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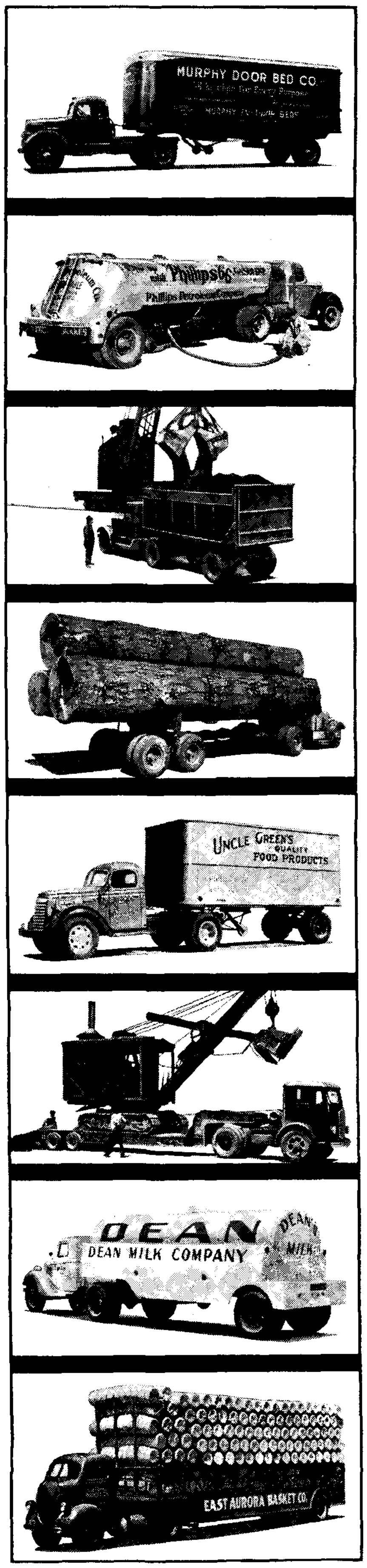

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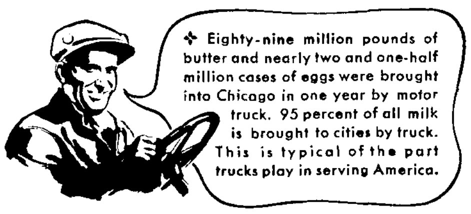

✣ Eighty-nine million pounds of butter and nearly two and one-half million cases of eggs were brought into Chicago in one year by motor truck. 95 percent of all milk is brought to cities by truck. This is typical of the part trucks play in serving America.

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
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MORE FRUEHAUF TRAILERS ON THE ROAD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

my brother Winifred was getting very sleepy. In fact he was driving with only one eye open at a time as it was too much effort to try to keep both eyes open. Also it looked to him like a fog had come up and the street lights got dim and he was having some difficulty seeing where he was going. Finally he saw a red light in front of him and he figured it was another car and he would just follow the taillight until they got out of the fog. And the next thing he knew there was a big crash and he and the hack were wrapped up around the pillar of the South and Philadelphia R. R. viaduct on 48th Street.

A squad of detectives pulled him out of the hack, and when my brother started telling them how it happened they decided right away any guy that mistook the red light on the viaduct pillar for a taillight was driving under the influence and they took him to the precinct station and made him blow up some balloons.

By the time they finally got convinced that my brother Winifred was not drunk but only a fool that was driving while asleep, it was 8 A. M. and the garage manager arrived to find out just what happened, and when he heard the details he fired my brother Winifred on the spot and he even told him not to bother to come for his last pay check because the company would use it to pay for part of the damage.

IT WAS at this point that my brother Winifred's love for dogs went down to a lot of points below zero and he would've been willing to be the city dogcatcher on a dollar-a-year basis. As soon as the police put some patches on his face and he could navigate, he started for home. My brother Winifred's mind was not in a pleasant state at that moment. His mind was not working very clear yet but it didn't have to work so good for him to count up that he was about ten bucks, his girl friend and a job out and all on account of Pearl. And none of the things he thought of doing to Pearl would have done her health any good.

He let himself into his room and put on the light, and because he couldn't stand he dropped into a chair. The minute he came in, of course, Pearl could see everything was not right with him. In fact he looked like he had been dragged out of his bed in the middle of his sleep and pulled behind a car for a couple miles through some rough country and then had been left on a football field and run over by both teams for three quarters. Pearl began to whimper and she began to lick the grime off his face. It felt good to my brother Winifred. I guess after a guy has got banged around like him and kicked by everybody from his girl friend to his boss and the cops, anything would feel fine. After a while my brother opened his eyes and looked at Pearl. As soon as she saw his eyes open she began to wag her tail and whimper louder than ever. She climbed up in his lap and licked his face some more. And all of a sudden, just like that, my brother was a lover of dogs.

"Well, anyhow," he said, starting to cry, "it looks like you care what happens to me, huh? Even if I am a dog thief and was going to take you out and lose you somewhere."

My brother Winifred began to think while he was crying. He began to see he was a no-good bum and no wonder Velma did not like him.

Then finally it came to him what he had to do. He had to take Pearl to the Cathedral Towers and give her back to Mr. Hillyard and make a full confession and take the consequences. He did not have any money left for cab fare so he had to walk. He walked with his chin up like a patriot that is going to be hanged for his country and is proud of it. Pearl walked beside him and every once in a while she would grab hold of his wrist and press it fondly and lick his fingers. When he came to the corner of the Drive where the Cathedral Towers are he straightened out his shoulders even more. He was not afraid of the consequences; he was going to take his medicine like a man.

And all of a sudden two tough-looking bruisers jumped out of a doorway and started grabbing Pearl.

"Hey, wait a minute," my brother yelled at them, "what do you guys want?"

"Shut up, fella," one of them said, "or you will get hurt. All we want is this hound here. You keep quiet and nothing will happen to you."

Those hoodlums sure did pick the wrong time and the wrong guy. As soon as my brother realized what was their idea, he went crazy. He started to swing his fists around. One of them hit one of the crooks and sent him through the plate-glass window of the delicatessen store. The other guy pulled a gun and both my brother and Pearl jumped him. Before they could finish him off the first one came out of the potato salad and started in again. It was a sweet fight while it lasted but it did not last very long. The owner of the delicatessen called the cops and a squad arrived on the scene, banged my brother and the crooks, both, on the head and carted the whole lot, including Pearl, to the precinct station. They threw them into cells where my brother Winifred went to sleep.

When he woke up he was dragged up to the captain's office and there was Mr. Hillyard and the sergeant with the jaw like the bumper on a locomotive. My brother told them the whole story, not leaving any details out, and at the end he broke down and started to sniff a little at the thought of what a gorilla he was.

"Hm," the sergeant said, "those other guys must be working for this dog-stealing dealer. Let us give them the works and find out."

"It was a lousy thing to do," my brother said to Mr. Hillyard, "and I am willing to take the consequences. Only, Mr. Hillyard, Velma did not have anything to do with it. In fact, she loves Pearl and she cried when I told her she was stolen and when she found out I stole her, she said she never wanted to see me again."

Pearl came over from Mr. Hillyard and licked my brother's hand.

"I will get in touch with her," Mr. Hillyard said, "and give her her job back. It was all a mistake all around. You know, Barrelblank, that was a brave thing to do, fighting those two crooks. You might have been killed."

"WELL," my brother said, "I wouldn't let Pearl get stolen again. She is a very fine dog."

"You bet she is," Mr. Hillyard said, "and she seems to like you. Barrelblank, I will tell you what. We are getting a house in the suburbs and we will breed Pearl. How would you like to be the chauffeur and kennel man?"

"I will do my best for you," my brother said.

So they let my brother out and he went and told Velma the whole story and he said:

"Well, I am a gorilla all right, honey, but maybe you will give me another chance."

"One chance is enough," Velma said.

So my brother nodded. "I guess that is right."

"Well, anyhow," Velma said, "if you work for the Hillyards, too, we will not have to look for an apartment. Do you like me as well as Pearl?"

So my brother showed her.

Preview of a Star

Continued from page 22

too gentle, but extremely funny, assault on life in a Midwestern university. The play was also an assault on marriage and upheld innumerable other Thurber themes. The Male Animal turned out to be a hit. Miss Tierney stayed with it until the siren song of Hollywood overcame even her father's prejudices. Then, as April closed, she quit the show and took a plane for the coast.

The Communists ought to be able to use Miss Tierney's brief life as another example of What is Wrong with the United States. She has never faced the arrows of adversity. So rapid a rise to fame, with no hardships and little work, could occur only in an outworn capitalistic nation. Gene's family suffered in the depression, as what family did not? But they are still pretty well off and live comfortably in Green Farms, Connecticut. An older brother, Howard, Jr., is a Yale man and an amateur flier. There is a small sister, Patricia, who goes to school in the South and burns with envy whenever she thinks of Gene.

It Runs in the Family

The Tierneys were typical upper-middle-class Americans with no outlandish artistic outcroppings. True, Mrs. Tierney's mother had stage ambitions. She once crossed to Europe on the same boat with Daniel Frohman, and the producer told her she could have a job whenever she wanted it. She never accepted although she sometimes threatened her husband with the prospect during family tiffs. She sublimated her yearnings by reciting at parties, The Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight being a favorite in her repertoire. Gene's mother inherited this desire to go on the stage but did nothing about it, either.

As a child she was something of a mimic and she sang a little. She was extremely sociable, too much so. One day her mother was doing her best to get rid of a vacuum-cleaner salesman when Gene came in from play. The small girl listened for a moment and gazed raptly at the young man.

"Let's ask him to stay for tea," she said in a loud whisper.

Gene drifted through school without worrying about it. There were frequent interruptions because the Tierneys were great believers in travel and went abroad frequently. Their older daughter was sent to school in Switzerland for two winters to perfect her French. Then she returned to attend the Farmington School in Connecticut. When about sixteen, she secretly decided on a screen career. It did not occur to her that theatrical experience of the amateur brand might help, and so she joined the glee club instead of the dramatic club at Farmington.

During the two Abbott shows that failed Gene combined the life of actress with that of debutante. She went to a great many parties and saw college youths down from New Haven or Cambridge. But the success of The Male Animal changed all that. She became grimly serious, and started to study with Benno Schneider, who is an excellent coach. She decided that not for years would there be room in her life for romance. Marriage and art did not mix.

"If I fall in love," she told her mother earnestly, "tear the man to shreds. Pick him apart!"

Gene Tierney, in this new phase of giving her all for her art, becomes so serious that she gets mixed up in using words to describe how earnest she is. The family, a good deal amused, call her "Miss Malaprop" and tease her unmercifully.

"I'm *infested* with my career," she said vehemently one night at the dinner table.

Success has sobered her rather than turned her head. She looks somewhat younger than her nineteen years, which makes her look very young indeed. She has light brown hair, blue eyes and a small nose. But she worries about her figure, which, she says, is big in the shoulders and a degree large in the hips. It doesn't look large at all, but Gene diets zealously, drinks not at all and smokes moderately. The uproar that followed the opening of The Male Animal was decidedly pleasant. Fashion magazines asked her to pose and then, to Gene's surprise and delight, gave her the dress or hat. Manufacturers of cosmetics, soaps, automobiles and innumerable other products held out pleasant checks if she would endorse their goods.

She'll Need Her Luck

Mrs. Tierney took an apartment in town and willingly assumed the role of stage mother, which she is continuing in Hollywood. In New York, Gene's day began at 11 o'clock or so. Two days a week she worked for two and a half hours with Mr. Schneider. Then came visits to photographers' studios and shopping expeditions. But in the buying of clothes, Gene continued to be exceedingly cautious and shrewd, shopping by the hour for bargains. She enjoyed nothing more than finding some marvelous number in a Union Square cut-price establishment. Meanwhile, the movie scouts flocked to her dressing room. The first offers, inevitably, were for her to sign long-term contracts and spend all of her time in Hollywood. Gene did not want that. The stage had become her first love. Some day she intends to do a musical show.

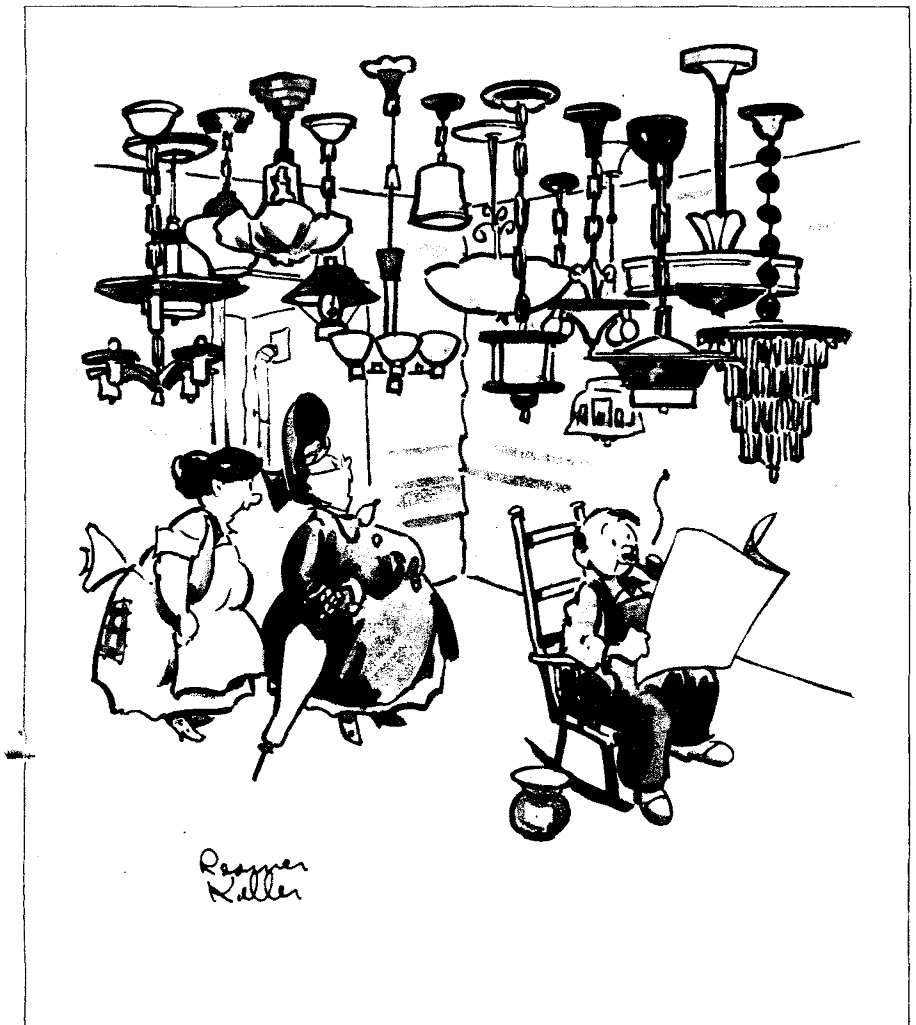
Mr. Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox seems to have been the most interested. He ordered Gene tested with more than the usual care. The poignant final scene of Thornton Wilder's Our Town was selected. Gene played the part of Emily Webb, who returned from the dead to find her young husband placing flowers on her new grave. At the showing of the test a few days later, a hardened technician approached Mrs. Tierney in the projection room.

"I've been shooting these tests for twenty years," he said, "and that's the first one I ever wept over."

Contracts were drawn up in due course, and at Miss Tierney's insistence they provided that she need remain on the coast but six months each year and could then return to Broadway and the legitimate, so-called, theater. They also barred renovations on her teeth and face. Mr. Zanuck, surprised at such hard-boiled specifications, was pleased with his find. He told his next sales conference that he had discovered another star.

So Gene turned in her notice to Herman Shumlin, producer of The Male Animal, and prepared to fly to Hollywood. From now until late fall she will be arising at dawn in order to get to the studio on time, she will be the subject of malicious gossip in the most competitive industry in the most competitive town in the world, she will be knifed by other actresses, snubbed by actors and bossed by directors.

She will need all the Tierney luck that has thus far marked her life—and quite a lot more.



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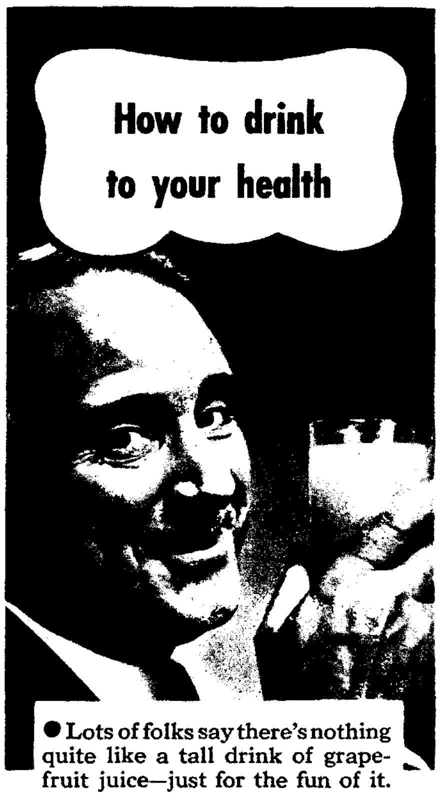

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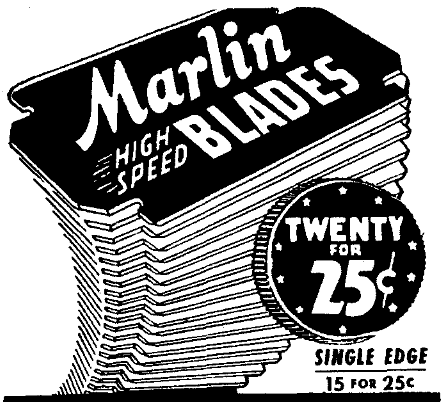

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If He Could Only Cook!

Continued from page 12

school at New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, to dish up a good meal for hundreds of people.

The school kitchen itself is an overwhelming affair. In one room five huge black coal stoves line the wall, ready to ruin with their flashing heat the best effort of the best cook. And in another room, three more. Pots are monstrous caverns, holding anywhere from fifteen to thirty gallons; mixing bowls are nearly big enough for bathtubs; and you could plant gardens in the baking pans.

Mess menus are straight from Bunyan. A day's supply of rolls for a normal CCC camp will gobble up twenty-eight pounds of flour, four pounds of sugar, two pounds of lard, two gallons of water and enough yeast to blow up a house. Piecrust will take five pounds of flour and almost three pounds of shortening.

On the more substantial side of the meal, the cook will have to wrestle with fifteen gallons of soup, fifteen gallons of salad, 140 pounds of meat, 120 bushels of Irish potatoes, sixty-five pounds of cabbage, a couple of bushels of peas and three bushels of spinach.

The Boys Like Stew

Roast beef, with brown gravy and potatoes, is probably the best-loved meal in the CCC, with steak next and chicken third. Fourth is macaroni, and here the cook has a chance to show off. He uses sixteen pounds of macaroni and four pounds of diced cheese in alternate layers for ordinary macaroni. But if he is smart, he will mix five or six pounds of toasted bread crumbs and five or six big cans of tomatoes with the cheese.

He can get truly fancy on such relative dainties as Stew el Rancho. Forty pounds of boneless, fatless meat are a starter. He puts them in cold water, with fourteen pounds of turnips, sliced across the grain; ten pounds of carrots; and twenty pounds of fresh tomatoes. The whole business is brought to a boil and simmered until the meat is tender, when the cook dumps in fourteen pounds of cabbage, ten pounds of small onions, thirty-four pounds of potatoes, four ounces of chili powder and some salt. With enough water in the pot to cover the stew about an inch, he lets it simmer until the vegetables are well cooked, but not disintegrating; and just before serving he adds a couple of bunches of chopped parsley.

And it had better be good, for two hundred men just in from the woods may be hungry enough to gnaw the corners off the tables, but they definitely lack the charitable attitude that greets a bride's first biscuits. Old-time Army officers claim they can tell, within a few hours after arriving at a camp, when the mess is bad. Morale is just as bad—or just as good—as the food. But important as capable mess cooks are, they are rarer than well-done roasts of beef.

When the CCC started, it borrowed cooks from the Army, but the Army had to have them back. Then the camps began using enrollees as cooks, and trouble began. Desertions increased at times to a critical point. Whole camps would become so fed up with poor food that they seemed ready to walk out en masse. The CCC decided it had to train its own cooks, and since the regular Army cooks' and bakers' schools couldn't handle the boys, the CCC created its own. One of the first was at the Third Corps depot at New Cumberland. Others have been started in Massachusetts, New York, South Carolina, Alabama, Wisconsin, Arkansas and Nebraska.

West of the Mississippi, and in parts of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia, where camps are so scattered that central schools are impractical, the CCC has traveling experts who ride the circuit in automobiles, preaching the gospel of good mess. In pairs they visit isolated camps, giving the boys substantially the same instruction they would get at New Cumberland.

Fifteen boys at a time get five-week courses in everything from making Brownies to the correct method of spreading sodium fluoride around the kitchen to get rid of roaches. They learn to wait on table, wash dishes, set table, shell peas, peel potatoes, carve carcasses, handle coal stoves, use a hundred little kitchen tricks. They are taught to cook masses of food without having too much left over and, more important, without running short. They must master the art of having an immaculate kitchen, of having most of the remains of a meal cleaned up by the time the last diner has left the room. They get classroom lectures in dietetics, menu planning and in the secrets of large-scale food purchasing.

They have to know such abstractions as regional idiosyncrasies in food tastes. They must learn never to serve maple syrup in the South, where sugar-cane syrup is considered nectar; nor must they offer cane syrup in Vermont. They'd be lynched. And in the West they must, for their own safety, shun both, and use corn syrup.

In the South a slab of salt pork must be put in the string beans, but in the North only water can be used. Below the Mason-Dixon line, chicken should be fried; in the West it must be baked. The South prefers pork to beef, and corn bread or biscuits to bread. And the West wants plenty of fruit.

The boys learn much in five weeks, but they have much to learn. Most of them have been connected previously with CCC kitchens, but they have collectively committed some heinous culinary crimes. One young fellow cut tenderloin steaks on a diagonal instead of crosswise with the grain of the meat, practically the only known way to ruin a good tenderloin. Another always threw the tenderloin in the stewpot. He'd never had tenderloin at home, he explained, so he supposed " 't'warn't fitten fer to be et."

Then there was a lad who had trouble with his baked beans. A mess cook who fumbles the beans is a sorry figure indeed. This fellow invariably baked the beans too early in the day, and by the time they'd been kept warm a few hours, those in the bottom of the pot had soured. Sour beans, according to mess experts, will turn the mildest man into a maniac; so will food that's been kept in the ice box with onions, another common boner among green cooks.

A new officer, taking over a camp in the Blue Ridge Mountains last year, found the place on the point of mutiny. He discovered the mess sergeant had been taking short cuts. He had worked out a schedule of meals for a thirty-day period and repeated the schedule over and over, saving the mental wear and tear of planning each meal. Even such slight monotony is too much.

No Wisecracks, Please

Few postgraduate classes in higher mathematics have more sober students than the CCC cooks' and bakers' school. The yearning for learning, and the stern management of hard-boiled Army men, eliminate the raucous ribbing that might normally be expected when a group of young men start baking cakes. When the dough for the Browni[illegible] was laid out in strips two feet long, t[illegible] inches wide and less than half an inch thick, the task of transferring the strips to the baking pans fell to a boy from Camp 3322, Slickville, Pennsylvania. Sergeant Garon showed how it was done, holding each strip near the ends with his fingers and flipping. It seemed so easy. But when the Slickville citizen tried, the strip buckled and fell in a twisted heap, like a rail torn up in a train wreck. The observers from the outside world thought it funny. But the CCC boys didn't crack a smile.

In another room three colored boys were hacking up beef for hamburger. They had to grind 140 pounds of meat for 200 eaters, and chopping down a tree is tiddlywinks compared with chopping up 140 pounds of meat. Sergeant Sidnay Sprague, a veteran Army meat expert who wears rimless spectacles and looks like a prosperous middle-aged businessman, teaches the intricacies of an animal carcass. He was an instructor in the Army cooks' and bakers' school at Camp Benjamin Harrison and can slice up a quarter of beef with his eyes closed.

One of the colored boys started to whet his knife, but Sprague seized both knife and emery stone. "You boys always want to snub 'em up," he chided; "that's why we can't keep a knife sharp around here." He demonstrated the business of snubbing 'em up, rubbing the blade at an angle over the stone. "But if you'd just go smooth, we wouldn't have all this trouble." The twelve-inch blade flashed up and across the stone so fast it whistled.

The experts tell us these cooking schools are of great military importance. The Army has had them for some time, but the CCC is grinding out graduates at an unprecedented rate, giving us a great reserve of men skilled in preparing the stuff to fill the stomach on which an Army travels. But the schools are of a much more direct importance to the boys themselves. Mess cooks are in surprisingly great demand in the restaurant business. Many of New Cumberland's alumni have gone into private jobs. The three colored boys working on the beef carcass had a friend who barely finished school when he got a swell job on a railroad dining car. Which, they confess, was their unanimous ambition.

OCCUPATION: WIDOW

Beautiful, talented, brought back to Berlin to be a creature of The State—read the thrilling story of one girl's revolt against tyranny and treachery

By William C. White

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Death Patrol

Continued from page 19

I went to a small town two miles away to rest. There was an inn there with a garden and I sat there drinking coffee. Only the ancient proprietor and his wife were left. Everyone else had been evacuated. The sun bathed the garden and a cool breeze brought the scent of honeysuckle from the nearby forest. It was no day for death to show her ugly head. But she did.

First I heard the bombs. They were like off-stage noises heard faintly. But they got closer and louder and now fifteen specks, silver against the blue of the sky, appeared. They were up about ten thousand feet. Tiny, black, harmless-looking dots dropped from them; half-ton messages from eternity. Looking for the airdrome I had just left.

Six Against Fifteen

The bombers were veering north now. The antiaircraft began but the sharp flashes found only blue sky. Now the roar of the fighting planes inserted a new note in this symphony of thunder. They roared up, trying to gain altitude quickly. They circled, their noses pointing high, as high as they could point without going into a spin. Six of them wheeled into formation and lit out after the bombers, hardly distinguishable now. Six against fifteen! The fighters were streaking across the sky after their prey. Then they too disappeared. The garden was quiet again but the breeze didn't bring the scent of honeysuckle. It brought a sharp, pungent smell. Here and there on the horizon lazy spirals of black smoke appeared. I debated whether to go back. It would be better to think that those fighting men, whose only worry was my empty glass and flowers that shouldn't be stepped on, were all safe.

Instead I'd go to other airdromes. Each one is the same; each one has a different personality.

The air generals of France are a superb lot; there is a general (name censored) immaculately dressed with not a spot of dust on his uniform and with his decorations shining brightly against the dark blue of his tunic. He commands the whole air force of the north; handsome, debonair. He hadn't slept in a bed for two weeks. He looked as though he had just emerged from his club. "Don't expect to meet heroes." He turned to me unexpectedly. "Our pilots aren't heroes—they are men. I wish I could think of a new word to express my admiration for them. They are all fighting to the limit of human endurance. Ah, they are men!"

There was slim General (name censored) adding his tribute to the fighting men of the air. There was Commander (name censored), a Corsican, young, smiling and in charge of the largest airport I saw near the front. He was hobbling painfully on a stick and I asked him the obvious question.

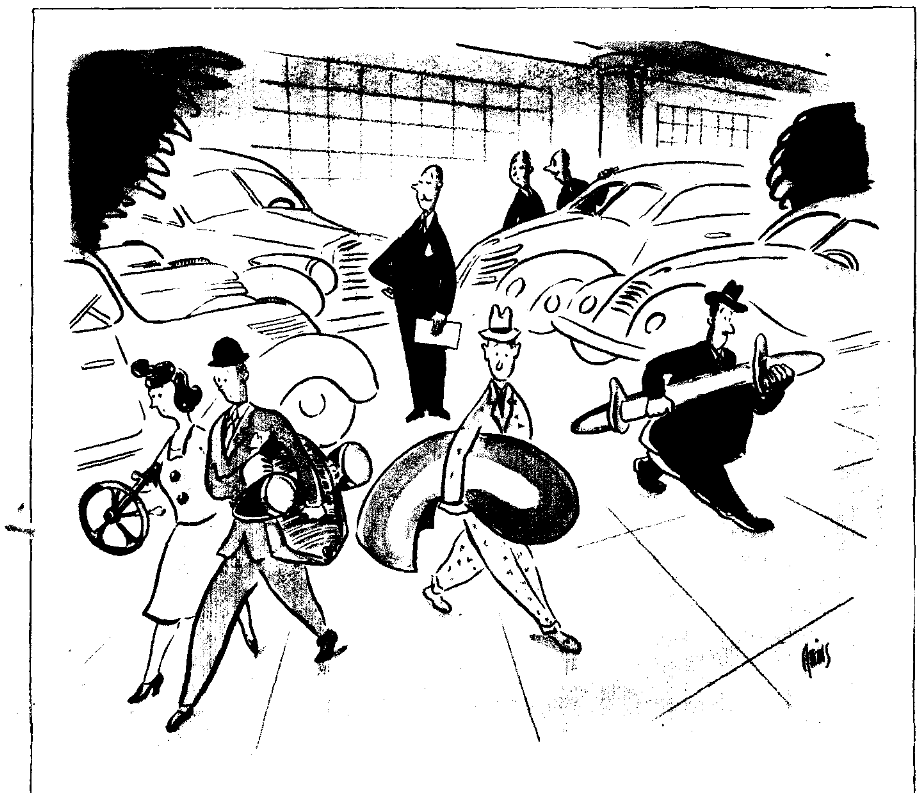
"No, not wounded," he said ruefully. "Just a touch of gout."

A few moments later I stood beside him and watched his group take off. Bombers had been heard operating not far off. The pilots, looking grotesque in their heavily padded suits and their heavy helmets and fantastic goggles, climbed into the two-seater Potezes, the one-man Moranes and Blochs; mechanics whirled propellers and they were off. They took off three at a time and within five minutes thirty of them were in the air. Some flew to the northeast where bombers had been reported. Three of them flew directly north. I questioned the commander with my eyes. "Reconnaissance," he said briefly. "We want information."

An hour later two of those three planes came back. One youngster rushed from his plane as soon as it landed. He looked very tired but triumphant. He had a package of notes in his hand. "How is it going?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's tough going."

I felt weary too, although I'd only been a spectator all day. Watching death and being near it is almost as bad as actually facing it. It wouldn't be so bad if only that damned noise would stop. You get awfully tired of the constant bombing and the constant tension. I wonder how long it takes for you to lose your fear of the bombs. I wish I knew.



"He never lets them leave without buying a little something"

AL ATKINS

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12-OZ. AND 32-OZ. SIZES

FLAVOR PROTECTED · IN TOTAL DARKNESS · IN CANS TRADEMARKED "KEGLINED"

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 20

"Was he here?"

"Right along until this morning. He went home this morning to get a shave and a bath and some sleep. He's coming back. Mrs. Marshbanks," May pursued with a jerk of her head toward Fran's room, "retracted. That's what they call it. She confessed and then she retracted and said he did it, and then she retracted that."

A great wave of utter thankfulness and peace to match the relief of her body went through Cherry's soul. Her eyes welled light.

"Mrs. Marshbanks said she'd not been telling the truth?"

"Said she didn't know what she'd been saying. She and Mr. Coates had a long talk about it yesterday."

"Oh, my God, I thank Thee!" Cherry said, in her soul. Her breakfast had come; she fell upon it ravenously. "But then, May, whom do they suspect?" she asked.

"I don't know," May said, shaking her head. "It doesn't seem as if we'll ever know who killed the poor judge, God rest him!"

CHERRY finished her coffee and the tray was taken away. She lay lazily looking about, going from a half sleep into a real sleep and waking much later to see Kelly sitting watching her.

At the sight of his dear, familiar face with the look of concern upon it, she had good reason to appreciate how weak she still was, for her lips trembled and tears brimmed her eyes, and as he came to kneel beside her and cover her hands with his big warm, brown hands she could not speak.

"Feeling all right?" he asked. "You seem to be out of the woods this morning. May tells me you had some breakfast. Good girl."

"It's so good to see you!" she said with a little effort. "Don't—don't go away. It's all been such a nightmare, and I'm just awake!"

"A nightmare?" he said. "You are the Marshbanks heiress. Your Grandfather Wellington left you a pot of money."

"That was really true then?"

"That was really true. Your father, Frederick Marshbanks, left an unequivocal statement. And old Judge Comstock, the one who died, had also left a paper confirming it. It sounds too fantastic to be true, Cherry, but there seems to be no question. Your father believed you were dying; his wife had taken the other child to her heart, and as time went by I suppose it grew harder and harder to think of undoing it all."

"How does Amy take it, Kelly?"

"Very badly, of course. Nothing in Amy's life has prepared her to step down; she's always been proud of being a Marshbanks, descended from the aristocratic Wellingtons. She can't seem to accept it. And then, of course," Kelly went on with a slight grimace, "there's Gogo."

"What's *he* doing?"

"He's keeping very mum. But he looks years older. It's a serious business to him. He married with very definite ideas as to what Amy was going to bring him, as is natural enough, I suppose. Now all their plans are in the air."

"What will she have, Kelly? What money will she have?"

"What would have been enough and more than enough for you and me, Marchioness."

The name brought back her color and her smile.

"Not the Porter money. But she'll have some of the money her father left long ago. And the legacy the judge left, supposedly to you. She *is* you, now. And what her grandmother can leave her. Plenty. Plenty, if she hadn't brought Gogo in."

"It would never seem plenty to her," Cherry said wisely.

"I suppose not. Amy's money has always been a very important thing to her. It's given her confidence and arrogance; it's attracted to her friends who never would have noticed her otherwise. Poor little thing; it makes me sick to see how apologetic and pleading she is with Gogo. She watches every mood of his, picks up every word! Yesterday," Kelly said, with a pitying shake of the head, "she was telling him that she was sure that if they went to Girgenti, or wherever it is that his delightful family holds forth, that they could live on very little. It was disgusting, and yet my heart ached for her too!"

"Well, and so I suppose they could," Cherry offered.

"He said that perhaps they could, but that his mother had nothing and neither of his brothers had anything and that both of them had very large families. I suppose they live on macaroni and *vino!* He's probably been making promises all around, promises to pay up debts and settle old scores. And it's very humiliating to him to come down to a small income and a wife thrown in."

"This is our rumpus room" PERRY BARLOW

CHERRY'S eyes dilated with a reluctant thought.

"You don't think he loves her, Kelly?"

"I think he loved her rich, as much as a man of that type can love a little, spoiled, undeveloped child like Amy."

"But, Kelly," she asked anxiously, "what's going to happen to Amy?"

"Amy'll have to work it out as thousands of women who marry in haste have worked it out," Kelly answered philosophically. "She'll have her title, and she'll have various experiences going about with him to places they can't afford, Biarritz or Palm Beach or Hollywood—places where titles matter. She'll sell what securities she can to pay his debts and supply him with money for roulette and race tracks, and after a while she'll get a divorce. That's the way it usually works out with any such marriage, and with Amy it'll only be a little bit quicker than usual."

Cherry's eyes were far away; she spoke thoughtfully:

"Kelly, have I quite a lot of money?"

"You have indeed, Marchioness. Under a capitalistic system you have done well. I don't know how much. It'll take weeks to get things straightened out."

Kelly watched for a moment the pale cheeks and dropped eyelashes, and then telling her not to worry about anything, he went quietly out.

DOZING and waking, and sometimes seeing May quietly busy in the room, and once seeing Kelly's silhouette against the window, Cherry let the day slip by in utter rest and peace, sometimes back in the convent, walking the paths of the city garden that were always speckled with soot, hearing the swallows chirp, and the quiet chipping of feet and the nuns' voices. . . .

But she was wide awake, and feeling more like herself every minute when at dusk the door opened softly, and Amy looked in.

"Oh, I wanted to see you, Amy!"

The girl came in with a perfunctory smile, a perfunctory question about Cherry's health, but she was in an unapproachable mood. She went at once to a chair at the window and balanced herself on its wide arm, and turning almost her full back to Cherry looked out into the foggy evening.

"You don't have to worry about us in the least, you know, Cherry," she said ungraciously to Cherry's first suggestion; "Gogo and I have talked it over and decided what we're going to do. We'll go to Sicily and live on the old place. He says it has no bathrooms and gets cold in winter; well, I suppose I won't die! It'll mean I don't have to face all these people here, anyway."

"Amy, I wish you'd come over here where I can see you."

"As for taking any of your money," Amy pursued, not changing her position, "that's ridiculous! There's no reason why you should offer it and there's no reason why I should take it."

"I've been thinking out a plan, Amy, and I know you'll like it if you'll only listen."

"I know you want to be very charitable and all that, Cherry, and it's very nice of you. But it simply can't be done."

"But please come over here and sit by the bed. Amy, where'd you get that dress?" Cherry added the question, knowing it to be a sure way of reaching a more natural Amy. It had its instant effect.

"Magnin's," Amy said. "But it's too wide here." She gathered it tightly against her slender little waist on either side as she walked slowly to the bed. "I feel so horrible about all this," she said, sitting down and trying to smile at Cherry through suddenly filled eyes. "It's not your fault; I know that."

This, for Amy, was real generosity. Cherry began to feel hopeful.

"I'm not talking of giving you back your money, Amy. But I want you to let me at least pay off those debts and promises that Gogo made when he thought he was going to have it."

"He *never* asked me for money!" Amy stated lifelessly.

"I know he didn't. But it's there, enough at least to get him into the clear. And for the rest, Amy, why do we have to let anyone know that we ever changed names? Why not just let that part go. You're married now; your name is different. And Kelly and I—"

Amy's tear-swollen eyes brightened into a half interest.

"I KNEW you were crazy about Kelly," she said somberly.

"I only mean this, Amy. Take some of it. I don't want it or need it! Pay off these bills, and then let me send you an allowance—"

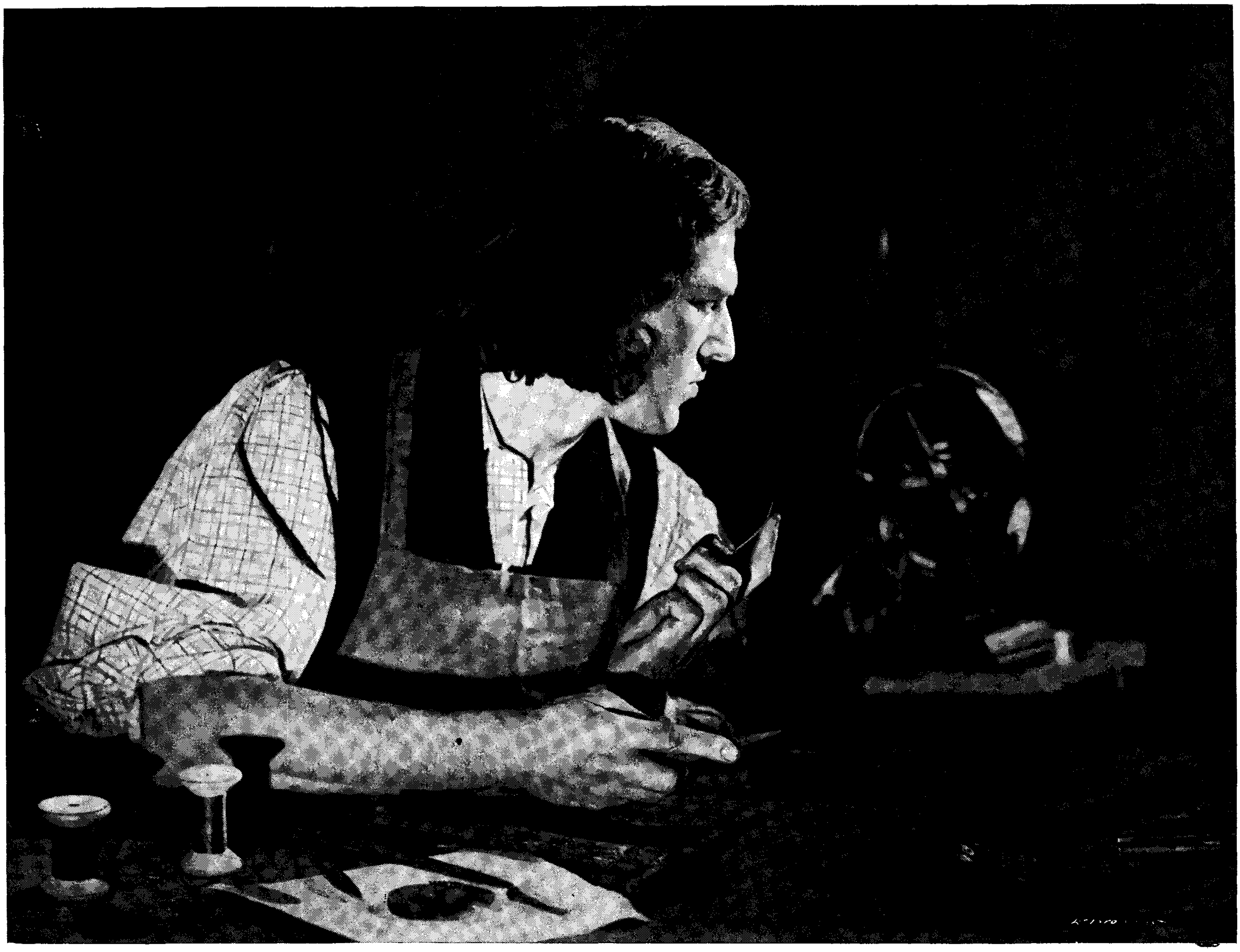
"You're very kind, Cherry," Amy broke in decisively, "but I couldn't. It wouldn't solve anything. I know you mean well—"

"Now listen," Cherry interrupted in her turn. "Don't be so silly. Suppose you went to Gogo now and said that while things never would be as they were, you could clear up his debts, send his brothers the money he promised them and then go live somewhere simply—not gambling, you know or playing polo—but the way thousands of people do, and have a good time too. Please, Amy! Kelly says Gogo's all upset, that he's hardly spoken since that night when Mr. Comstock was here. You know he'd feel entirely different if you suggested this to him. You *know* he would!"

"Cherry," Amy said in a whisper, suddenly breaking, "if only I hadn't married him! Oh, I don't mean," she added quickly, "that he doesn't love me! He does. But—but if I had only known how things were, and *then* he had asked me to run away with him, I'd feel so much more sure! As it is now I keep apologizing; I keep trying to think up ways to make it up to him. I've some money, and I'll have what Uncle Jud left you, and I'll have Gran's some day. At least," she interrupted herself in a somewhat puzzled voice, "he left it—Uncle Jud did—to whichever of us was Charlotte Rawlings, and now—now," Amy faltered, "of course that's me!"

"And if that affidavit hadn't ever come to light, it'd still be me—I suppose so," Cherry mused aloud.

"Grandmother's money is going to



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be left in trust, I'm never going to be able to touch the principal of that, at least not while I'm Gogo's wife," Amy said. "But she is going to send me an allowance, she said so today, and that's something. But you don't know—you don't *know*," she went on tragically, "how fast Gogo spends money! He'll lose two or three thousand in one race, or one evening at roulette! Once he lost twenty-seven thousand in one night! And they always say they'll get it back, that it'll even up. But it doesn't. And it worries me so, I'm always worrying, and I'm only just married."

"You'll not put up with that forever, Amy," Cherry said seriously. Amy's sensitive face flushed; the eyes of the two girls met in a long look.

"No; I know I won't," Amy said quickly.

"You'll want to come back some day," Cherry went on.

"I know." Amy's whisper was almost inaudible. "He doesn't deny that he wouldn't have married me if it hadn't been for the money," she said. "He says that over and over. It's ruined our marriage, Cherry. He doesn't seem to notice me at all—I mean to love me and comfort me. He keeps asking if there isn't some mistake, some person we can find who will remember what happened twenty-one years ago. *That's* what he cares about. And last night I cried myself to sleep because he got so impatient with me that he wouldn't speak to me."

"Then why not try, Amy, since money *will* make a difference, why not try putting this plan to him. All his debts paid, and an allowance that will be enough as long as he doesn't—as long as he behaves himself?"

Amy sat staring into space, her lips tightly closed.

"I'd pay it all back," she said suddenly.

"You don't have to. If your marriage works out, why it's all right," Cherry argued, "and if it isn't, you can't give him a great cut of the fortune because it won't be yours."

"Then—then people wouldn't be able to laugh at us," Amy said slowly. "That's—that's what waked me up in the night, and started me thinking until I was afraid I'd lose my mind! No one need know."

"No one will know. And if some time you get a divorce, Amy," Cherry said, "it'll be just one of thousands, and all this needn't come into it at all."

A SILENCE. Then Amy said:

"But why should you do this, Cherry?"

"Oh, why shouldn't I?" Cherry asked in return. "I want to. I'll never feel that I'm really Amelia Marshbanks any more than you'll ever feel that you're Charlotte Rawlings. It'll always seem as much yours as mine, and I think that's the way—that's the way, perhaps," Cherry went on, suddenly shy, "that he—that our father—would want it to be."

"After all we are sisters, and so it's not fair," Amy said, with a return of her sullen manner. "And after all, why did he leave this until we were both twenty-one?" she burst out, the sense of grievance strong within her.

"That's what puzzles me. But at first that was to save your mother—I mean my mother," Cherry suggested. "He couldn't have had any idea, of course, that she'd die so young and by that time it was too complicated to straighten out. And then when he was dying he was afraid to let it go on—he had to do something about it."

"There wasn't any straightening it out," Amy said darkly.

"Amy," Cherry said suddenly. The other girl looked up wearily and without hope. "You wouldn't want Gogo to go away and leave you?" Cherry asked. "You wouldn't want to end it all here and now?"

She had gone too far. Amy's head went up in anger and pride.

"Why, of course I wouldn't!" she said coldly. "I'm his wife. I'm the Countess Constantino, after all. And I know Gogo! He's all upset now, and it's enough to upset anyone! A murder in the house and the police questioning him— No, we'll work it out some way," Amy finished, rising, "without your help, Cherry, but many thanks to you just the same."

"Amy, please be reasonable," Cherry pleaded. But Amy, her head high, had walked from the room.

THE next visitor, unannounced, was old Mrs. Marshbanks. She came in carrying her knitting, spoke quietly to Cherry as if this were the most natural procedure in the world, and seated herself comfortably near the bed. She was glad that Cherry was better, but she must be very careful now. One always felt weak and miserable after flu; strength came back very slowly.

"Amy came into my room a few minutes ago," said the old lady, "to tell me that you had made her a very generous offer."

"She won't accept it," Cherry told her.

"She may not have any choice," said her grandmother dryly. "She mentioned it to him, and I gathered that it made a big difference in his plans. Amy's married now to a man in whose country women don't count at all. He'll accept or he'll refuse things, he'll do the deciding, from now on. She thought it was a great joke, she was telling me the other day, that Gogo has to back her checks to make them valid in his country. Well, girls think they are going to like that sort of thing! A man for the master, being terrified into obedience, and loving it!" The old woman indulged in a brief, mirthless laugh. "Why, that child's been through the experience of being made a wife, in the last few days," she said; "she's gone through the greatest emotional crisis of her life. My little delicate girl! And what does it matter to him? He's had her crying over money—crying for hours since, all night long."

"But you *think* he may persuade her to accept what I offered?" Cherry said.

"He!" her grandmother said scornfully. "He's probably off already to send cables. I heard him say, 'It's all right! It's all right!' to someone at the telephone. Then she came in to me and said that nothing on earth would make her accept help unless we all took notes of payment and interest and all that. You can imagine what *his* notes would be worth! But Amy doesn't know anything about money."

"Well, I don't much either," Cherry said. "Except that I've never had any. But since she married him with the understanding that she'd pay all his debts, and since that money is piled up there—"

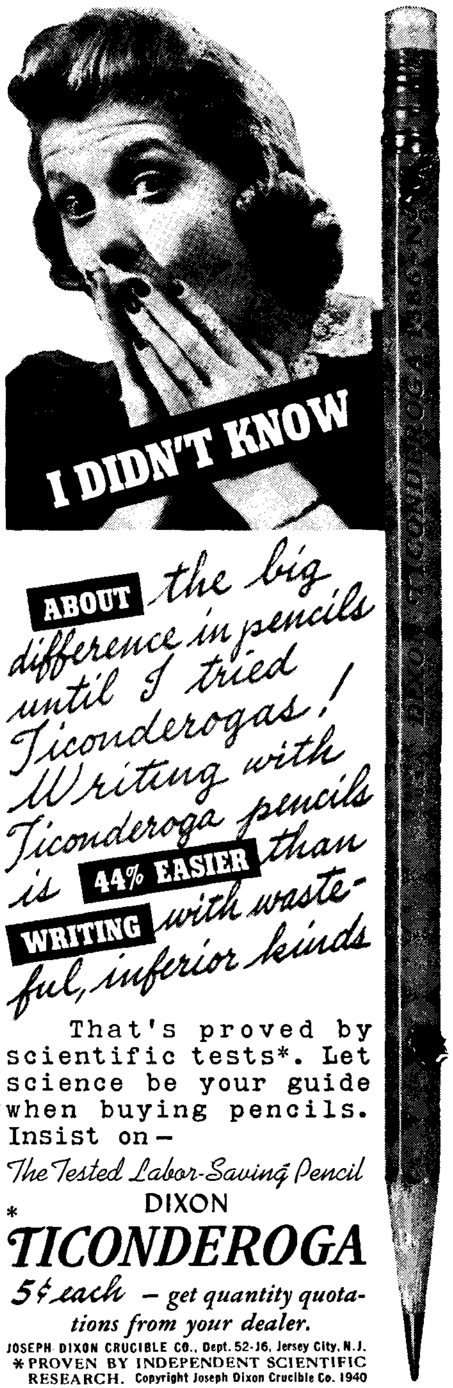
"Cherry?" Kelly said at the door. He looked at the old woman, spoke to her asking her solicitously of her health and rest, but all the time he was seated close beside Cherry's bed, and her languid hand was safe in his.

"All right again, dear?" he presently said.

"Oh, Kelly, feeling so wonderful! I had a long sleep after you left, and lunch—alligator pear and broiled chicken!—and I could get up and do a day's washing!" Cherry exulted. "Did you go to Topcote?"

"I did, and I had a shower and a nap and a steak, and I'm in the pink too. It was a little too much," Kelly went on, with a glance for the old lady, "to have this girl get sick, on top of our other problems."

"She doesn't look sick today," Mrs.



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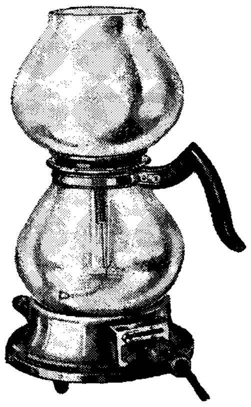

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Marshbanks said, studying Cherry. And indeed, with her young body relaxed in candy-striped pink silk pajamas, her tawny hair fanned out in a silky mass on her pillows and a flush of sleep and ease and returning vigor in her cheeks, Cherry was at her loveliest.

"What's this I hear of you turning fairy godmother to Gogo?" Kelly asked.

"Who told you?"

"Gogo. He was down on the sidewalk looking for a taxi when I arrived; he said he couldn't get hold of Rousseau and it was important for him to get downtown and send some cables at once. The dear count looked so excited and animated that I knew something had gone right for him and I offered him my car and asked him if he'd had good news. He said yes, that you had seen the unfairness of the situation for his poor little 'Aimee,' and in simple justice—he was careful to say it was no more than honesty—you had offered to make reparation."

"Reparation!" the old woman said on an indignant gasp.

"So what have you been up to, Marchioness?" Kelly demanded.

Cherry laughed, unashamed.

"I made Amy a proposition. Nobody's ever going to know it," she said, "but after all, we're sisters."

"HOW do you mean 'Nobody's going to know it'?" Mrs. Marshbanks demanded in her deep voice.

"Because nobody *is* going to know it," Cherry answered innocently.

"Know what?"

"Anything. That Amy and I are sisters; that our father was Frederick Marshbanks, that I'm she and Amy's I," Cherry explained lucidly.

"You mean you think you can keep all that a secret?" There was complete incredulity in Mrs. Marshbanks' tone.

"Why not? It's been a secret all these years," Cherry said.

"But, my dear child, there'll have to be immense transfers of property, restitution, back payments, everything!"

"There won't have to be any restitution or back payments," Cherry said positively. "And, for everything else, lawyers keep secrets. The Comstocks understand."

"But good heavens, child, that means that you'll go on being—that Amy—Mr. Coates," Dora Marshbanks interrupted herself to say agitatedly, "I don't think we can permit that! That would mean—Cherry's position—her background has never been what Amy's was. She has a right—in the eyes of society—"

"Nothing like that matters to me at all," Cherry interposed calmly, as the other woman's words broke off in confusion. "Does it, Kelly?" she demanded.

"Well, really, Marchioness," Kelly said, "I'm a good deal at a loss to know what *does* matter to you!"

"Nobody thinks much about me at all now," Cherry said, "so why should I go to a lot of trouble trying to make them think differently?"

"You have a right to a certain position," the older woman said. "But, my dear, if there was any way in which we *could* spare Amy—!" she broke off pitifully. "If we could spare Amy—!"

"It seems to me we can spare Amy a great deal without my giving up anything I want," Cherry said.

"You certainly are not to hand over your Wellington inheritance," her grandmother protested. "No. That wouldn't be fair. What has been spent on Amy, her allowance under Jud's guardianship, perhaps can't be returned. But anything else, no."

"Personally I don't exactly see why you should pay twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars out for Constantino's old debts and promises," Kelly observed.

"Because Amy promised him that when she honestly thought she had it, Kelly. It's there, and a lot more. And I don't mean touching the capital," Cherry argued. "I mean just to give her an allowance, a certain sum to be paid every month. And then, if he's mean to her, he knows it stops when she leaves him."

"Like your father. He was generosity itself," the old woman murmured, under her breath.

"It's an unusual—attitude," Kelly said.

"It's her only chance of happiness with *him*," Cherry went on. "She has something from Mrs. Porter—it wasn't much, by the time all the legacies were paid. But something."

"Rightfully yours too," the man put in. Cherry considered this a second.

"Well, perhaps it was. Then she has what Uncle Jud left to me, and what my father left to me—or to her. To Lottie's baby, anyway. And Gran said—" Cherry flushed scarlet, interrupted herself in embarrassment. It still sounded strange. "Gran said," she repeated, "that she would help. So Amy always will be all right. And as for our names," she concluded, "she's a Constantino now, anyway, and pretty soon I'll be a Coates. So why bother?"

"When're you two going to be married?" Mrs. Marshbanks asked.

"Next week," announced Cherry. Kelly still held her hand; as he smiled across at her grandmother he slightly shook his head.

"Years from now," he said. Cherry's face reddened again.

"Days," she substituted stubbornly.

"I'm not going to run off with her before she has a chance to enjoy her new fortune," Kelly said. "It won't last forever the way she's disposing of it. I'll wait until she needs me."

"I need you now." Cherry moved her free hand to hold his in both her own.

"I think she does," said Mrs. Marshbanks. "I hope you'll take care of her and the money too, and give her years of happiness that she's never had. My own plan is to move from this house when this dreadful business is over," she added, "and live somewhere quietly. Now that Amy's gone, of my three children and their children, I have no one left."

"You have me," Cherry reminded her, "and with Gogo or without him, Amy'll be back. And there's Greg and all his children some day, and ours."

TO THIS the older woman made no answer. She looked steadily at Cherry, and for the first time Cherry saw the proud old mouth tremble and the hard gray eyes fill with tears.

"If you will come see us in Sausalito—I mean when Cherry's had time for her fling—" Kelly began. Cherry silenced him with a look.

"Christmas dinner this year," she announced. "We'll have Greg. We'll kill that turkey that tore my stocking, Kelly."

"I never expected in this life to ask anyone to forgive me, my dear," said old Dora Marshbanks; "I ask you now."

"I hope you don't do anything of the kind!" Cherry said, scarlet. She sat up, her arms outstretched, and her grandmother, who had left her chair, stooped and they kissed each other.

"Well," Kelly said, "I came in here with news this afternoon, ladies. Dreadful news, and yet news that is going to be a relief to us all. The mystery is over. They have made—or they are making at this moment, an arrest."

"Fran!" both women whispered together.

"Not Fran, no. But Fran knew all the time—What's that?"

A scream, dreadful in its high-pitched violence; a woman's voice shrieking, "No, no, no!" had rung through the quiet of the late afternoon. May, coming in to

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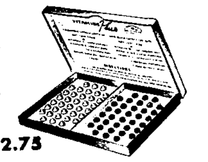

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light Cherry's lamps, heard it and stood rooted to the spot. Kelly abruptly left the room. There was a moment's terrible silence, and then Fran's voice, hysterical and choked with tears: "No, no, no! They shan't! My darling, they shan't! You didn't do it! I did!"

Then silence again except for a low, indistinguishable murmur of men's voices downstairs. Cherry and her grandmother remained motionless, their eyes fixed on each other. The old woman had collapsed into her chair, her face was ghastly.

"May, they've arrested someone," Cherry breathed.

"Oh!" May murmured, crossing herself. A door downstairs slammed; there was silence.

AFTER an endless moment Kelly, breathless, came back into the room, his face grave.

"They've arrested Fran?" Cherry managed to ask, in a shadow of her own voice.

"No, not Fran. They told me twenty minutes ago, after they had him," Kelly said. "But they asked me to wait for half an hour and to be with you and Mrs. Marshbanks when they made the arrest, and told Fran. No; we've all been blind as bats, Cherry. It was right in our hands—right under our eyes, all the time. It was Rousseau."

"Rousseau!" the old woman's voice held resonance, like a bell.

"Rousseau!" Cherry whispered.

Kelly spoke quietly, shrugging, his arm about Cherry, but his eyes for the other woman.

"He and Fran have been lovers for months," he said.

"Kelly, he's a boy! He's not twenty!"

"He's eighteen. But he gave his age as twenty when the judge hired him. He'd been here—when did he come?"

"About a year back," May, an interested member of the horrified little circle, supplied in a whisper. "After old Dean went, the Frenchman came."

"Their affair began back in April," Kelly went on. "From the very first she liked him, made a friend of him. He fell madly in love with her, of course; that wasn't so strange. But Fran became completely infatuated with him too. Perhaps she hadn't counted on that. They began to plan days in the country; she just mothering him at first, advising him. And then, a few months ago, she gave in, and since then—poor girl!—I imagine she hasn't had a comfortable moment. He was the stronger—Mullins told me all this an hour ago when I came back—he was the stronger, and whenever he suspected anything like love-making between her and the judge or anyone else he threatened to kill her and himself. Fran played the game as well as she could, lied about what she'd been doing, spent nights with him whenever the judge was away. Nobody ever questioned her."

"Oh, then that was the reason—" Cherry began, and stopped as light broke. Fran's inclusion of herself when she gave the judge accounts of trips Cherry never had taken; long days when she had to "see people" in Palo Alto or Menlo Park; her swift, confidential talk aside with Rousseau in the hall on the night when they had come in drenched from their delayed return from Sausalito and finally that talk with some man on the telephone on the tragic last night of all when Cherry had heard her reproaching someone for running dangerous risks, and she had added Kelly's name to the conversation for Cherry's benefit.

It was all clear now, with a hundred other little hints and clues. Cherry could only listen wide-eyed while Kelly went on. "That last night," he was saying, "Rousseau was in a fury because the judge had—mildly, I suppose, for he was always mild!—told him that he must be prompter when they called him. He and Fran had been off all day, heaven knows where! And then to have to turn back into the servant again, to drive them to Burlingame and wait, with the other chauffeurs—it was too much for him! He was beside himself with his idolatry of her, he couldn't bear the thought of her being down there with her husband, dancing, being admired, perhaps spending the night at the club. He's only a young boy, of course, and the tastes of luxury that Fran gave him, his slipping upstairs here night after night—"

"Oh, Kelly, no!" Cherry said, shuddering.

"Yes. It demoralized him, of course. She bought him silk shirts, extravagant lounging robes and neckties, gave him money—"

"He said his mother was rich and ran a big hotel and she sent them to him!" May put in.

"That night the judge asked him to take the revolver and clean it," Kelly said, "reproved him for laziness and told him that he and Mrs. Marshbanks were going on a little holiday to Mexico City and would not take him or the car. The poor young fool blurted out that he loved her, that she had belonged to him for months, that he was going to give up his position and find work worthy of her. He says the judge lunged at him, across the desk, and that he fired. It may have happened that way."

"Fran!" Cherry gasped. The older woman was apparently incapable of speech.

"Fran knew immediately," Kelly went on. "She heard their voices and was halfway down the stairs when the end came. Rousseau only had to slip out, go to his room over the garage, partly undress and come running in with the others, as he did. By that time she'd rushed into the library and, I suppose, wiped the gun on her dressing gown with the feeling that there might be fingerprints on it."

"He was the one person we never thought of because he was here, right under our eyes," Cherry marveled.

"Driving the authorities to and fro, never looking at her or speaking to her," Kelly said with a nod. "But the police have been much less blind than we thought they were. They've been watching him for some time, and some of these other clues and blind leads were to make him feel he wasn't under suspicion."

"BUT, Kelly, whatever made them first suspect him?"

"Suspect him! They suspected everybody! Fran and me and Mrs. Marshbanks and Greg and you—"

"Me!" Cherry exclaimed indignantly.

"You, of course. And Amy and Gogo and even May here—"

"They did not!" May put in, startled.

"Indeed they did, May. They dug up all your old love affairs, and tracked you to Mass—"

"Go on," interrupted May, tranquillity restored.

"Kelly, stop fooling and go on and tell us. What gave Rousseau away?"

"One thing, they said, and then when they began to smell a rat everything else fell in line. Especially when they planted him."

"And what was the plant?"

"Their taking Fran. That was all a plant to see what he'd do. He loves her, you know, and the minute he thought she was in trouble he began all sorts of maneuvers to draw them off. He invented a strange Chinese who'd been hanging around the kitchen. He invented a telephone call that he'd taken that evening at eight o'clock. He made up a conversation with the judge that he'd had in which the judge said that 'an

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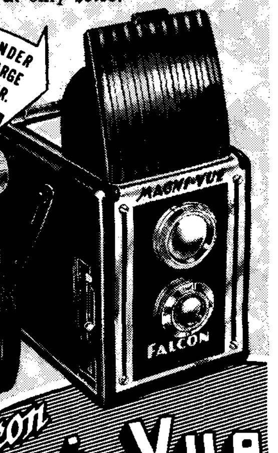

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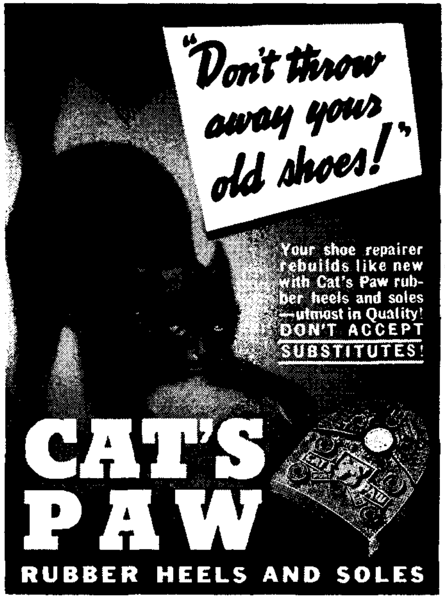

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old enemy' whose prison term was just up had written him threatening letters. Mullins says he gave himself away over and over again. Of course, he's only a kid, and he couldn't keep up a lie very long."

"And what do you suppose gave them their first inkling so that they did all this planting and questioning?"

"Well, it seems it began when they were just sort of casting about for some sort of clue, asking the routine questions, you know," Kelly said. "They asked him what the relationship was between the judge and Fran—everything harmonious and serene, you know—and he answered along very carefully. He'd never heard anything unpleasant between them? Oh, no. Nothing like a quarrel? Oh, no. Mrs. Marshbanks had the reputation of being a rather high-spirited lady; did he know anything about that? She had always been most agreeable as far as he knew. Did he admire her? He just shrugged.

"MULLINS says they asked him finally—sort of carelessly, he said—if he knew the judge and Mrs. Marshbanks occupied separate bedrooms. That was, Rousseau answered, he believed to be not an unusual arrangement among Americans. But it was one to which the elderly husband of a handsome young woman might object, they suggested. And that made him flush up, poor kid, and he said he knew that the judge had agreed to that, indeed he had suggested it. Well, Mullins didn't show any surprise at the chauffeur knowing an intimate detail like that, but he went off on a side line—Rousseau's salary, days off, iends here—all that sort of thing. Had he a sweetheart? Yes, back in France. When were they to be married? As soon as she could come to America. Her name? Marie La Crosse.

"Mullins let him think everything was satisfactory, but he went and had a look at Rousseau's naturalization papers. He hadn't any. He came over as a cabin boy and jumped ship in New York. He's been in this country five years, which would make him a little short of fourteen when he got here. His story struck Mullins as queer all through. It seemed odd that a boy that age should be engaged when he left home, but Mullins says he doesn't know anything about French marriages, so he cabled our consul at Lyons, and they got hold of the prefect of police and asked for the address of Marie La Crosse. There was some delay, and then the answer came back that Charles Rousseau's aunt, Marie La Crosse, was still living with his parents just outside of Lyons. After that everything pointed one way!"

"And Fran loves him!" Cherry mused. "But the thing I can't forgive her, Kelly," she added with spirit, "is that she would have got you into it!"

"She was only sparring for time, then. She gave those letters to the police herself. But, as you know, there wasn't anything in them," the man said. "That was just a blind."

"Kelly, will they hang him?" the girl asked fearfully.

"No. At all events Mullins says probably not. He's only a kid to begin with, and it wasn't premeditated. No; they'll give him a pretty stiff sentence, and she'll spend all the time he's in jail working for him, comforting him. It's the end of Fran, of course, as far as her present life and friends and ways of living go. But Mullins said he'd never seen letters like the ones she wrote Rousseau, or a woman crazier in love."

"And it's over!" Cherry said, in a wondering voice.

"Yep. No more Marshbanks mystery. He's signed a full confession, and turned over to them some of her letters. And they found about twenty of his to her in her locker in the gymnasium at the Athletic Club."

"Fran never goes in for athletics!"

"That's perhaps why she kept them there."

"Oh, Kelly," Cherry breathed on a long note of relief, "can you believe that the men will get out of the house, and that we'll have nothing else to do but be married! Oh, and it's going to be spring, and I'm going to have Rebecca for my bridesmaid—"

"You still have to talk me over to this plot, Marchioness," Kelly said, as she paused.

"Well, I think if you'll send me up some tea, May, I'll go to my room," said old Dora Marshbanks, rising somewhat stiffly.

"Ah, stay here, Gran," Cherry said, "and we'll all have tea together. Maybe Amy'll come in too, and we'll talk plans."

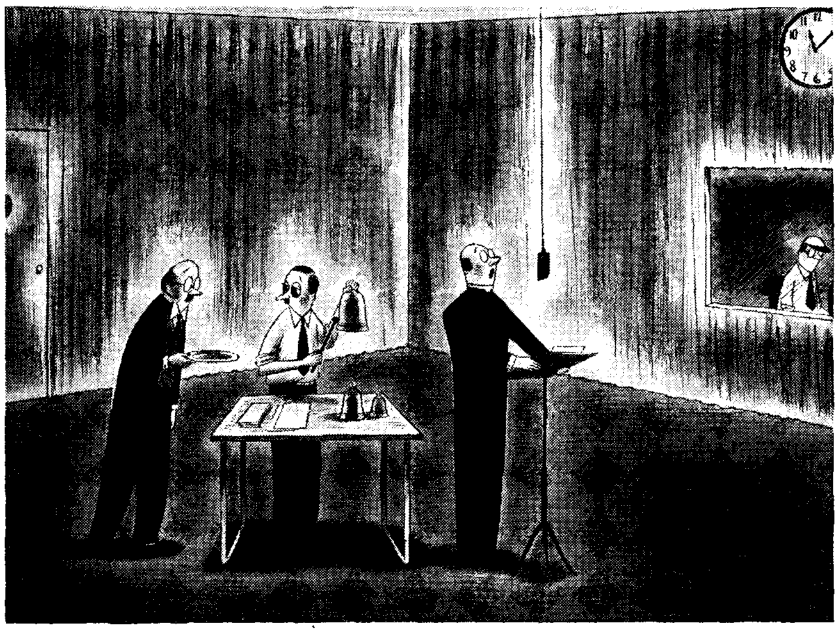
"I know someone else who wants to talk plans," the old woman said, with a glance at Kelly.

"But there's no hurry," Cherry said, laughing. She had been sitting up in bed. Now like a joyous child she collapsed, slender, silk-clad body, loose mop of gold-and-tan-streaked hair, fragrant, warm young cheek against him.

Laughing, she put up her face for his kiss. "After Monday week Kelly and I'll have all the time there is together!" she said. "Won't we, Kelly?"

"Just as you say, Marchioness," Kelly answered meekly.

THE END



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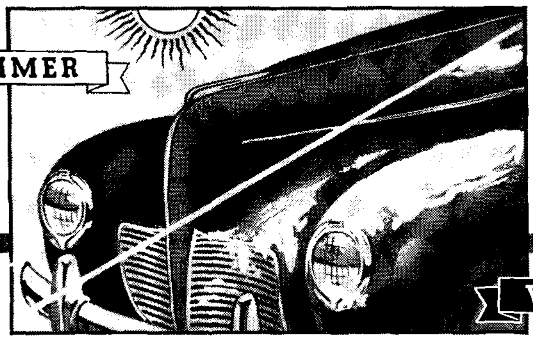

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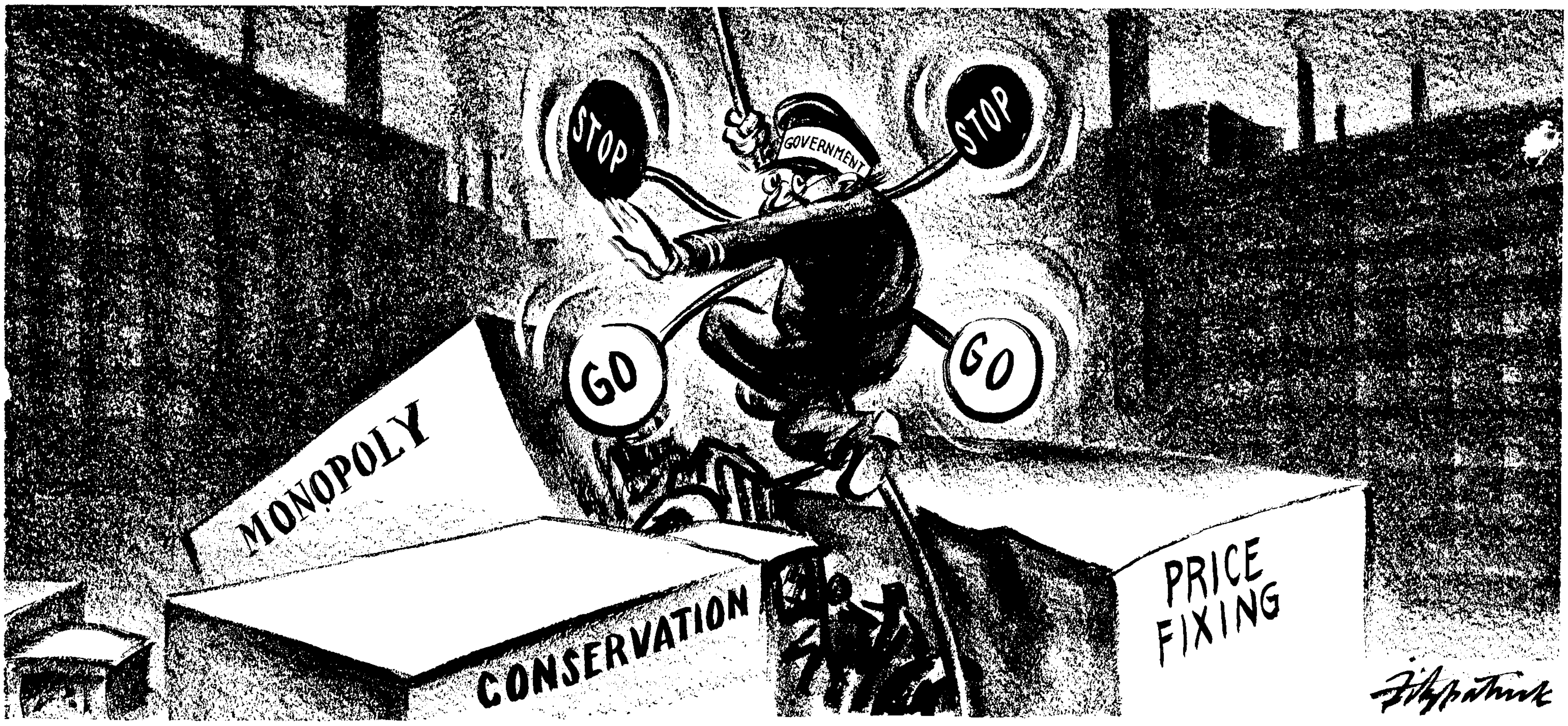


Government versus Conservation

IF YOU feel like taking time out to read an editorial that is not about war, we'll de-chest ourselves of a few sentiments about the new "unpacked" Supreme Court and a couple of its recent decisions.

One of these is the "hot oil" decision. The other is the Bituminous Coal Act decision. The names aren't overly exciting, but the cases excite us because we think the pair of them can justly be grouped under the generic title "The Government versus Conservation." The opinions in both cases were handed down by Mr. Justice Douglas, F. D. R. appointee.

In the "hot oil" case, Mr. Justice Douglas held that it was against the Sherman Anti-Trust law for 27 oil companies and 56 individuals to enter into a string of agreements aimed at (1) stabilizing production in our plethoric oil fields and oil wells, and (2) enabling big fellows and little fellows in the oil industry to make enough money to survive.

This was precisely what the federal government tried to do under the New Deal's NRA, outlawed by the previous "packed" Supreme Court. The main object was conservation of oil and stabilization of the oil business.

In outlawing the private agreements, Mr. Justice Douglas admitted freely, as we read the decision (and we've read all 27,000 words of it), that the agreements had brought about conservation, and had meant fair and reasonable oil and gasoline prices to consumers. He also admitted, as we read his remarks, that the slaying of the NRA had boosted oil conservation out of the window and the oil industry toward chaos. But he outlawed the agreements just the same; and the oil business is on its way toward chaos and senseless waste again.

We turn now to the Bituminous Coal Act decision. The Bituminous Coal Act, enacted by Congress after the "packed" Supreme Court killed the Guffey Coal Act, had essentially the same purpose as the NRA oil codes and the private oil agreements. The Guffey and Bituminous acts were both aimed at helping reorganize and stabilize a sick, supercompetitive and poverty-stricken soft-coal industry by setting minimum prices and regulating coal marketing.

The act reached the "unpacked" Supreme Court. And the court, after due deliberation, held this law constitutional by an 8 to 1 vote.

So here is how matters stand now:

It is perfectly all right and constitutional the government, acting through Congress, to fix prices and regulate competition and production in any industry, as it is doing in the soft-coal industry through the Bituminous Coal Act.

But it is all wrong—a crime against the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, no less—for private citizens to fix prices and regulate competition and production in any industry, as the parties to the oil agreements were doing. It is a crime even though the arrangement results in fair prices, conservation of the natural resource the industry exploits, and generally stabilized conditions in the industry. And it is a crime even though the government itself once told these private citizens to regulate their own industry with its blessing, as the government did tell the oil industry when it sired the NRA oil codes.

To us, the setup seems bizarre, grotesque. As we see it, it indicates two things: (1) that our laws on conservation, monopoly and price fixing sadly need a congressional straightening out; and (2) that the new, "unpacked" Supreme Court is just as capable of handing down decisions upholding contradictory public policies as was the "packed" Supreme Court.

How to Stay Home

IT COMES out from a poll of the nation's better known insane asylums that no stamp collector has ever inhabited any of those institutions as a long-term, short-term or any other kind of inmate. The stamp collectors of the country, long called "stamp nuts," are accordingly proud and pleased.

Stamp collecting is a hobby that this writer would choose only on threat of death. Nevertheless, it's easy to see why it keeps its practitioners in their right minds and out of booby hatches.

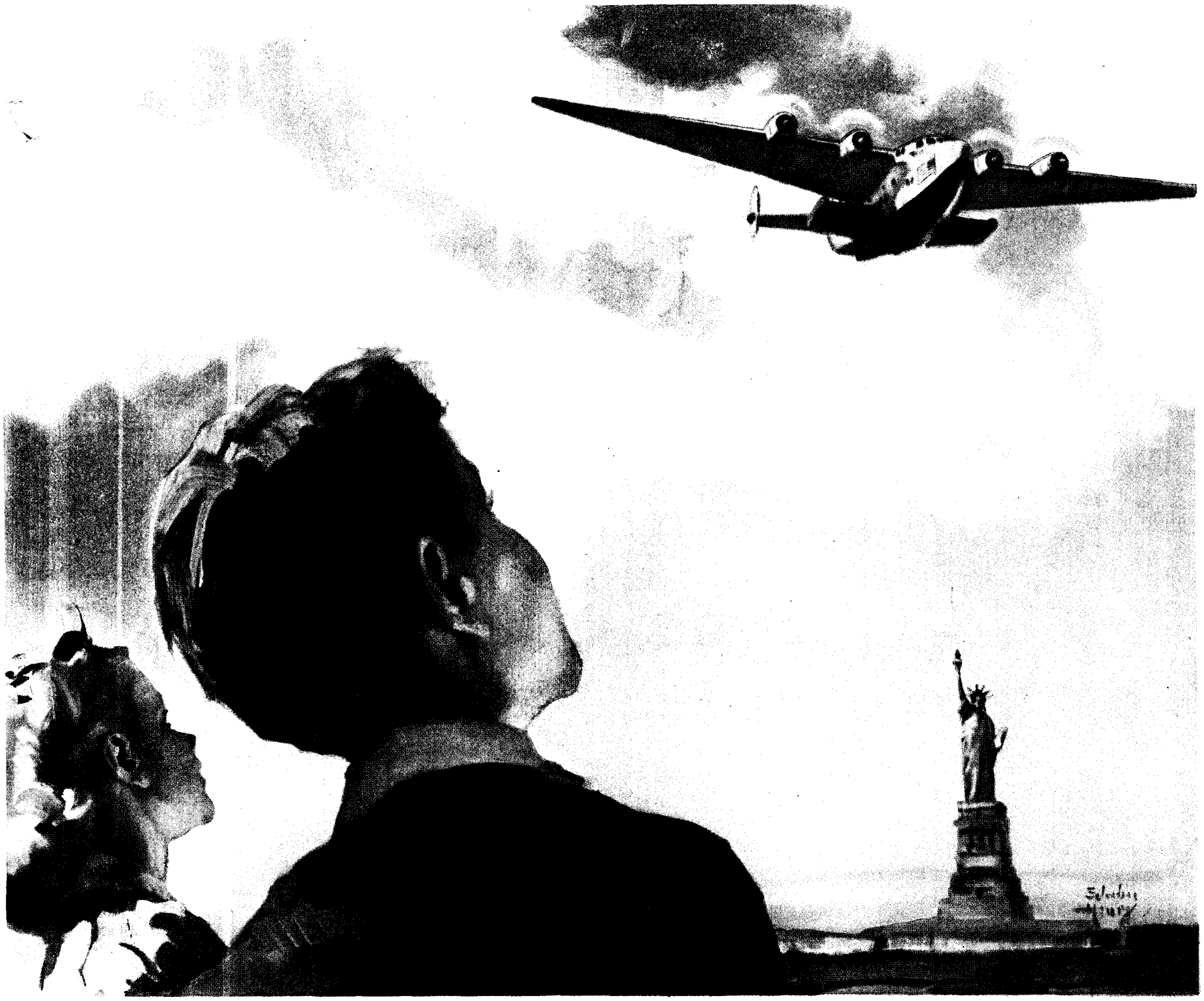
Any hobby will deliver equally good results; and the best advice to almost anybody is: Get yourself some hobby, it doesn't much matter what, but get one, and ride it as hard as you please.

The main reason is that a hobby is fun for you personally. It's something you like to do, whether it's collecting stamps, making scale-model trains, fooling with woodwork, playing chess or checkers or backgammon or poker or bridge, or reading Plato in the original Greek.

Its antiseptic effect on your sanity in this more or less insane world comes from the fact that it takes your mind off your troubles and worries and resentments. You're pulled out of yourself; haven't time to brood, get self-centered and introverted. And you make an actual, tangible little world in which you really are king—don't have to satisfy your normal human longing for superiority by taking being Napoleon or Cleopatra inside your head.

The only person who doesn't need a hobby is that extremely rare bird who has the job he or she would most like to have, and finds all-round personality fulfillment and enrichment in that job. Everybody else needs a hobby.

Just two suggestions: If your regular job is mainly brainwork, cultivate a hobby that's mainly manual, and vice versa . . . and you really will get more fun out of your hobby if you refrain from talking too much about it to your friends—and you'll keep more of your friends.



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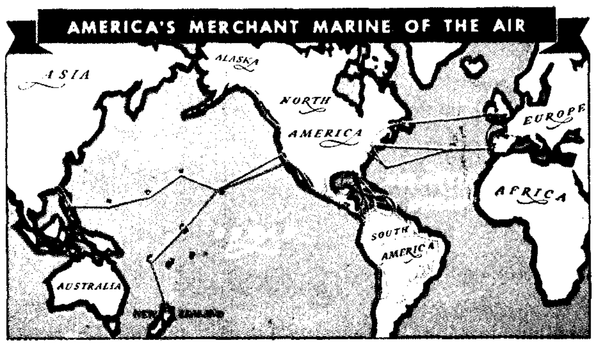

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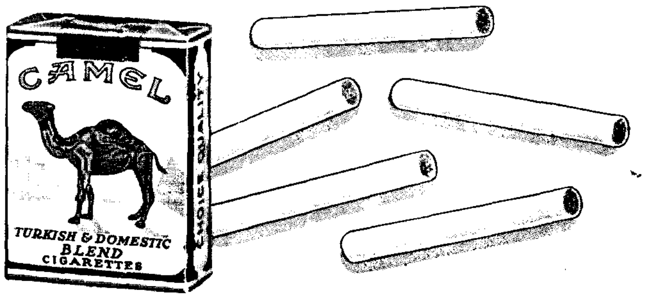
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